

~~11630~~. f. 67



~~11630~~. f. 67



P O E M S

ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS.

BY
S A M U E L W E S L E Y, A. M.

MASTER of Blundell's School at Tiverton, Devon.

Sometime STUDENT of Christ-Church, Oxford; and near
Twenty Years USHER in Westminster-School.

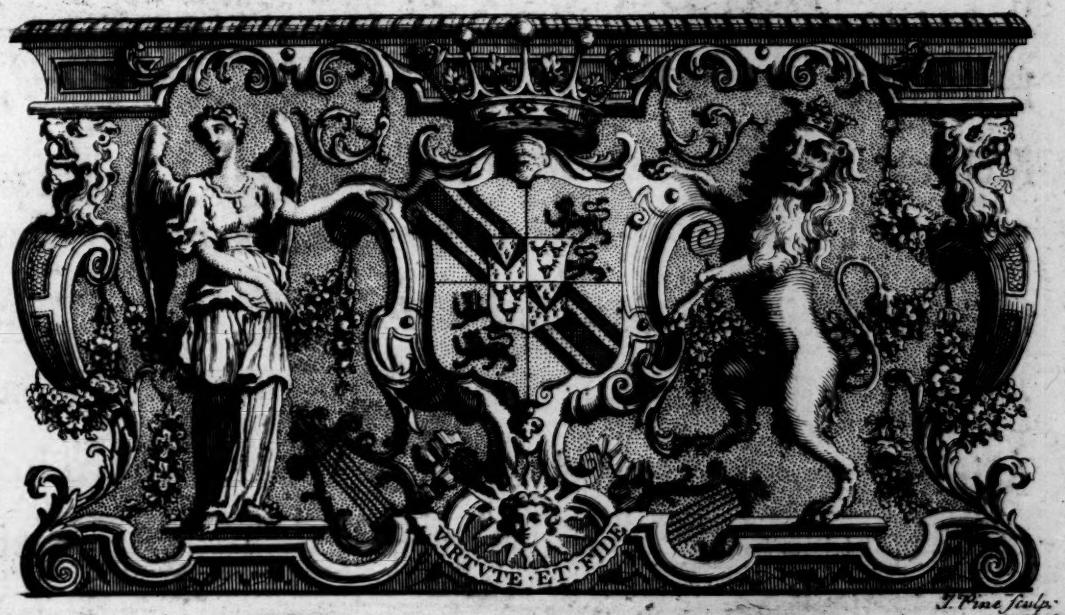
----- *Asperius si*
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis, insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando. HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR by E. SAY in Warwick Lane,
and sold by S. BIRT at the Bible in Ave-mary Lane.

M.DCC.XXXVI.





To the Right Honourable
E D W A R D
Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

My L O R D,

TH E invariable F A V O U R which Y O U R
L O R D S H I P has expressed for *Westminster-
School*, a Place no Power can hinder me from
loving, would have determined me to desire the
Honour of the same Patronage, even though I

had not been influenced by superior Considerations, such as I shall never be afraid to glory in, while I retain any Memory of Duty towards one of the best Sovereigns, or of Esteem for one of the greatest Ministers our Nation ever enjoyed; a Minister, who extorted publick Applause from his bitterest Enemies, and who, in his lowest Ebb of Fortune, feared the mightiest Thirsters for his Blood much less than he was feared by them.

The hereditary Regard for Learning, and the Seats and Professors of it, which descends to Your LORDSHIP from so excellent a Father, makes me hope even the following POEMS will not be altogether unacceptable; especially since they are chiefly calculated to promote the truest Interests of Mankind, *Religion* and *Virtue*: for that is a Merit I shall never give up, as I shall never claim any other: As far as the Intention reaches, they are not quite undeserving the noblest Patron.

'Tis

'Tis with Reluctance I wave the Mention of many Personal Obligations received from Your L O R D S H I P ; but I can by no means resist this Opportunity of returning my Acknowledgments on my Father's Account, who is past expressing his own Gratitude on Earth, being now happy in that World which alone is worthy of Him. Neither Obscurity of Condition, nor Distance of Place, could prevent Your L O R D S H I P from distinguishing and encouraging a worthy Clergyman in his indefatigable Searches after Truth, and his unfashionable Studies in Divinity ; which perhaps might have been left unfinished without that Encouragement : And it will be no small Recommendation of the Work itself, that its A U T H O R was favoured and approved by an E A R L of O X F O R D .

That Your L O R D S H I P may continue a Blessing and Ornament to Your Country, eminent
for

DEDICATION.

for strictest Honour in publick, for unspotted Pro-
bity in private Life; stedfast and unwearied in
every good Work; and after a venerable old Age,
crown'd with all the Prosperity of this mortal
State, may enjoy the eternal Felicity of a better;
is, and shall be the sincere Prayer of,

My L O R D,

Your L O R D S H I P ' s most Dutiful,

Obliged, and Obedient

Humble Servant,

S. W E S L E Y.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IF the following Pieces should meet with any courteous Reader among those who are Strangers to the Writer, it is proper He should be informed, that it was not any Opinion of Excellency in the Verses themselves that occasioned their present Collection and Publication, but merely the Profit proposed by the Subscription.

It is obvious to suppose that many People may expect several Things of quite a different Nature from any they will here find; But as the Sheets have exceeded the Number engaged for in the Proposals, there is more reason to fear that the best Judges will blame the Book for being so long, rather than censure it for being no longer.

Tbe

To the R E A D E R.

The Author hopes no body who knows him thinks him capable of Undutifulness to his Earthly Sovereign, or of Treason against the King of Kings: and whatever Ludicrous Copies may be attributed to him by common Fame, if they do not transgress those Bounds, how severe soever upon particular Crimes, he neither owns nor disowns them; -- Fear was made for the Guilty only; or, as HAMLET better expresses it in a Scrap of an old Song,

Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play.

There are a few Verses in this Collection, which the Author of the rest cannot lay claim to as his own; for the Insertion of which, if the Writers will pardon, He is persuaded the Readers will have Occasion to thank him.



T H E



THE CONTENTS.

	Page
A N Hymn to God the FATHER.	1
An Hymn to God the SON.	3
An Hymn to God the HOLY-GHOST.	4
An Hymn to the TRINITY, Three Persons and one GOD.	6
On Happiness.	8
Epitaph on an Infant.	12
A Paraphrase on Psalm 8. a Pindarick Ode.	13
The Battle of the Sexes.	17
On Isaiah xl. 6, 8. occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady.	47
From Martial : Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.	49
To a Friend in the Country, who complained of his Condition, and admired High Spirits in Low Fortunes.	50
The Electioneer.	53
The Decanter ; from the Greek.	56
Epigram ; from the Greek.	Ibid.
To Sir Herbert Powell, Bart. upon his going to Travel.	57
On the setting up Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abby.	62
A Song, to a Girl of Five Years old.	63
The Parish-Priest.	65
An Anacreontick : alter'd from Herbert.	77
To a Friend, on his Marriage.	78
Epigram ; from the Greek.	81
	<i>A Song</i>

C O N T E N T S.

<i>A Song.</i>	82
<i>The Pig ; a Tale.</i>	83
<i>Epitaph on a Gamester and Freethinker : Jacta est Alea.</i>	92
<i>A Letter from a Guardian to a Young Lady.</i>	93
<i>A Song.</i>	101
<i>On Mr. Hobbes ; occasioned by a Copy of Verses written by the Earl of Mulgrave.</i>	102
<i>On the Death of Mr. Morgan of Christ-Church, Oxford.</i>	107
<i>On the Birth-day of a Child of a Year old.</i>	111
<i>On the Rose ; from Anacreon.</i>	112
<i>To the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford, on the Recovery of the Lady Margaret Harley from the Small-Pox.</i>	115
<i>Reflections upon two Verses of Mr. Oldham.</i>	117
<i>An Anacreontick Ode, on a Wedding after Thirteen Years Courtship.</i>	123
<i>To the Memory of the Right Rev. Francis Gastrell, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Chester.</i>	125
<i>On the Passion of our Saviour.</i>	136
<i>Against Life ; from the Greek.</i>	138
<i>For Life ; from the Greek.</i>	139
<i>Prologue spoken before the Beau's Stratagem, acted by some young Persons of Quality</i>	140
<i>A Pindarick Ode, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford, on his Birth-Day.</i>	141
<i>To a Young Gentleman, on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.</i>	145
<i>An Epigram.</i>	147
<i>The Dog ; a Miltonick Fragment.</i>	148
<i>The Descriptive ; a Miltonick, after the manner of the Moderns.</i>	151
<i>Epigram, on the foregoing Miltonicks.</i>	156
<i>Snuff ; a Satyr.</i>	157
<i>An Ode to James Oglethorpe, Esq. in the Country.</i>	163
<i>Epigram, from the Greek.</i>	168
<i>On</i>	

C O N T E N T S.

<i>On the foregoing Epigram.</i>	<i>Ibid.</i>
<i>To a Friend, on his Marriage.</i>	169
<i>The Monument : Post Funera Virtus.</i>	172
<i>The Prisons Open'd ; a Poem, occasioned by the glorious Proceedings of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the State of the Goals of this Kingdom, in the Year 1728.</i>	173
<i>An Epigram, on the Death of a Physician : from the Greek of Theofebia.</i>	192
<i>On the Death of Dr. Freind : from the former.</i>	<i>Ibid.</i>
<i>A Wedding Song.</i>	193
<i>The Cobler ; a Tale.</i>	201
<i>Epigram, from the Greek.</i>	214
<i>Colin and Thenot : a Pastoral.</i>	215
<i>A Familiar Epistle to a Friend.</i>	219
<i>Epigram, from the Greek.</i>	223
<i>To a Physician, on his Marriage.</i>	224
<i>An Epitaph.</i>	226
<i>To the Memory of the Reverend Dr. South.</i>	227
<i>Epigram.</i>	234
<i>A Pindarick Ode, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford, written soon after the Lady Margaret Harley was re- covered from a Fever.</i>	235
<i>An Hymn on Easter-Day.</i>	240
<i>An Hymn for Sunday.</i>	241
<i>Upon altering the Psalms to apply them to a Christian State.</i>	242
<i>To a Young Lady, on her Birth-day being the First of April.</i>	243
<i>The Bonds-men, a Satyr ; occasioned by a Report, that some Persons had entered into Bonds not to Subscribe for Books.</i>	245
<i>On Philip the Father of Alexander : from the Greek.</i>	259
<i>Advice to one who was about to Write, to avoid the Immoralities of the Antient and Modern Poets.</i>	260
	<i>On</i>

C O N T E N T S.

<i>On the Death of Mrs. Morice, Wife to William Morice, Esq. and Daughter of the Right Rev. Francis late Lord Bishop of Rochester.</i>	267
<i>Anacreontick, altered from Herbert.</i>	274
<i>The Mastiff ; a Tale.</i>	275
<i>Epilogue to Cato.</i>	285
<i>The December's Day ; a Song.</i>	287
<i>Anacreontick, on parting with a little Child.</i>	290
<i>On the Death of the Right Hon. the Countess of Orrery.</i>	291
<i>To Kitty, a Poetical Young Lady.</i>	296
<i>On the Statue of Alexander ; from the Greek.</i>	300
<i>On Xerxes ; from the same.</i>	Ibid.
<i>The Iliad in a Nutshell ; or, Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice : illustrated with Notes.</i>	301
<i>Neck or Nothing ; a Consolatory Letter from Mr. Dunton to Mr. C—ll, on his being toss'd in a Blanket, &c.</i>	351
<i>Ode upon CHRIST's Crucifixion ; from the Greek.</i>	361
<i>An Epitaph.</i>	364
<i>A Pindarick Ode, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford, on the Marriage of the Lady Margaret Harley with His Grace the Duke of Portland.</i>	365
<i>*From a Hint in the Minor Poets.</i>	369
<i>An Ode to James Oglethorpe, Esq. written soon after the Death of the Lady Oglethorpe, his Mother.</i>	370
<i>On Humility.</i>	377
<i>On the Death of a Friend, a Dissenter from the Ch. of England.</i>	379
<i>The Basket ; a Tale.</i>	384
<i>On some blasphemous Discourses on our Saviour's Miracles.</i>	394
<i>The Fool.</i>	400
<i>To a Friend, on his being chosen Member of Parliament.</i>	402
<i>Hezekiah's Thanksgiving for his Recovery from Sickness.</i>	406

P O E M S



III

P O E M S
ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS.

AN

HYMN to GOD the FATHER.

HAIL, FATHER! whose creating Call
Unnumber'd Worlds attend ;
J E H O V A H ! comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

A.

II. In

P O E M S.

II.

In Light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which Angels dimly see ;
The Fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.

III.

From whom thro' an Eternal Now
The Son Thy Offspring flow'd,
An everlasting FATHER Thou,
An everlasting GOD !

IV.

Nor quite display'd to Worlds above,
Nor quite on Earth conceal'd ;
By wond'rous unexhausted Love
To mortal Man reveal'd !

V.

Supreme and All-sufficient GOD,
When Nature shall expire ;
When Worlds, created by thy Nod,
Shall perish by thy Fire.

VI. Thy

VI.

Thy Name, JEHOVAH ! be ador'd

By Creatures without end !

Whom none but thy essential Word

And Spirit comprehend.

An HYMN to GOD the SON.

I.

HAIL ! God the SON ! in Glory crown'd,

E'er Time began to be,

Thron'd with thy Sire, through one Half-round

Of wide Eternity !

II.

Let Heav'n and Earth, stupendous Frame,

Display their Author's Pow'r,

And each exalted Seraph Flame,

Creator, Thee adore.

III.

Whose wondrous Love the Godhead show'd

Contracted to a Span ;

The Co-eternal Son of GOD,

The Mortal Son of Man.

P O E M S.

IV.

To save Mankind from lost Estate,
 Behold his Life-blood stream !
 Hail, L ORD ! Almighty to create,
 Almighty to redeem !

V.

The Mediator's Godlike Sway
 His Church below sustains,
 'Till Nature shall her Judge survey,
 The King MESSIAH reigns.

VI.

Hail, with effential Glory crown'd,
 When Time shall cease to be !
 Thron'd with thy Father, through the Round
 Of whole Eternity !

An HYMN to GOD the HOLY-GHOST.

I;

HAIL, HOLY-GHOST ! JEHOVAH ! Third
 In Order of the Three,
 Sprung from the FATHER and the WORD
 From all Eternity !

II. Thy

P O E M S.

5

II.

Thy Godhead brooding o'er th' Abyss
 Of formless Waters lay ;
Spoke into Order all that is,
 And Darknes into Day.

III.

In lowest Hell, or Heaven's Height,
 Thy Presence who can fly ?
Known is the Father to thy Sight,
 The Depths of Deity.

IV.

Thy Pow'r through JESU's Life display'd,
 Quite from the Virgin's Womb,
Dying, his Soul an Off'ring made,
 And rais'd him from the Tomb.

V.

GOD's Image, which our Sins destroy,
 Thy Grace restores below,
And Truth and Holines and Joy
 From Thee their Fountain flow..

VI. Hail,

VI

VI.

Hail, HOLY-GHOST! JEHOVAH! Third
 In Order of the Three,
 Thron'd with the FATHER and the WORD,
 Through all Eternity!

An HYMN to the TRINITY,
Three Persons and One God.

I.

HAIL! Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!
 Be endless Praise to Thee!
 Supreme Essential One, ador'd
 In Co-eternal Three.

II.

Enthron'd in everlasting State,
 E'er Time its Race began!
 Who join'd in Council to create
 The Dignity of Man!

III.

Thou FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST,
 Empow'ring to Baptize,
 Restor'ft, for earthly *Eden* lost,
 An heav'nly *Paradise*.

IV. To

P O E M S.

7

IV.

To whom ISAIAH's Vision show'd,
The Seraphs veil their Wings ;
While Thee, JEHOVAH ! L ORD and G OD,
Th' Angelick Army sings.

V.

To Thee, by mystick Pow'rs on high,
Were humble Praises giv'n,
When JOHN beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heav'n.

VI.

All that the Name of *Creature* owns
To Thee in Hymns aspire ;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Quire !

VII.

Hail ! Holy, Holy, Holy, L ORD !
Be endless Praise to Thee !
Supreme Essential One, ador'd
In Co-eternal Three !

On

On HAPPINESS.

I.

WHAT art Thou, HAPPINESS, or where?
 In Mirth, or Wisdom of the Mind ?
 In Hermit's Peace, or Heroe's War ?
 To Cots, or Palaces confin'd ?
 In Friendship's Breast, or Beauty's Eye ?
 In Madness, or in Piety ?

II.

Did Peace in Rural Shades abide,
 Were Groves and Fields the Seat of Rest,
 The Conqueror punish'd for his Pride,
 Thrown from a Monarch to a Beast,
 Had found, when grazing in the Field,
 The Bliss his Palace could not yield.

III.

Whose Mind with Loneliness can suit,
 Who makes in Caves his dark abode,
 Is unreflecting as a Brute,
 Or self-sufficient as a God.
 But Care no Desert can exclude,
 We haunt ourselves in Solitude.

Misfortune

IV.

Mischance can reach the high enthron'd,
Nor Pow'r, nor Fame, can fill the Thought;
This weeping ALEXANDER own'd,
And falling mighty JULIUS taught:
And who than JULIUS hopes to rise
More brave, or generous, or wise?

V.

Transported if our Spirits grow,
Obeying Wine or Musick's Call,
The higher at their Rise they flow,
The lower at their Ebb they fall:
And finest Wit affords Delight
As short as Light'ning, tho' as bright.

VI.

With Knowledge Sorrows will increase,
If SOLOMON himself we hear:
And who would grasp at Hopes like these,
And Length of Toil and Watching bear,
Merely by Length of Toil to gain
A farther Usury of Pain?

VII.

But Friendship, that can Fate disarm,
 Exerts in Life a Pow'r divine ;
 Yet often impotent to warm,
 The Meteor can no more than shine :
 And noblest Friends sometimes we find
 Are cold, uneasy, or unkind.

VIII.

Love, when mutual Passions rise,
 Sweetest Happiness below ;
 See, the pleasing Vision flies,
 See, the End of Joy is Woe !
 Either cloy'd, or else but tasting ;
 'Tis not great, or 'tis not lasting.

IX.

Suppose no boding inward Stings,
 Repentant Sighs, or guilty Tears ;
 Or Jealousy, that frequent brings
 Himself the Mischief that he fears :
 Or Falshood, or fantastick Jar,
 Or fainting Swooning of Despair.

P O E M S.

II

X.

The Madman, merry Monarch, raves,
While pleasing Phrenzy sooths his Brain;
He Wars and Revolutions braves,
Of Fear insensible and Pain:
Yet Friends the Lunatick bemoan,
Curst in Misfortunes not his own.

XI.

Where Piety, celestial born,
Her genuine Influence bestows,
Unpointed is the sharpest Thorn,
And brighten'd is the fairest Rose.
She Care from Greatnes can exclude,
And gild the Gloom of Solitude.

XII.

Ev'ry Loss She turns to Gain,
Joys unclogg'd with Guilt assuring,
Pleasures void of after-Pain,
Love well grounded and enduring.
Knowledge blest, presenting still
Truth to Wit, and Good to Will.

XIII.

Lo ! the Friend a Brother makes !
 Heighten'd Love disdains to fly !
 Ev'ry Bliss the present lacks
 Heav'n hereafter will supply !
 Never cloy'd, tho' more than tasting,
 Ever great, and ever-lasting.

IX

E P I T A P H *on an Infant.*

BE N E A T H a sleeping Infant lies,
 To Earth whose Ashes lent,
 More glorious shall hereafter rise,
 Tho' not more innocent.

IX

When the Arch-Angel's Trump shall sound,
 And Souls and Bodies join,
 What Crouds will wish, their Lives below
 Had been as short as thine !

A

A Paraphrase on Psalm 8. A Pindaric ODE.

I.

JEHOVAH! Sov'reign GOD and LORD!

Sustaining this created Frame,

To Nature's utmost Bounds ador'd,

How great, how excellent thy Name!

Thou bid'st thy sacred Glory fly

Beyond th' Expansion of the Sky,

Above the highest Heavens, high.

II.

Thy Praise employs the Seraph's Lays,

Suckling Infants show thy Praise:

From stamm'ring Mouth, at thy Command,

Strength resolute is ordain'd.

The Giant Wretch, who dares to cope with Thee,

Yields to the meanest Child of Piety:

Unwilling Hearts confess th' Almighty's Hand,

Nor can the Wise object, nor can the Strong withstand.

III.

Thy Pow'r Divine no Limit knows,

Weakness itself obeys thy Call;

Still is the Rage of clam'rous Foes,

And down the proud Avengers fall.

Thy

I.

Thy Heavens oft, stupendous Round !

In Contemplation I admire,
Those Heavens which thy Hands did found ;
The Sun, whose unexhausted Fire
Does Light and Heat to Earth convey,
Runs joyous his commanded Way,
Unwearied Monarch of the Day. .

II.

The Moon, who, Regent of the Night,
Shines with delegated Ray ;
The Stars which constant seem to Sight,
Stars that regularly stray ;
Which first thy plastick Will from nothing brought,
Assign'd their Stations, and their Courses taught :
Distinct with Worlds yon azure Vault appears,
Seasons and Days to mark, and guide revolving Years.

III.

LORD ! what is Man ! amaz'd I cry,
Whose Mould is Dust, and Life a Span,
That thou regardest from on high,
With such Respect, the Son of Man !

I.

Nature, and Nature's God to see,
Mankind, thy Wisdom did ordain,
To serve his Maker call'd to be,
But o'er his Maker's Works to reign.
Thine awful Image found to bear,
Thou mad'st him with peculiar Care,
And all the TRINITY was there.

II.

On humble Earth his Seat was plac'd,
Than th' Angelick Orders lower;
Yet him thy bounteous Mercy grac'd,
Crown'd with Dignity and Power.
Nay, 'midst the Splendor of the Throne of God,
Will highest Angels, in that bleſ'd Abode,
Revere the Nature they excell'd before,
Join'd to the Son of Man, the Son of God before.

III.

Man governs all things here below,
They serve his Grandeur, or his Need;
Laborious Oxen drag his Plough,
And Sheep for his Convenience bleed.

I. Nor

I.

Nor only tamer Beasts we find,
 To Man, their Lord, Obedience yield ;
 But ev'ry fierce and savage Kind,
 That range the Desert and the Field.
 Each Monster upon Africk's Shore,
 And captive Lions, while they roar,
 Submit reluctant to his Pow'r.

II.

Of Birds, the various feather'd Race,
 Lightly fleeting through the Sky,
 To him perpetual Homage pays,
 From his Empire cannot fly.
 And Fishes that through Paths of Ocean stray ;
 From Shoals that num'rous, and that nameless play,
 To vast Leviathan, disporting wide,
 Created without Fear, King of the Sons of Pride.

III.

JEHOVAH ! Sov'reign GOD and LORD !
 Sustaining this created Frame,
 To Nature's utmost Bounds ador'd,
 How great, how excellent thy Name !

THE



THE
BATTLE
OF THE
SEXES.

----- *Paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ Gentes æterna in foedera mittant.*

VIRG.



C



S E X E 2

British Government Publications



P R E F A C E.

To the SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition of the following Poem was printed more correctly than could have been reasonably expected, since it was published without the Writer's Knowledge, and a great many undeserved Compliments were passed upon him in the Preface; so that he now is utterly prevented from alledging what is usual in such Cases,— the Necessity of doing Justice to himself. But there is a much better Reason for giving the Reader this Trouble, which is, the doing Justice to another. Mr. ADDISON, in the Guardian, Number 52, has printed an Allegory, which is the Argument of these Stanzas. He design'd to have written a whole Canto, in the Spirit of Spencer, upon the Contention for Superiority between the two Sexes, which gave the Hint to a meaner Hand, to build upon that Foundation; who has found it much easier to imitate the Stanza, than the Spirit of that excellent Poet.

It would be a mortifying Consideration for any Man, who hoped to establish a Reputation by Composition, to reflect, that a Production of one of our finest Wits should be so much unknown to the World, as to be mistaken for new, and attributed to a wrong Person, a little while after it had been dispersed in loose Papers in Coffee-houses, nay, and reprinted even with the Author's Name. The Fable was plainly intended, as that Great Man's Works generally were, to promote the Interest of Virtue; for which very Reason, perhaps, it sunk in Oblivion, while several other Pieces, far less valuable, have been more frequently read, and more loudly applauded. There are never wanting Miscreants, ('tis an authoriz'd Term,) who admire no Part of Milton so much as is Political Prose, and who would prefer a Marvel to a Spencer.

P R E F A C E.

'Tis hoped it will not be thought Arrogance, to have made a few Alterations in the Plan, which seems not altogether finished. The War is carried on chiefly by Auxiliaries not belonging to either Sex, though there seems a Necessity they should be either Male or Female, and consequently they might as well have been mustered as such. The Sexes of the Combatants are seldom marked; nay, Modesty, the peculiar Character of Women, is called a Hero, which supposes it a Virtue of the Masculine Gender. The Sexes here are always distinguished and maintain their own Cause; since People generally fight their own Battles best: For he must be a consummate Politician indeed, who by forming Barriers and Alliances can make Men more concerned for others than for themselves.

There is but one other Change of Mr. ADDISON's Expression, which need be taken notice of. The Gods and Hymen are left out, and Angels and Marriage substituted in their Places. As long as the Heathen Polytheism was established, and according to Hobbs's Definition of Religion, Tales feigned in private were believed publickly; those Machines might reasonably contribute to the Marvelous in Poetry, without appearing Monstrous and Incredible: But having been long universally disbelieved, they now transgres's all Bounds of Probability. Besides, they are necessarily obscure to most Readers, since it requires a competent Share of Learning, to understand the Allusions to antiquated Fables; not to insist upon what Bosse grants, that the Shell of the antient Allegories was more calculated to do Mischief, than the Moral was to do Service to Mankind. Though 'tis a very doubtful Point whether, generally speaking, the Poetical Fictions were at first designed to have any Moral at all. Neither is it impracticable to be a compleat Poet upon a Christian Scheme; if any one thinks so, let him read Paradise Lost. Yet the Majority of Modern Poets stand up stiffly for an indefeasible Right to their old Heathenism; and some of them seem by their Writings to take in the Agenda, as well as Credenda, of that No-Religion; and to be Pagans in Practice, as well as Belief.

If the following Lines should be peremptorily pronounced to have nothing Poetical in them, because utterly destitute of Gods and Goddesses, the Author will be very easy upon that Head, if it may be allowed him to have given any Hints not unprofitable for the Conduct of Life. To this End he has expatiated in drawing the Characters much farther than was requisite, meerly with a View to the Battle of the Sexes. For he had rather be of some Use to a single Reader, than, without that degree of Usefulness, to be esteemed the best Poet that ever wrote.

T H E



T H E
B A T T L E
O F T H E
S E X E S.

I.

THOU, for whose View these Numbers were design'd,
A while with Favour, HAMILTON, attend ;
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,
But though the Poet please not, spare the Friend.
And Thou, dear Object of my growing Love,
Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
Approve my Verse, which shines if you approve ;
Let giddy Madmen court delusive Fame ;
Let your Acceptance sweet o'erpay my Toil ;
Let Age and Rigour frown, so Youth and Beauty smile.

II. Of

II.

Of Arms, which fierce contending Sexes bore,
 I sing ; and Wars, for Fame and Empire made.
 Despotick Man rul'd with tyrannick Pow'r,
 Obey'd, but with Reluctance still obey'd ;
 With Words his long-disputed Cause he tries,
 But Woman's equal Wit disdains to yield ;
 At length to Arms ungenerously he flies,
 As quick the Female takes the profer'd Field ;
 Each their superior Merit to maintain :
 For Man was learn'd and proud, and Woman fair and vain.

III.

A Plain there was, call'd *Life*, extended wide,
 To which a single painful Passage led,
 With num'rous Outlets plac'd on ev'ry Side ;
 Scenes smiling fair the Prospect overspread :
 Flourets, and Myrtles fragrant, seem'd to rise :
 All was at distance sweet, but near at hand
 The gay Deceit mock'd the desiring Eyes,
 With Thorns, and desert Heath, and barren Sand.
 Severest Change afflicts th' uncertain Air,
 Expos'd to Summer Suns, to Blasts of Winter bare.

IV. 'T was

IV.

'Twas here each Sex their Field of Battle chose,
The narrow Entrance by Consent they past ;
But enter'd, soon their Enmity disclose,
And to their different Standards march with haste.
Before directing Reason yet awoke,
Was Paffion taught them ev'n in Infant Age,
While antient Sires the kindling Sparks provoke,
And warning Dames impertinently sage.
Thus either Sex in mutual Feuds combin'd,
As tho' for Wars and Hate by Nature's God design'd.

V.

Brigades of crafty Neuters hov'ring lay
Camp'd on the Margin of the spacious Plain,
To wait the doubtful Fortune of the Day,
And publick Loss improve to private Gain :
Detested Prudence ! Others, nobler far,
Their unresolving March to neither bend,
Purpos'd in Friendship to compose the Jar,
Or timely Succour to th' Oppress'd to send.
Here MARRIAGE chaste, there LOVE the Conqu'rор lies,
Adverse to ranging LUST, and groveling AVARICE.

VI. The

VI.

The Women first, quick to Revenge, were seen
 In shining rich enamel'd Arms advance ;
 Like antient *Spartans*, o'er the level Green,
 To breathing Flutes they trod a measur'd Dance.
 Dreadful to Man so moving ! Strait in Air,
 Male Banners wave, while sounding Trumpets Breath
 Kindles in martial Breasts stern Love of War,
 Delib'rate Valour, and Contempt of Death.
 Furious they charge, while FORTITUDE, their Guide,
 Conspicuous in the Van, his Female Foes defy'd.

VII.

In freshest Pride of Life, and Strength of Years,
 The Male Battalions worthy to command,
 In Times of Danger unappal'd with Fears,
 A Chieftain swift of Foot, and strong of Hand ;
 Nor tir'd with Labours, nor dismay'd with Pains,
 Arm'd at all Points, a Stranger to Despair,
 He dreads not Treason, and he Force disdains ;
 In bitter Taunts he thus accosts the Fair.
 By Women charg'd, shall Warriors back recoil ?
 Sharp Swords and pointed Spears shall feeble Distaffs foil ?

VIII. BEAUTY,

VIII.

BEAUTY, great Gen'ral of the Female War,
Sprung from the Front with FORTITUDE t'engage ;
Too slight for Toil her tender Limbs appear,
Yet stoutest Heroes trembled at her Rage.
Stiff Ribs of Whale her Coat of Mail compos'd ;
Compos'd with Art, her taper Waste to show :
A Bever wrought with black her Helmet clos'd,
Which by the Name of Mask the Moderns know.
Each Step, each Motion, shot an artless Grace ;
She seem'd of Conquest sure, sure e'en without her Face.

IX.

The warlike Virgin, and the Hero, chose
In diff'rent Ways to wage an equal Fight ;
With Giant Strength he heaps redoubled Blows ;
Of Force inferior, she depends on Slight :
Eluding furious Strokes by quick Retreat,
Long time she wards, and wary shifts her Place ;
At length her Helm his Sword descending met,
And of her sable Vizard cut the Lace ;
Millions of sudden Charms discover'd lye,
Her Skin, her Hair, her Brows, her Cheeks, her Lip, her Eye.

X.

Disdainful Frowns and Smiles alternate rise,
 Swift to her Cheeks the lovely Crimson streams,
 While kindling Rage darts Lightning from her Eyes,
 And adds new Brightnes to their native Beams ;
 Nor shalt thou boast, th' undaunted Virgin said,
 Nor am I yet defenceles, and o'erthrown.
 His forward Foot the shrinking Warrior stay'd,
 Damp'd with resistless Fear, 'till then unknown ;
 Th' enchanting Voice his utmost Nerves unstrung,
 And what her Eyes began, she perfects with her Tongue.

XI.

But WISDOM next flow-marching to his Aid,
 In heavy Armour took the doubtful Field ;
 Temper'd his Helm, by wondrous Magick made ;
 And Proof to Witchcraft was his pond'rous Shield.
 Calm without Fear, and fervent without Rage,
 In Action quick, and wary to advise,
 He seem'd advanc'd to more than middle Age ;
 For when had Youth the Leisure to be wise ?
 Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly ;
 Resolv'd his lifted Arm, and quick his piercing Eye.

XII. Now

XII.

Now BEAUTY small avails, for WISDOM knows
 How soon her transitory Glories fail ;
 That Age brings languid Eyes, and wither'd Brows,
 Her Hairs all hoary, and her Face all pale.
 The more he view'd, he view'd with less Applause ;
 Whom Rage distorted, and whom Pride deform'd :
 Sternly his unrelenting Sword he draws,
 Nor by her Looks, nor by her Language warm'd.
 Scarce could frail Beauty stand his awful View,
 When timely to her Aid deep-mining CUNNING flew.

XIII.

Artful her Bosom heav'd, her rolling Eyes
 Allur'd with Glances whom in Heart she scorn'd ;
 Sweet flow'd her Words with ever-pleasing Lies,
 An Infant Lisp her double Tongue adorn'd.
 Her Feet half dancing, negligently pac'd ;
 Her Motion, nay, her Rest was all Design ;
 Her Arms a Scarf, and Ribband Bridle grac'd,
 Whose Colours glorious in the Sun-beams shine ;
 Their Hue still varying with the changing Place,
 Yet each alternate Dye was suited to her Face.

XIV.

The Springs and Passions of the secret Mind,
 The wily Sorcerers could surely move ;
 Now cruel false, now seeming faithful kind,
 With well-dress'd Hate, and well-dissembled Love :
 Fast fell her Tears, obedient to her Will,
 A side-long Glance her roving Eyes would throw ;
 Simple in Shew, and innocent of Skill,
 Observing most what least she seem'd to know :
 Then farthest off when most approaching near,
 Was never Fraud so deep, in 'Semblance so sincere.

XV.

A fierce and dubious Conflict now began ;
 CUNNING, great Engineer of Womankind,
 WISDOM, main Champion for contending Man,
 Met, wond'ring each, their Match in Arms to find :
 Equal the Fight, while both their Station held,
 While neither Chief the adverse Camp invades,
 But furious Onsets either Part repell'd,
 By warlike Wiles and viewless Ambuscades :
 Their Safety not in Strength, but flying, stood ;
 They conquer'd who retir'd, they yielded who pursued.

XVI. Mean

XVI.

Mean time, far to the Left, Great PATIENCE fought,
Experienc'd Veteran, harden'd in Alarms ;
His Mail seem'd Proof 'gainst mortal Fury wrought,
Yet Furrows deep indent his batter'd Arms ;
Lo's with persisting Diligence he retriev'd,
Arm'd by his present Ills for future Wars ;
Leader of Men, Wounds had he oft receiv'd,
Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars :
A branching Palm the Chieftan's Target bore,
Whose Boughs the more opprest, superior rise the more.

XVII.

Him SCORN oppos'd, an Amazonian Fair,
Whose haughty Eyes were ever glanc'd askew ;
Her Neck writh'd backward with disdainful Air,
As some distasteful Sight offends her View.
That silly Maid incur'd her steady Hate,
That could to Man, tyrannick Fawner, bow :
At distance let the menial Spaniel wait,
Or cringing at her Feet his Duty know.
Studious of Flight, she fear'd to trust her Feet,
But rode a Moorish Barb, than Eastern Winds more fleet.

XVIII. At

XVIII.

Tho' Man, as trodden Dirt, her Soul despis'd,
 Yet ill her Habit and her Words agree ;
 A manlike Hunter's Dress her Form disguis'd,
 Shafts at her Back, and Buskins to her Knee :
 She fought, like antient *Parthians*, flying fast,
 And frequent stop'd her swift Pursuers Speed,
 Still as she shot, redoubling strait her Haste,
 Quick born far distant by her light-foot Steed ;
 E'er on her Cask, her Foe Man's Sword descends,
 Who 'gainst impassive Air his idle Fury bends.

XIX.

At length, oft wounded by her backward Dart,
 Dismounted PATIENCE headlong greets the Plain ;
 The boastful Conqu'rs glories in his Smart,
 Stops, and alights, to view and mock his Pain.
 The seeming breathles Champion light arose,
 By Wounds unweaken'd, fiercer for his Fall ;
 Nor could astonish'd SCORN his Force oppose,
 Debar'd of wonted Flight, a sudden Thrall.
 So dear th' unwary short-liv'd Brav'ry cost ;
 What Hours with Toil preserv'd, with Ease a Moment lost.

XX. But

XX.

But now the Neutral Troops to move began,
Threat'ning the wearied Hosts with fatal War,
Led by their Chieftain Lust, a Giant Man,
With boastful Voice, loud shouting from afar ;
Like Mountain-Torrents swell'd by Winter-Show'rs,
Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the Plain :
His lep'rous Mouth a Flame infectious pours,
Darting slow Death and strength-consuming Pain ;
His ever-rolling Eyes like Beacons glare,
Shag'd as the Goat his Limbs, and black his bristling Hair.

XXI.

Still to new Conquest eager he aspir'd,
Leaving with Scorn whom he subdued in Fight ;
'Gainst all Repulses steel'd, nor ever tir'd
With toilsome Day, or ill-succeeding Night.
Active when e'er the lucky Moment call'd,
And least Advantage obstinate to pres' :
His harden'd Front unblushing, unappall'd,
Laugh'd at Reproaches, and enjoy'd Disgrace ;
Sporting with Oaths, unmov'd with Parent's Moans,
With rifled Virgin's Shrieks, or Infant's dying Groans.

XXII. His

XXII.

His Shield was painted with lascivious Lies,
 Whoredoms divine, devis'd to veil his Shame,
 Of *Jove* the Thund'rer, and of *Phæbus* wife,
 The Bull, the Goat, the Serpent, and the Flame :
Diana Midwife Prude, by day-light chaste,
 Asleep lay pictur'd in *Endymion's* Arms ;
 There *Bacchus'* Feasts and *Venus'* Rites were plac'd,
 With Philtres base, and Lust-compelling Charms.
 A Crest obscene o'ershades the Monster's Head,
 A *Jove* in Eagle's Form, with ravish'd *Ganymede*.

XXIII.

'Gainst LUST the rash Coquets their Forces bent,
 But funk beneath the Fury of the Storm ;
 When MODESTY, from the main Army sent
 T' oppose his Rage, advanc'd her Angel Form ;
 Skilful with Darts to wage an equal Fight,
 Her Arm resists not, but prevents the Blow ;
 A guiltless Blush crimsons her snowy White ;
 Her Voice reserv'dly soft, and sweetly low.
 Few Women Chiefs did like Perfection share,
 Scarce CUNNING more of Might, or BEAUTY's self more fair.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The Championess quick seiz'd a rising Ground,
Where Ramparts high by Parent Hands were wrought,
Whose Fence the Giant traversing around,
Now here, now there, in vain an Entrance sought.
Upwards he press'd with unavailing Speed,
Ardent in equal Fight his Foe t' assail ;
Her ready Lance meets his aspiring Head,
Strongly rebuff'd he tumbling strikes the Vale ;
But undismay'd, upstarting from the Plain,
Again he rises fierce, disgrac'd to fall again.

XXV.

Stunn'd with the Shock, the scarcely conqu'ring Fair,
Now wisely meditates a distant Blow ;
A pond'rous Stone hurl'd through the whistling Air,
Prevents the grappling of her stronger Foe ;
Full on his Helm the rocky Fragment fell,
And soild in humble Dust his lofty Crest ;
But Wounds on Wounds his Course in vain repel,
For ten-fold Fury fires his stubborn Breast ;
His glaring Eyes shot red revengeful Flame ;
He roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of Shame.

P O E M S.

XXVI.

His Fraud, th' Artificer of Falshood try'd
 In borrow'd Shape t' elude her wary Eye ;
 His Shield and well-known Casket thrown aside,
 Disguis'd like Love, he march'd as an Ally.
 With unsuspicious Faith the Maid believ'd,
 'Till now the Rampart's Top the Foe had gain'd ;
 Too late the lurking Treason she perceiv'd,
 Surpris'd un'wares, she scarce his Force sustain'd ;
 Courage her Heart, and Strength her Arm forsook ;
 Weak, sinking by Degrees ; faint, yielding to the Shock.

XXVII.

The self-sufficient Prudes embattled stood
 Near Hand, but none t' assist the vanquish'd flies ;
 Their Neighbour Ranks they saw with Joy subdu'd,
 With spiteful Mirth triumphant in their Eyes ;
 With Scoffs and sage Reproaches they upbraid
 Those that o'erpower'd for Help or Pity call :
 And can they yield to Lust ? in Rage they said,
 Unaided, friendless, let the Wretches fall.
 Themselves were now assail'd, the rest o'erthrown,
 And Weaknes scorn'd so late, too soon became their own.

XXVIII. At

XXVIII.

At length the Chieftain Prude obstructs his Speed,
By Men call'd HONOUR, but by Angels PRIDE ;
On lowly Earth her Foot disdain'd to tread,
High in a Martial Car she chose to ride :
The Load six dappled Coursers proudly drew,
Their Harness bright with Tinsel overcast ;
Still as she rode, a conscious Glance she threw,
To mark what Gazers view'd her as she past.
Studded with burnish'd Bras the Chariot shin'd,
And drag'd with useless Pomp six glittering Slaves behind.

XXIX.

She clanks her rattling Arms, and shouts aleud,
Strengthen'd by num'rous Troops that gaz'd around ;
While LUST, half faint, amidst the thronging Croud,
Himself on Foot, a Match unequal found :
He leaves the Field, as desp'rate of Success,
But with recruited Rage and Strength returns,
Drawn by eight Steeds, he breaks the wond'ring Press ;
With Gold his Slaves are bright, his Chariot burns.
PRIDE turn'd her Reins, soon as his Car she view'd ;
The Monster shouts, She yields ; she flies to be pursued.

XXX.

Now fable-mantled Night advancing nigh,
 Colours, distinct before, confus'dly blends ;
 While far from either Host the Chariots fly,
 'Till HONOUR tir'd, to parley condescends,
 And deigns submiss her haughty Crest to lower ;
 For Privacy she deems her Shame will screen :
 No more defying, striking now no more,
 Since nor her Vaunts are heard, nor Prowess seen :
 She yields a willing Captive to his Might,
 Obscur'd in guilty Clouds of all-concealing Night.

XXXI.

From yielded HONOUR, LUST returning flew,
 Where camp'd in Rest the Male Battalions lay,
 And rous'd their wearied Host with Battle new,
 With Rage still fiercest when remote from Day.
 Not all the Noontide Heat and Toil of War
 Equal'd the Dangers of this Midnight Hour ;
 The Centry sink, unnerv'd with sudden Fear,
 And Groans of Wretches speak the Victor's Pow'r ;
 'Till, spread from Rank to Rank, th' Alarm was heard,
 Where REASON, wakeful Chief, his utmost Tent up-rear'd.

XXXII. From

XXXII.

From Courts and Cities frequent he retir'd,
Rev'rend his hoary Head, in Council sage ;
Scorn'd in Extremes, and in Extremes admir'd ;
Decry'd in Youth, and idoliz'd in Age :
His Voice was small, and still, and rarely known
Where direful Trumpets vex the troubled Air ;
He starts from Earth, where arm'd his Limbs were thrown,
His Squadrons Fate or to revenge, or share.
Your enter'd Camp from swift Destruction keep,
Or instant rous'd awake, or slain for ever sleep.

XXXIII.

He spake ; they rise obedient to his Call,
Who near their Chief their ready Tents had plac'd ;
Yet baffled soon, the Conqu'rors Prey they fall,
Their Leader standing but to yield the last.
A while unconquer'd prov'd his aged Arm,
A while his Fortune hung in equal Scale :
He funk, enfeebled as he grew more warm ;
But Lust press'd on, accustom'd to prevail,
With Strength un'bated by laborious Sweat,
Greatest when most oppos'd, increasing with his Heat.

XXXIV. Now

XXXIV.

Now ruddy Morn purpled the glowing East,
 And shew'd the Waste the Monster's Rage had made ;
 Whose Force nor Floods, nor Mountains could resist,
 Nor Brafs, nor Diamond Barriers, could have stay'd.
 At length both shatter'd Hosts their Councils bent,
 How surest to revenge their common Foil ;
 Made wise by Smart, a Championess they sent,
 Whose Arm alone was equal to the Toil ;
 Sometimes on Earth by VIRTUE's Title fam'd,
 By wiser Angel-Minds divine RELIGION nam'd.

XXXV.

Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her Mood ;
 Nor grave with Sternness, nor with Lightness free ;
 Against Example resolutely good,
 Fervent in Zeal, and warm in Charity :
 Who ne'er forsook her Faith for love of Peace,
 Nor sought with Fire and Sword to show her Zeal ;
 Duteous to Princes, when they most oppress ;
 Patient in bearing Ill, and doing well :
 In Pray'rs and Tears she fought and found Defence,
 Nor rais'd rebellious Arms to strengthen Providence.

XXXVI. Her

XXXVI.

Her prudent Care was fix'd on Heaven's Height,
Yet by her Steps on Earth that Care was shewn :
Fearless of Harm in Darkness, as in Light ;
Fearful of Sin at Midnight, as at Noon :
A bloody Crois was pourtray'd on her Shield,
Whose Sight the Monster scarcely could sustain ;
Feeble to gain, yet loth to quit the Field ;
Blafted and thunder-struck with chilling Pain ;
When 'gainst his Head her sacred Arms she bent,
Strict Watch, and Fast severe, and Prayer omnipotent.

XXXVII.

Murm'ring he fled, yet backward turn'd his Face,
Whom Step by Step th' Angelick Maid pursued ;
Yet oft, as slack'ning he observ'd her Pace,
He stay'd his Flight, and Battle fierce renew'd.
Mean while the yet-remaining neutral Bands,
Advanc'd with open Look and friendly Mind ;
Whose timely March a glorious Pair commands,
MARRIAGE, and LOVE ; unhappy when disjoin'd ;
Who over LUST the surest Triumph gain'd ;
Friends to RELIGION firm, by Wisest GOD ordain'd.

XXXVIII. LOVE,

XXXVIII.

LOVE, the most general Conqu'ror here below,
 Whose subtle Nature hard is to be told ;
 Whom all can feel, but few aright can know ;
 Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old.
 He seem'd of jarring Contraries compos'd,
 To Day sharp-sighted, and to Morrow blind ;
 His Beaver lifted up, his Face disclos'd,
 Where simple Faith, and winning Sweetness shin'd.
 High on his Crest sat perch'd a Gall-less Dove,
 Emblem of changeless Truth, and Chastity, and Love.

XXXIX.

Th' immortal Glories of the *Nut-brown Maid*,
 Emblazon'd lively on his Shield appear :
 The various Parts the shifting Lover play'd ;
 The Test for human Frailty too severe.
 Wealth, Ease, and Fame, and Sex she cast behind ;
 Where Friendship leads, determin'd to pursue :
 Not Falshood's self could shake her steady Mind,
 Firm to the Base, and to the Perjur'd true.
 All but her Virtue, she for *Henry* leaves ;
 LOVE stands the sore Assault, tho' rival'd Woman grieves.

XL. Some-

XL.

Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot Pow'r would go
 Than Morning Light, or quicker Thought can fly ;
 Sometimes with stealing Motion, silent, slow ;
 Unseen, unmark'd, but by the jealous Eye :
 Dauntless, resolv'd, mindless of Perils past,
 Rewarded in an Hour for Years of Pain ;
 Trembles his Eye, with modest Awe down-cast,
 Faulters his Tongue, scarce daring to complain ;
 Yet, when grown bold, their moving Force he tries,
 Manna is on his Tongue, and Witchcraft in his Eyes.

XLI.

Of winged Boys a num'rous Troop he led,
 Whose Shafts both Sexes wound with certain Aim,
 The Wounds not Pain, but doubtful Pleasure bred ;
 For not from Hostile Bows the Arrows came.
 Forgetting Feuds, they long to be ally'd,
 And softer Passions on their Bosoms seize :
 Down from their Hands their wrathful Weapons slide,
 Chang'd is their Hatred for Desire to please :
 In sudden Peace the jarring Kinds agree,
 With Reconcilement dear, and cordial Amity.

P O E M S.

XLII.

Transform'd by magick Love the Males appear,
 New cast their Natures in a finer Mould ;
 Prudent the Fool, well-natur'd the Severe,
 The Wife grew humble, and the Coward bold.
 Nor less his friendly Darts improve the Fair ;
 Was none or loosely free, or coyly rude ;
 The gay Coquet now liv'd not to ensnare,
 To meekest passive Woman sunk the Prude :
 Nor could the Brave resist, or Fearful run,
 For Heav'n made Man to win, and Woman to be won.

XLIII.

Next close to LOVE, well-suited MARRIAGE came,
 Who Hand in Hand their social Steps advance ;
 Kindly as Warmth of Life, her even Flame,
 Not Fevers heat, nor flutt'ring Spirits dance ;
 Who Pleasure tasted with reflecting Thought,
 Nor Life upbraided for avoidless Pains
 Entail'd on Mortal State ; but wisely sought
 Too flitting Love with long-enduring Chains,
 Of Interest and of Duty fast to bind ;
 Fountain of chaste Delight, great Parent of Mankind.

XLIV. Where

XLIV.

Where LOVE had touch'd the Hearts, she joins the Hands,
And grants an holier, and a stronger Tye;
For Death alone could disunite her Bands,
Nor shorter Space could Friendship satisfy.
While thus she join'd the Pairs, the Matron spoke;
Attend, ye Sexes, and my Words approve,
My Doom nor Male nor Female shall revoke;
Since Nature form'd the Kinds for mutual Love:
Your Battle vain, vain is your Anger shown,
For more distinguish'd Hate mere Dotage shall attone.

XLV.

Tho' Man shall awful Rule o'er Woman bear,
Not sprung from greater Worth, but Right Divine;
Yet she shall in her Turn Dominion share,
E'er to his Will her Empire she resign:
But, while she reigns, her Mercy let her show,
And well employ the quickly-fleeting Time;
Not unrewarded shall her Mildness go,
And strictest Justice shall o'ertake her Crime.
Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.

XLVI.

AMBITION proud, and Fordid Avarice,
Two mighty Troublers of the World were near;
Abhor'd by all Men, when without Disguise;
But now the Garb of Love they chose to wear.
AMBITION stooping popularly low,
Still pleaded publick Welfare, not his own;
Dissembling deep, yet unreserv'd in Show,
Imposing all Things, but believing none:
Whose subtle Wit could cross Events command,
Scorner of Heav'n and Earth, his God his own Right Hand.

XLVII.

Skill'd in the various Turns of giddy Tides,
With dextrous Timeing of his watchful Skill,
With cool Disdain, the Preacher he derides,
Who marks th' eternal Bounds of Good and Ill:
By him were Princes barr'd of equal Love,
And left to Quiet if they Greatnes prize;
Oppress'd with State unwillingly they move,
Crown'd are the Victims drag'd to Sacrifice.
Absent, unknown, and unindear'd they wed,
Mean while the naked Sword divides the loveless Bed.

XLVIII. Next

XLVIII.

Next, close to him, crept AVARICE the Old,
Quick to receive, but ever slow to pay ;
Wanting for fear of Want, adoring Gold ;
Nearer his Inn, more careful for his Way :
His flinty Breast could ne'er Compassion show,
He Pity *Weakness*, Virtue *Folly* calls ;
Friendless, and to himself the deadliest Foe,
Harden'd he lives, and unrepenting falls.
He blooming Youth to palfy'd Age would tye,
To raise and to enrich, would end his Family.

XLIX.

These Traitors, mask'd like LOVE, in Marriage join'd
Thousands by Nature form'd to disagree ;
While thoughtless Youth the future Lift not mind,
And Age dim-sighted help'd their Treachery.
Their Pairs were soon distinguish'd by th' Event ;
Unkind Reproach, too biting to endure,
Pining Distrust, and brawling Discontent,
Curs'd Jealousy, which Heaven alone can cure.
Foul perjur'd Guilt, sad Causer of Divorce,
And late Repentance vain, of Hell itself the Source.

L. Forgive

L.

Forgive the Voice that useful Fiction sings ;
Not impious Tales of Deities impure,
Not Faults of breathless Queens or living Kings,
In open Treason, or in Veils obscure.
What here I write, each knowing Eye will see
To all but Brutes and Angels must belong :
Still will the Sexes jar, and still agree,
And each Day's Truth shall moralize my Song.
Still will each Sex for Sov'reignty contend :
Wars with the World begun, with that alone shall end.



On

O N T H E

Sixth and Eighth Verses of the 40th Chap. of Isaiah,

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

The D E A T H of a Y O U N G L A D Y.

All Flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof is as the Flower of the Field.

The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever.

I.

TH E Morning Flow'rs display their Sweets,
And, gay, their silken Leaves unfold ;
As careless of the Noon-day Heats,
And fearless of the Evening Cold.

II.

Nip'd by the Wind's unkindly Blast,
Parch'd by the Sun's directer Ray,
The momentary Glories waste,
The short-liv'd Beauties die away.

III. So

III.

So blooms the Human Face Divine,
When Youth its Pride of Beauty shows ;
Fairer than Spring the Colours shine,
And sweeter than the Virgin Rose.

IV.

Or worn by slowly-rolling Years,
Or broke by Sickness in a Day ;
The fading Glory disappears,
The short-liv'd Beauties die away,

V.

Yet these, new rising from the Tomb,
With Lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during Bloom,
Safe from Diseases and Decline.

VI.

Let Sickness blast, and Death devour,
If Heav'n must recompense our Pains ;
Perish the Grass, and fade the Flow'r,
If firm the Word of God remains.

From

From MARTIAL.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem. &c.

PLeasanteſt Companion This,
This in Life is Happineſs :

Early an Estate to gain,
Left, not purchas'd by your Pain :
Grounds that pay the Tiller's Hire,
Hearths with ever-during Fire ;
Safe from Law t' enjoy your own,
Seldom view the buſy Town ;
Health, with mod'rate Vigour join'd ;
True well-grounded Peace of Mind ;
Friends, your Equals in Degree,
Prudent, plain Simplicity ;
Eaſy Converſe Mirth afford,
Artleſs Plenty fill the Board :
Temp'rate Joy your Ev'nings bleſſ,
Free from Care as from Exceſs :
Short the Night by Sleep be made ;
Chaste, not cheerleſs, be the Bed :
Chuse to be but what you are ;
Dying, neither wiſh, nor fear.

G

To

To a FRIEND in the Country,
*Who complained of his Condition, and admired
 High Spirits in Low Fortunes.*

I.

THIS would be still my Wish, could I
 Such bitter Curse allow,
 Let those I hate have Spirits high,
 With Fortunes that are low.

II.

But surely when we vapour most,
 If angry Fortune frown ;
 She'll pull, in spite of all our Boast,
 Our lofty Spirits down.

III.

Ev'n I — but I can laugh and sing,
 Tho' setter'd and confin'd ;
 My mind I may to Fortune bring,
 Not Fortune to my Mind.

IV.

How seldom is our Good enjoy'd,
 Our Ill how hardly born,

When

P O E M S.

51

When all our Fancies are employ'd

To kick against the Thorn !

V.

A lowly Heart and little Eye

Kind Heaven on me bestow ;

Let those I hate have Spirits high,

With Fortunes that are low.

VI.

These Maxims sage and dry, you'll say,

These rigid moral Rules,

Take our superior Sense away,

And sink us into Fools.

VII.

Whoe'er can Ease by Folly get,

With Justice may despise

The thoughtful unenjoying Wit,

The miserable Wise.

VIII.

But sure our selves aright to see,

True Wisdom well may bear :

'Tis nobly great to dare to be

No greater than we are.

G 2

IX. Think

IX.

Think not I envy Courts and Kings,
 Or peevish hate Mankind ;
 Think not this Declaration springs
 From Meanness of my Mind.

X.

Ev'n I perhaps, if Heav'n would deign
 High Place on me to show'r,
 As well as any Lord might reign,
 As equal to my Pow'r.

XI.

My Mind, with Weight of Busines charg'd,
 Of Course would bigger grow ;
 As Rivers length'ning when enlarg'd
 Enlarge their Channels too.

XII.

'Till then, a lowly Heart and Eye
 Kind Heav'n on me bestow :
 Let those I hate have Spirits high,
 With Fortunes that are low.

The

The ELECTIONEER.

THERE once liv'd in Repute a substantial Freeholder,
No *Briton* on Earth could be braver or bolder,
A Party-man stanch and resolv'd, tho' the Story
Does not call him directly a Whig or a Tory.
But the Reader, to this way, or that, as inclin'd,
May his Party, perhaps, or his Honesty find.
His Head was still full of the Law and the Right,
So he never would bribe, but he sometimes would fight :
For when Mobs grew unruly, he always stood bluff,
And could play well at Foot-ball, a Kick and a Cuff.
Our Patriot strait-lac'd was in that way of thinking,
That no Bribe should go farther than Eating and Drinking :
So he kept open House for all Comers to feast,
And made never a Knav, but many a Beast ;
Tho' even in Drinking he kept a Decorum,
Men might do as they pleas'd with the Liquor before 'em.
He all under-hand Dealing and Tricking defy'd,
And was always a Thorn in his Enemy's Side.
He answer'd their Truth, and detected their Lies,
He their Bullies out-brav'd, and out-witted their Spies..

He

He made many a good, but despis'd a bad Vote,
And they never could pick any Hole in his Coat.
To avoid all Suspicion of Bribing and Largeſſ,
He was nobly determin'd to bear his own Charges.
So ſmall his Discretion, ſo large his Affection,
That he dip'd his whole Freehold Estate in Election.
He ev'ry Day went more and more down the Wind,
And his Party drop'd off as his Fortune declin'd.
His Enemies crow'd, and triumphantly ſwore
They would ſtick on his Skirts, and pay off his old Score.
From his Friends but a faint Commendation he got,
A well-meaning Man, but a little too hot.
He found ſmall Effect of his Coſt and his Pother,
When by One Side forſook, and oppreſſ'd by the Other.
He ran upon Tick, while he Credit could meet,
And, the Bread he had ſquander'd, he wanted to eat:
Till hard pinch'd and unable to fast any longer,
A Purſe he attempted to ſatisfy Hunger;
But was ta'en in the Fact, being raw at the Trade,
And before the next Justice that Instant convey'd.
The Member, againſt whose Election he stir'd,
By the dint of Demerit was gotten prefer'd;

One, that all Sorts of Business went readily thorough,
And was chose by good Votes, but not those of the Borough.
One, who swore to his Friends he would never deceive 'em,
Yet, in their Distress, thought it prudent to leave 'em :
Convinc'd, tho' be sure no Preferment he courted,
That a Ministry ought to be always supported.
In Commission of Peace a most notable Man,
In the First of King GEORGE, or the Last of Queen ANNE.
When his Foe, brought before him, the Magistrate spy'd,
Quoth his Worship, Was this the best Man of his Side ?
He, that Virtue and Justice had still in his Eye,
Whom no Army could fright, and no Treasury buy ?
These Upbraidings the Wretch in Misfortune provoke ;
Who reply'd, -- You your Friendships and Promises broke,
Were forsworn, by Ambition and Avarice led ;
And I, when half-starv'd, would have robb'd for my Bread :
We are both Rogues ; but if you'll allow me my Due,
You must own, I'm the honestest Rogue of the two.



The D E C A N T E R.

From the Greek.

O THOU, that high thy Head dost bear,
 With round, smooth Neck, and single Ear ;
 With well-turn'd, narrow Mouth, from whence
 Flow Streams of noblest Eloquence :
 'Tis thou that fir'st the Bard Divine,
 Sacred to *Phœbus* and the Nine ;
 That Mirth and soft Delight can't move,
 Sacred to *Venus* and to Love.
 Yet, spite of all thy Virtues rare,
 Thou'rt not a Boon-Companion fair ;
 Thou'rt full of Wine, when thirsty I,
 And when I'm drunk, then Thou art dry.

E P I G R A M, *from the Greek.*

I F YOUTH and BEAUTY fade, my Dear,
 Impart 'em wisely while you may :
 If still they last, why should you fear
 To give what none can take away ?

To

T O

Sir H E R B E R T P O W E L L , Bart.

Upon his going to Travel.

IN Friendly Part a well-meant Gift receive,
The best, tho' small, that I have Pow'r to give:
Boldly without Reluctance lend an Ear,
Nor flatt'ring Verse, nor Dedication fear,
Which only tells us what we guess'd before,
How rich the Patron, and the Bard how poor.
If wisely covetous of precious Time,
You dread the long Impertinence of Rhime,
These Lines with Patience may be over-past,
My first, and what is more, perhaps my last.
From all such Danger shortly you'll be free,
If not on this side, yet beyond the Sea.

RE LIGION first be made your utmost Care,
Nor drop your native Faith in foreign Air ;
Nor, like the flutt'ring Triflers of the Town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none.
Mother of Errors ROME we well may call,
Parent of too much Faith, --- and none at all :

H

Where

Where lying Miracles, and Monkish Dreams,
Fright thoughtless Fools to contrary Extremes :
Who their twelve Articles of Faith give o'er,
Because the T R E N T A L Creed has twenty-four :
And count the Flames of Hell a fabled Story,
Because they see the Frauds of Purgatory.
In vain you boast from Popery You are free,
If ting'd with Unbelief in I T A L Y :
As justly desolate M A R S E I L L E S may brag,
That she has no Disease, except the Plague.

Foe to their Church, O copy not their Vice,
Nor envy their I T A L I A N Liberties ;
Nor aim so much in Breeding to excel,
To think it worth the Price of certain Hell.
The Devil's Lab'lers must receive their Hire ;
There's no Insurance from Eternal Fire.
In Vice we T R A M O N T A N E S must quit the Field,
And W y —— R N sure to E L E P H A N T I S yield.
With far-fetch'd Lust our modish Closets shine,
But B R I T A I N ne'er produc'd an A R E T I N E ;
Nor vile Intrigues avow'd, as lawful Flame,
Nor e'er by Statutes authoris'd her Shame :

Tho'

Tho' large Returns the Publick might take in,
From licenc'd Practice of imported Sin ;
Might BRITISH Rakes DUTCH Musick-houses use,
And build them ROMAN or VENETIAN Stews.

Next, travel not for Nought thro' distant Lands ;
Be wise, and just, and diligent as SANDS,
Whose penetrating Eye distinctly sees
Religions, Governments, and Polities.
Some only learn the Diff'rence, all the while,
Betwixt an ENGLISH and a GERMAN Mile :
What Nations Reck'nings at their Inns are leaft,
If Coaches or Post-Chaifes travel best :
That ADRIA's Isles are pleasing to behold ;
That SPAIN is hot, and SWISSERLAND is cold.
Your Party Politicians will aspire
A little, and indeed but little, higher.
Fir'd with their Country's Love, they range abroad,
To find, by Toils, that Liberty is good.
Dauntless for this the Free-born BRITON goes
O'er DANISH Ice, and PYRENEAN Snows.
So round the Globe on foot great CORYAT strays,
To search how long the Roads, and deep the Ways ;

To know where Meat was good, and Liquor fine,
How strong the Sign-post, and how gay the Sign.

Nor doat on antique Pieces, nor despise :
Oft view, but seldom purchase Rarities.
Trust not their Medals lately dug from Dust,
With modern Soil and imitated Rust.

Your VIRTUOSO travels with Design
To heap up Treasures of uncurrent Coin :
Doats on the Letters round a GRÆCIAN Head,
Half raz'd ; which, were they plain, he could not read :
Pays Weight for Weight, new Gold for antient Stone ;
And for an OTHO's Head would give his own.

Curious Abroad, forget not all the while
The matchless Beauties of your native Isle ;
In BRITISH Straits what mighty Navies ride,
What Wealth flows in with each returning Tide.
Our callow Youth for Paintings visit ROME,
And know not the CARTONS they left at Home.
Strange Sights o'er ALPS and APPENNINES they seek,
But stare with Silence if you name the PEAK.
The fam'd VENETIAN Arsenal they explore,
But slight the Arm'ry in the LONDON Tower.

With

With Floods of Speech the VATICAN they praise,

But never heard of BODLEY in their Days.

Afham'd of Home, of Foreign Climes they boast,

And THAMES and HUMBER are in TYBER lost.

When back return'd, let not your whole Discourse

Assert the Priviledge of Travellers :

Nor strange Relations of Adventures give,

Which few delight to hear, and none believe.

Throw not Your Country's Manners quite aside,

Nor taint our honest Air with foreign Pride.

An ENGLISHMAN, (the Proverb tells you true)

Who turns ITALIAN, turns a Devil too :

And none, unless distracted, would forego

The BRITISH Substance for the GALLICK Show.

Own that a Man of Worth may justly shine,

Who never PARIS view'd, or pass'd the RHINE :

Such was Your * Grandsire, Glory of Your Name,

(O might Your Virtue merit equal Fame !)

Friend to Religion fix'd, and true to Laws,

When suff'ring Prelates prop'd the Church's Cause.

Like

* Sir JOHN POWELL, one of the Judges of the King's-Bench, who acquitted the Seven Bishops.

Like him accomplish'd, BRITAIN few can boast,
And yet the narrow Seas he never crost'd.

Observe these Rules, 'till others better skill'd
More useful Lessons to your Youth shall yield.
When far from Home, or from a wiser Friend,
These Rules, tho' mean, may some Assistance lend;
If aught of common Sense I understand,
Who ne'er saw DOVER Cliffs, or CALAIS Sands.

O N

The setting up Mr. BUTLER's Monument in
WESTMINSTER- ABBEY.

WHILE BUTLER, needy Wretch ! was yet alive;
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to Death and turn'd to Dust,
Presented with a Monumental Bust !
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown,
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

A

SONG to a GIRL of Five Years old.

Tune of, *What Beauties does FLORA disclose.*

I.

YE LOVES and ye GRACES so sweet,
That sport on the TWEEED and the TAY,
Fly Southward my PHILLY to meet,
She'll play with you all the long Day.
Our Turff is as verdant and soft,
Our Prospect as beautiful Springs,
The Finches they trill it aloft,
And melting the Nightingale sings.

II.

When Heaven looks smiling above,
And FLORA her Treasure forth pours,
Does PHILLY abroad never rove?
Say, Does She not pick a few Flowers?
Does she find out the King-cup so gay?
Do Cowslips their Odours disclose?
Or the Violet, sweeter than they,
That only can yield to the Rose?

III. All

III.

All Nature does joyous appear,
 And frolics at PHILLY's Command ;
 See Flies how they buz at her Ear,
 And Lady-birds dance on her Hand !
 See Butterflies floating along,
 With Colours to pleasure the Fair ;
 The Bees they fly humming a Song,
 And Chirp goes the Graftopper there !

IV.

Ye two-leg'd * unfeather'd Folk, sing,
 Lay hold on the fast-flying Time ;
 Your smooth-flowing Madrigals bring,
 Nor lose the soft Hour of her Prime.
 Melodious Oh chant while you may,
 Your musical Passions unfold :
 For She'll be too wise for your Lay
 Before she is Seven Years old.

* In allusion to the old Definition of Man, not in burlesque of a pretty Phrase, *Feather'd Folk*, which I admired the first time I remember I met with it, in that beautiful Triplet on the Evening —

The Bat with Leathern Wings flits through the Grove,
The Winds scarce ruffle, nor the Aspens move,
And all the feather'd Folk forbear their Lays of Love.

T H E

T H E

P A R I S H - P R I E S T.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works do follow them.

R E V . xiv. 13.

A C C E P T , Dear SIRE, this humble Tribute paid,
A This small Memorial to a Parent's Shade.

Tho' fair the Hope Thou reign'st enthron'd on high,

Where Sin can never stain, nor Sorrow sigh;

Yet still a Son may duteous Mourning wear,

And Nature unreprov'd may drop a Tear.

No glozing Falshood on thy Name is thrown,

Which oft pollutes the Monumental Stone.

Plain Truth shall speak, which thou thyself might'st hear,

As far from Flatt'ry, as it is from Fear.

A P A R I S H P R I E S T , not of the Pilgrim Kind,
But fix'd and faithful to the Post assign'd,
Through various Scenes with equal Virtue trod,
True to his Oath, his Order, and his God.

I

Wife

Wife without Art he shone, in doubtful Days
 Of Fear, of Shame, of Danger, and of Praise.
 When Zealous JAMES unhappy fought the Way
 T' establish ROME by Arbitrary Sway,
 Whose Crime from Fondness for Religion springs,
 (A Crime ne'er pardon'd in the Lives of Kings !)
 'Twas then the Christian Priest was nobly try'd,
 When hireling Slaves embrac'd the stronger Side,
 And saintly Sects and Sycophants comply'd.
 In vain were Bribes shower'd by the guilty Crown,
 He sought no Favour, as he fear'd no Frown.
 Nor loudest Storms his steady Purpose broke,
 Firm as the beaten Anvil to the Stroke.
 Secure in Faith, exempt from worldly Views,
 He dar'd the DECLARATION to refuse :
 Then from the sacred Pulpit boldly show'd
 The dauntless HEBREWS true to ISRAEL's God,
 Who spake regardless of their King's Commands,
 " * The God we serve can save us from thy Hands ;
 " If not, O Monarch, know we chuse to die,
 " Thy Gods alike and Threat'nings we defy ;

" No

* He preached on DAN. iii. 17, 18.

" No Pow'r on Earth our Faith has e'er controll'd,
" We scorn to worship Idols, tho' of Gold."
Resistless Truth damp'd all the Audience round,
The base Informer ficken'd at the Sound ;
Attentive Courtiers conscious stood amaz'd,
And Soldiers silent trembled as they gaz'd.
No smalleſt Murmur of Distaste arose,
Abash'd and vanquish'd seem'd the Church's Foes.
So when like Zeal their Bosoms did inspire,
The JEWISH Martyrs walk'd unhurt in Fire.

Nor yet could ROMISH Faith ſo dreadful ſeem,
To fright his Judgement to a worse Extreme ;
To throw up Creeds for fear of Papal Pow'r,
And blame St. PETER for his Successor.
For when the Church her Danger had subdu'd,
And felt on Earth the uſual Gratitude,
When favour'd Sects o'erſpread BRITANNIA's Plains,
Like Frogs thick-fwarming after Summer Rains ;
Against far diff'rent Foes alike prepar'd,
No wild Disputer found him off his Guard.
Nor thoſe who following late SOCINUS' Plan,
Degraded GOD Incarnate to a Man ;

Nor those, who wresting Texts with greater flight,
With Heav'n, as taught by elder ARIUS, fight :
Reafoners, who no Absurdity can see
In a new-made dependent Deity.

Amongst his Corn no Tares neglected spring ;
That free-born Subjects ought to rule their King,
That Sense and Revelation disagree,
That Zeal is still at War with Charity ;
That Dust-born Reptiles may their God disown,
And place their foolish Reason in his Throne.

No Colours false deceiv'd his wary Eye,
Nor lukewarm Peace, nor Atheist Liberty.

Scripture and Fathers guide his Footsteps right ;
For Truth is one, but Error infinite.

With Love to Souls, and deepest Learning fraught,
His Master's Gospel undisguis'd he taught.

He show'd the Pow'r of Kings, the Mitre's Sway,
Which Earth can neither give nor take away.

That Duty from divine Command is known,
Fix'd on the th' Almighty's Will, and not our own.
That unbelievers must receive their Hire,
The sure Allotment of eternal Fire.

And

And God the faithful Sower pleas'd to bless,
And crown'd his Harvest with a vast Success.
While forty Years his heav'nly Doctrine charms,
No single Son forsakes the Church's Arms :
* No Romish Wolf around his Fences prowld,
Nor Fox Dissenter earth'd within his Fold.

Not but when Parties fierce in Feuds engage,
When Moderation spurs her Sons to Rage,
When all Elect or Reprobate have been,
In these no Virtue dwells, in those no Sin ;
Then their low Scandals on his Head they shov'r,
As Friend to Papal and Despotick Pow'r.
E'en those who once were Tools to Popish Aims,
The treach'rous Darlings of deluded JAMES,
Who now the purest Reformation boast,
Tho' then their tender Consciences were lost,
E'en those far off with Lies his Fame assail,
And their bad Patrons help the wicked Tale.
'Tis thus the Serpent to his Cavern glides,
And safe his wily Head from Winter hides.
But when returning Seasons Warmth inspire,
And wake his sleeping Poison into Fire,

With

* There was not a Dissenter or Papist in his Parish.

With Youth renew'd, behold the Reptile rise,
 He waves and glitters in the dog-day Skies,
 Shoots cross the Road, when sounding Steps draw near,
 And springs t' assault the way-beat Traveller ;
 Who durst his Course in Rains and Whirlwinds hold,
 And pass'd unshelter'd through December's Cold.

Griev'd for the Church's Shame, with pitying Eye
 They saw the worthless Abjects lifted high,
 Empty alike of Learning and of Brain,
 As if the Pope had re-affum'd his Reign,
 And brought our antient MUMPSIMUS again.
 With fruitless Toil let midnight Scholars pore,
 And dig the Mine, while others gain the Ore.
 Proud of Demerit, claiming as their own
 The Stall Prebendal, or Prelatick Throne :
 While JOHNSON from his Cranbrook ne'er shall part,
 And FIDDES pining sighs with broken Heart ;
 While GRAE in vain t' unthankful Britain flies,
 And WALL neglected in a Corner lies,
 And poor, and unrewarded, BINGHAM dies.
 While Names obscure undue Advancement meet,
 And T——— could conquer STILLINGFLEET.

Nor

P O E M S.

71

Nor yet on those prefer'd he cast the Blame,
Far more the Patrons than the Clerks inflame.
Patrons afraid of Sense, but not of Vice,
Elate with Pride, or funk with Avarice.
Patrons by Villains sought, by Slaves ador'd ;
Scorn'd by the Gen'rous, by the Good abhor'd.
Or private Rascals, who from Conscience free,
Search ev'ry latent Nook of Simony.
Who but on base Conditions ne'er present,
And future Tithes by present Bonds prevent.
Or Knaves more publick, studious to promote
Elections, bart'ring Benefice for Vote.
Is he self-will'd, or knows he to obey ?
Enough ! no farther Tittle need you say.
An useful Man may as he pleases live ;
But Worth's a Crime we never can forgive.
So when the ROMAN PETER wants an Heir,
If Rogues of both Religions we compare,
Tho' worthy Candidates the Popedom seek,
Expert in *Latin*, and well-read in *Greek* ;
The Conclave fly with Machiavilian Views,
One to be govern'd, not to govern chuse.

Like

Like Quakers, human Learning they forswear,
 And Ignorance best fills th' unerring Chair.
 The Statesmen laugh, Let BELLARMINE go fume,
 No fam'd PERRON the Purple shall assume,
 No, nor BARONIUS' self, the ATLAS of their ROME.

When Age, not hasten'd on by Guilt or Cares,
 Grac'd him with Silver Crown of hoary Hairs,
 His Looks the Tenour of his Soul expres,
 An easy unaffected Chearfulness ;
 Stedfast, not stiff ; and awful, not austere ;
 Tho' courteous, rev'rend ; and tho' smooth, sincere.
 In Converse free ; for ev'ry Subject fit,
 The coolest Reason join'd to keenest Wit ;
 Wit, that with Aim resistless knows to fly,
 Disarms unthought-of, and prevents Reply :
 So Light'ning falls the Mountain Oaks among,
 As sure, as quick, as shining, and as strong.
 Skilful of sportive Stories forth to pour
 A gay, an humorous, an exhaustless Store,
 With sharpest Point and justest Force apply'd,
 The Purport never dark and never wide.

Not

Not Adversaries selves Applause forbore,
And those who blam'd him most, admir'd him more.
Scarcely the PHRIGIAN fam'd for moral Tales,
Who useful Truth in pleasing Fiction veils,
Who Wisdom deep in Plants and Brutes can find,
And makes all Creatures Tutors to Mankind ;
In apter Fable solid Sense convey'd,
With founder Substance, or with finer Shade.

He mourn'd with those who Pain or Want endure,
A Guardian Angel to the Sick and Poor ;
Where the two best of Charities he join'd,
To cure the Body, and to heal the Mind.
* Across his Path no Wretch expiring lies,
Nor querulous Blind bewail their Loss of Eyes.
No mangled Cripple there expos'd his Maim,
The Shock of Nature, and the Nation's Shame :
The Stranger's View no startling Object meets,
And no complaining griev'd his happy Streets.
Oft as the Year brought back the glorious Day
When Infant JESUS in a Manger lay,
Or when from Death the God triumphant came,
Or when the HOLY-GHOST descends in Flame,

K

Around

* There were no Beggars in his Town.

Around his Board the welcome Needy sate,
And croud his Parlour, not besiege his Gate.
T' obey their Word his Children waited near,
And learnt their Saviour's Image to revere.
This Charity perform'd, the wealthier Guest
Was call'd to share his hospitable Feast ;
The Poor invited first, his Table grace,
And Riches only held the second Place.

While silken Courtiers and embroider'd Lords,
To whom the Earth her Mines in vain affords,
Too oft their Need unable to supply,
In spight of Wealth are pinch'd with Poverty ;
His scanty Rent suffic'd for ev'ry Call,
Large was his Plenty tho' his Income small ;
Alike in Prudence and in Bounty skill'd,
He never drain'd his Purse, nor ever fill'd.
None e'er did twice his ready Alms desire,
Nor lack'd the Lab'rer his expected Hire :
Enrich'd by doing good a Thousand Fold,
He rarely gain'd and never wanted Gold.
Well-stor'd to give, and furnish'd still to lend,
To raise the Friendless and support the Friend.

With

With ceaseless Streams his well-plac'd Treasure flows,
When spent increases, and by less'ning grows.
So when ELIJAH dwelt on Earth, (as far
As Miracle with Conduct we compare,) 100q. daily used
SAREPTA's Widow, hoping no Supply,
Thought on her little Store to eat and die :
Soon as she welcom'd her prophetick Guest,
The Cruse flow'd lib'ral, and the Corn increas'd ;
Th' Almighty Pow'r unfailing Plenty sent,
The Oil unwasted and the Meal unspent.

Such was the Man by Friends and Foes confess'd,
Worthy the glorious Name of PARISH PRIEST.
Had not kind Heav'n some Champions pleas'd to show,
In Merit high, tho' in Preferment low ;
Whose Pray'rs and Tears might stop th' Almighty's Hand,
Protecting Angels to a guilty Land,
From Earth's vain Hopes and base Ambition free,
Whose flighted but effectual Piety
Stood like a Mound unshaken, to repress
Th' o'erbearing Floods of prosp'rous Wickednes ;
The Christian Faith had left BRITANNIA's Coast,
Her Lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost.

Our Eyes e'er this had seen Religion fall,
 And black Apostacy had delug'd all.
 Nor more Remains of Truth had flourish'd here,
 Than where poor ASIA's Ruins scarce appear,
 And Unitarian TURKS their impious Crescent rear.

O could the Priest by God and Angels priz'd,
 By Fiends insulted, and by Fools despis'd,
 His Fight well-fought, when summon'd hence to go,
 Not then regardless of his Charge below ;
 Tho' sudden snatch'd from our desiring Eyes,
 Bequeath his Mantle, as he mounts the Skies !

O may his Friends at the last dreadful Day,
 When all the frail Creation fades away,
 When GOD Incarnate fills the Judgement Throne,
 Crown'd with his Father's Radiance and his own,
 Arise with Gladness, Bliss ordain'd to share,
 And I transported meet a Father there !
 See him lead up his Flock with happy Boast,
 " These Sheep thou gave'st me, and not one is lost."
 Exulting hear the final EURE giv'n,
 " Enter thou faithful Servant to my Heav'n.
 Glory, which here tho' Faith may well believe,
 No Speech can utter, and no Thought conceive ;

When

When weary Time his utmost Race has run,
 Glory through endless Ages but begun,
 Beyond the glimm'ring Spark of our meridian Sun.

*An ANACREON TICK,**Alter'd from HERBERT.*

I Pluck'd this Morn these beauteous Flow'rs,
 Emblem of my fleeting Hours ;
 'Tis thus, said I, my Life-time flies,
 So it blooms, and so it dies.
 And, Lo ! how soon they steal away,
 Wither'd e'er the Noon of Day.
 Adieu ! well-pleas'd, my End I see,
 Gently taught Philosophy :
 Fragrance and Ornament alive,
 Physick after Death they give.
 Let me throughout my little Stay
 Be as useful, and as gay :
 My Close as early let me meet,
 So my Odour be as sweet !

To

To a FRIEND, upon his MARRIAGE.

TH O' fly at first your Marriage-Knot You ty'd,
 A secret Bridegroom and unthought-of Bride ;
 Lest Military Tunes might shock your Ear,
 Of Drums hoarse-sounding, or of Trumpets clear,
 Musick will come at length, tho' not so soon,
 You still shall be saluted with a Tune :
 Some Sport at least I'll to your Wedding bring,
 And tho' I might not dance, yet shall I sing.

Blest may your Marriage prove ! I joy'd at none
 With Gladness more intense, except my own.
 Of Envy void, your happy State I see ;
 And may you ne'er have Cause to envy me.
 No jarring Discord of domestick Strife
 Disturb the well-set Harmony of Life ;
 By Deeds, not Words, your higher Pow'r defend,
 And seldom come so far as to contend :
 For Husbands 'gainst their Wives to take the Field
 Is the most base of all things — but to yield.
 If num'rous Offspring should your Wishes bless,
 O may they never break your Household Peace !

Never

Never of Nature's Rights their Parents tell,
And free-born plead their Priviledge to rebel.

Some think that Vows were made for Man alone,
And mind his Promise, but neglect their own.

Love, Honour, Worship, perfectly they say,
But treacherous is their Memory — to Obey.

May that curst Vice your Union ne'er divide,
By Fools call'd Spirit, but by Wife-men Pride.

Whence perjur'd Wives rebellious flight their Head,
And Bosom Vipers gnaw the Marriage Bed :
The deadliest Plague that can inflicted be,
Except Adultery and Jealousy.

Pleas'd with your Lot, contented and resign'd,
Let mean Ambition never taint your Mind ;
Nor seek Preferment's broad but dirty Road,
True to Yourself, your Country, and your God.
Would You to rise profess yourself agreed
In each vile Tittle of the CRAFTSMAN's Creed ;
To murder Kings, if Subjects they displease ?
No matter for your Oaths and * HOMILIES.

The

* Long since the writing this, the CRAFTSMAN has said, Passive Obedience lies skulking in the HOMILIES: an Expression of great Propriety, since Politicians are not used to read such Books.

The sacred Right of Bishops to disown,
No matter for your Gospel or your Gown.
No Freedom to dissent the Tyrants gave,
Who with Pretence of Liberty enslave :
And Moderation's Finger heavier weighs
Than Persecution's Loins in TORY Days.

Prize much each other's Company, 'tis fair
They join in Pleasure, who must join in Care.
While of Your Presence fond, She decks the Board,
And pleas'd and smiling caters for her Lord ;
Treats him with Wine and Wild-fowl, if he please,
She'll find it cheaper far than Bread and Cheese.
If Friends abroad should once the Man engross,
She'll find the Gain on't will not pay the Loss.
For most from Home will naturally fly,
When forc'd at Home to fast and mortify.
Who spares for Meat and Drink in keeping House,
May save her Substance, but may lose her Spouse.
Then may she rave and pine and fret in vain,
No Art on Earth can bring him back again.
Whoe'er a Conscience void of Guilt can share,
Has Cause to laugh and cast away old Care ;

May

May flight the Evil of the future Day,
And 'till Misfortune comes, — why let it stay.
A Time for all things is ordain'd on high,
A Time to love and live, to part and die.
In mutual Love th' allotted Season spend,
Pleas'd with the Way, nor mindless of the End.
Let gayest Mirth and strictest Reason meet,
When Old be cheerful, as when Young discreet.
In serious Hours nor Levity betray,
Nor frown precisely, nor be grave at Play.
In short, two little common Words comprise
Your Duty and your Bliss, — Be MERRY and be WISE.

EPIGRAM, *from the Greek.*

A Blooming Youth lies buried here,
EUPHEMIUS, to his Country dear:
Nature adorn'd his Mind and Face
With ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace:
About the Marriage State to prove,
But **DEATH** had quicker Wings than **LOVE**.

S O N G.

I.

HOW do they err, who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly ;
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly !

II.

For how can Pleasure solid be
Where Thought is out of Season ?
Do I love You, or You love Me,
My Dear, without a Reason ?

III.

Our Sense then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradise expecting ;
Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
That will not bear reflecting.

IV.

For Wisdom's Pow'r (since after all
Ev'n Life is past the curing,) A
Softens the worst that can befall,
And makes the best enduring.

The

The PIG: A TALE.

SOME HUSBANDS on a Winter's Day,

Were met to laugh their Spleen away.

As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,

They praise their Conforts to the Skies.

Obedient Wives were seldom known,

Yet all could answser for their own.

Acknowledg'd each as Sov'reign Lord,

Abroad, at Home, in Deed, in Word :

In short, as absolute their Reign, as

Grand-Seignior's over his Sultanas.

For Pride, or Shame to be out-done,

All join'd in the Discourse but One ;

Who vex'd so many Lies to hear,

Thus stops their arrogant Career :

'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say !

What ! all so absolutely sway !

In ENGLAND, where ITALIANS wife

Have plac'd the Women's Paradise ?

In LONDON, where the Sexes Flower

Have of that EDEN fix'd the Bow'r ?

Fie, Men of Sense to be so vain !
You're not in TURKEY or in SPAIN.
True BRITONS all, I'll lay my Life
None here is Master of his Wife.

These Words the general Fury rouse,
And all the common Cause espouse.
'Till one with Voice superior said
(Whose Lungs were sounder than his Head,)
I'll send my Footman instant Home,
To bid his Mistress hither come :
And if she flies not at my Call,
To own my Pow'r before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-peck'd, if you please,
As SH——CK or as SOCRATES.

Hold there, replies th' Objector fly,
Prove first, that Matrons never lie ;
Else Words are Wind. To tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you.
No, we'll be judg'd a surer Way,
By what they do, not what they say.
I'll hold You severally that boast,
A Supper at the Loser's Cost,

That

That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A Trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send strait for ev'ry Wife quite round,
One Mother's Daughter is not found,
But what before her Husband's Face
Point-black his Order disobeys.

To this they one and all consent,
The Wager laid, the Summons went.
Mean while he this Instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
Your Will and Pleasure is, t' invite
These Friends to a Boil'd Pig to Night:
The commoner the Trick has been,
The better Chance have you to win:
The Treat is mine, if they refuse;
But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first to whom the Message came
Was a well-born and haughty Dame;
A saucy, independent She,
With Jointure and with Pin-Money,
Secur'd by Marriage Deeds from Wants,
Without a sep'reate Maintenance.

Her

Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear
Half-through her Husband's Messenger;
But cut him short with — How dare he
'Mong Pot-Companions send for me?
He knows his Way, if sober, Home;
And if he wants me, bid him come.
This Answer hastily return'd,
Pleas'd all but him, whom it concern'd.
For each Man thought, his Wife on Trial
Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress and play;
To sparkle in the Box, or Ring,
And dance on Birth-nights for the King:
Whose Head was busy wont to be
With something else than Cookery.
She hearing of her Husband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came.
When half-inform'd of his Request,
A Dish as he desir'd it drest,
Quoth Madam, with a serious Face,
Without enquiring what it was,

You can't sure for an Answer look,
Sir, do you take me for your Cook ?
But I must haste a Friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her Tea.
So said, that Minute out she flew :
What could the slighted Husband do ?
His Wager lost must needs appear,
For none obey that will not hear.

The next for Housewifry renown'd,
A Woman notable was own'd,
Who hated Idleness and Airs,
And minded Family-Affairs.
Expert at ev'ry thing was she,
At Needle-work, or Surgery :
Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,
From richest Cordial to Small-Beer.
To serve a Feast she understood,
In ENGLISH or in FOREIGN Mode :
Whate'er the wanton Taste could chuse
In Sauces, Kickshaws, and Ragous.
She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain,
Her welcome Guests to entertain.

Her

Her Husband fair accosts her thus ;
To Night these Friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a Smile, My Dear,
Your Friends are always welcome there.
But we desire a Pig, and pray
You'd boil it. -- Boil it, do you say ?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My Busines better, Sir, than so.
Why ! ne'er in any Book was yet
Found such a whimsical Receipt.
My Dressing none need be afraid of,
But such a Dish was never heard of.
I'll roast it nice, — but shall not boil it,
Let those that know no better spoil it.
Her Husband cry'd, For all my Boast,
I own the Wager fairly lost.
And other Wives besides my Love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their Pride in Housewifry.
Now the poor Wretch who next him sate,
Felt his own Heart go pit-a-pat,

. For

For well he knew his Spouse's Way ;
Her Spirit brook'd not to obey ;
And never yet was in the wrong :
He told her with a trembling Tongue,
Where, and on what, his Friends would feast,
And how the Dainty should be drest.
To Night ? quoth, in a Passion, she ;
No, Sirs, to Night it cannot be.
And was it a boil'd Pig you said ?
You and your Friends sure are not mad !
The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
Where none but Females should appear :
And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
Always from Mistresses receive.
Boil it ! was ever such an Afs !
Pray, what would you desire for Sauce ?
If any Servant, in my Pay,
Dare dress a Pig that silly Way,
In spight of any Whim of your's,
I'll turn them quickly out of Doors :
For no such Thing, nay, never frown,
Where I am Mistress, shall be done.

Each Woman wife her Husband rules,
Passive Obedience is for Fools.

This Case was quickly judg'd. Behold,

A Fair One of a softer Mould;

Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,

And unaffected Pleasantry.

So mild and sweet she enter'd in,

Her Spouse thought certainly to win.

Pity such golden Hopes should fail!

Soon as she heard th' appointed Tale,

My Dear, I know not, I protest,

Whether in earnest or in jest,

So strange a Supper you demand;

How'er I'll not disputing stand,

But do't as freely as you bid it,

Prove but that ever Woman did it.

This Cause, by general Consent,

Was lost for want of Precedent.

Thus each deny'd a several Way;

But all agreed to disobey.

One only Dame did yet remain,

Who downright honest was and plain:

If

P O E M S.

91

If now and then her Voice she tries,
 'Tis not for Rule, but Exercise.
 Unus'd her Lord's Commands to slight,
 Yet sometimes pleading for the right,
 She made her little Wisdom go
 Farther than wiser Women do.
 Her Husband tells her, looking grave,
 A roasted Pig I boil'd would have ;
 And to prevent all *Pro* and *Con*,
 I must insist to have it done.
 Says she, My Dearest, shall your Wife
 Get a Nick-Name to last for Life ?
 If you resolve to spoil it, do ;
 But I desire you'll eat it too :
 For though 'tis boil'd to hinder Squabble,
 I shall not, will not, sit at Table.
 She spoke, and her good Man alone
 Found he had neither lost nor won,
 So fairly parted Stakes. The rest
 Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,
 Would your Wife boil it ? Let us see.
 Hold there — you did not lay with me.

M 2

You

You find, in spite of all you boasted,
 Your Pigs are fated to be roasted.
 The Wager's lost, no more contend,
 But take this Counsel from a Friend :
 Boast not your Empire, if you prize it,
 For happiest he that never tries it.
 Wives unprovok'd think not of Sway,
 Without commanding they obey.
 But if your dear Ones take the Field,
 Resolve at once to win or yield.
 For Heaven no Medium ever gave
 Betwixt a Sovereign and a Slave..

EPI TAPH on a GAMESTER and FREE-THINKER.

Facta est Alea.

HE R E lies a Sceptick, long in doubt
 If Death could kill the Soul or not ;
 Death ends his Doubtfulness at last,
 Convinc'd, but Oh ! the Die is cast.

A

A

Letter from a Guardian to a Young Lady.

SAY, shall I try Your growing Sense t' improve
With friendly Counsel of a Guardian's Love ?
On moral Verse a while your Thoughts engage,
Soft as your Sex, and cheerful as your Age ?
Say, shall I try to suit with flowing Rhime
The joyous Season of your Virgin Prime ?
Intreat you early to be wife and good,
To Rest and Peace, the sure and only Road ?
So may your Pleasure with your Life-time stay,
Time unrepented wing its happy Way,
As ev'ry Year Fifteen, and ev'ry Month were MAY.

Look on Embroid'ry, not a Sprig that's there
Was made by Chance, or finish'd without Care.
By Art the Flowers beneath the Needle grow,
The Stems rise verdant, and the Rose-buds blow.
Art governs Life ; who Happiness attains
Must spare no Thinking, and refuse no Pains ;
Nor fear from hence that Trouble should arise,
For Thought is never Trouble to the Wise.

And

And few were ever bleſſ'd by Chance alone,
It fails in Thousands where it hits in One.

Of all the Charms the Female Sex desire,

That Lovers doat on, and that Friends admire,

Those most deserve Your Wish that longest last,

Not like the Bloom of Beauty, quickly paſt;

Virtue the chief: this Men and Angels prize

Above the fineſt Shape and brighteſt Eyes.

By this alone untainted Joys we find,

As large, and as immortal as the Mind.

Whate'er Your Age would reap, Your Youth should sow,

For the great Seed-time of Your Life is now;

When Fancy's mimick Pow'r is warm and strong,

Engraving deeply, and retaining long,

What Age can scarcely learn and hardly hold.

The Signet thus caſt in the best-wrought Mould

Imprints no Likeness when the Wax is cold.

'Tis no Disgrace a Book to understand,

And Spelling well becomes the faireſt Hand.

Boldly with Knowledge ſtock Your Soul within,

It adds no Freckle to the whiteſt Skin,

In Song or Dance mars not a single Grace,
And spoils no Feature in the loveliest Face.
Could You like warbling ARABELLA sing,
With flying Fingers wake the vocal String,
In sprightly Dance th' exactest Judges please,
At once with Fire, and Decency, and Ease.
Age stiffens Joints, and makes our Motion weak,
And turns the sweetest Quaver to a Squeak.
Virtue and Knowledge will for ever stay,
And cheer the Life-blood when the Hairs are grey.

One gen'ral Caution through Your Youth be shown,
To trust nor Man nor Woman when unknown :
Let sure Experience to Esteem commend
Both the Male Suitor and the Female Friend ;
Or strict Enquiry prove their Conduct true
To God and Man, else think them false to You.
Too oft unworthy Wretches Favour share,
For Bosom Friends, an Auction they declare,
And to the highest Bidder sell the Fair.
Too oft the trusted Confident prevails,
The Handmaid conqu'ring, where the Lover fails.

*Tis

'Tis hard for heedless Youth the Snare to shun,
By their own Gold the Fortunes are undone.

Unwary Maids of their own Sex are fond,
And Diamond is cut with Diamond.

To pass their Time need Mortals e'er be told ?
Lost by the Young, and wish'd-for by the Old.

Devotion's Practise claims the earliest Part,
And Books, that clear the Head, and warm the Heart.

Besides, brisk Youth Amusements may invent,
At once genteel, ingenious, innocent.

Behold, to please the Eye if she incline,
Colours to limn, and Pencils to design :

Grave Histories Employment may supply,
Or the gay Scenes of slighter Poetry.

Nor need the Fair th' industrious Needle shun,
Or hate the Nun's-work, tho' she hates the Nun.

When Great AUGUSTUS rul'd the World and ROME,
The Cloth he wore was spun and wove at Home,
His Emp'ress ply'd the Distaff and the Loom.

And ENGLISH Laws the proudest Beauty name
When single SPINSTER, and when married DAME.

Nay,

Nay, Household Cares to wisest Women yield,
A large, an useful, and a grateful Field :
To make the cleanly Kitchen send up Food,
Not costly vain, but plentifully good :
To bid the Cellar's Fountain never fail,
Fill'd with the well-brew'd Stores of native Ale :
To cheat the Palate with domestick Wines,
Tho' NORMAN WILLIAM grub'd up all our Vines :
To buy, to pay, to blame, or to approve,
Within, without, below-stairs and above :
To shine in ev'ry Corner like the Sun,
Who ne'er pollutes his Beams with looking on.
Or grant such Care no Pleasure could produce,
'Tis prudent not to slight it for its Use.
The greatest Wealth needs Care : a famous Peer
With Forty-thousand Pounds *per Annum* clear,
Has run beyond his Income ev'ry Year.
The Nobles daily find it to their Cost,
Tho' antient Hospitality is lost.
For no Estate with Negligence can hold,
And those who count not, never keep their Gold.

One glorious Scene of Action yet behind,
The Fair that likes it is secure to find :
Cordials and Med'cines *gratis* to dispense,
A beauteous Instrument of Providence :
Plasters, and Salves, and Sores to understand,
The Surgeon's Art, befits a Lady's Hand.
To friendless Pain unhop'd-for Ease to give,
And bid the Hungry eat, and Sickly live.
And thus, if we may credit Fame's Report,
The best and fairest in the G ALLICK Court,
An Hour sometimes in Hospitals employ,
To give the dying Wretch a Glimpse of Joy ;
T' attend the Crowds that hopeless Pangs endure,
And sooth the Anguish which they cannot cure :
To clothe the Bare and give the Empty Food,
As bright as Guardian Angels and as good.
Better import this Custom out of F RANCE,
Than the last Top-knot, or the newest Dance.
I grant these Rules suit not the Fashion now,
Not thus our modern Girls to Women grow :
Their Hours far diff'rent Studies entertain,
They learn to deal the Cards, and throw the Main :

Whose

Whose Mothers at a single Stake will play
Their Fame, their Fortunes, and their Souls away.
Perhaps a little farther Miss proceeds,
Writes without Rule, and without Spelling reads :
Enters and leaves a Room with perfect Skill,
The Fan can flutter, and the Tea can fill.
But oh ! if dear Mamma she can persuade
To change Quadrille at Night for Masquerade ;
Where she her pretty Fancy may express
In some unnatural and improper Dres,
She grows a Woman strait, the Work is done,
For Hot-beds ripen faster than the Sun.
There dang'rous Converse to the virtuous Fair,
The Scum and Refuse of Mankind are there :
Yet good or bad, this Priviledge they claim,
To speak their Thoughts without Restraint of Shame.
The very vilest both of Rich and Poor,
From the lewd Peeres to the hackney Whore.
The lordly Rakehell taints the chaste Ear,
And " fly-blows all his Wit and Poison there.
Notorious Profligates, whom none admit
Of common Prudence at their Board to sit ;

Scoundrels, who, if bare-fac'd they durst appear,
 Would Kicks, and Blanketting, and Cudgels fear.
 As if the Maid could be discreetly bred,
 Who minds the Board, but never guards the Bed.

But least too much Your Patience I offend,
 Like an Old Man I'll with a Story end.

* A celebrated Lady once there was,
 In CHARLES the Martyr's and the Second's Days,

Who Foreign Courts and Princes had survey'd,
 When ask'd what an accomplish'd Woman made,
 With memorable Answer, — thus She said :

She who her present Businesſ learns to do,
 High without Pride, and without Meanness low ;
 She only with compleat Desert is crown'd,
 Who never for a losſ at Action found,
 To scour a Kettle knows, or set a Diamond.

* *Lady Fanshaw : Sir Richard was Embassador in Spain.*



S O N G.

I.

WHAT Man, in his Wits, had not rather be poor,
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give?

Ever busy the Means of his Life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

II.

Environ'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent or alone:
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call, but his own.

III.

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet studiously flying it still:
With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the Will.

IV.

For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,
Before he has Leisure to rest:
He must add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then will have Time to be blest.

V. But

V.

But his Gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the Desire of his Eye.

Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine Enemy die.

On Mr. H O B B E S.

*Occasioned by a Copy of VERSES written by the
Earl of MULGRAVE.*

TI S justly thought ! to praise is ever hard,
When real Virtue fires the glowing Bard :

But harder far, whene'er the Poet's Mind

Lab'ring creates the Worth he cannot find.

'Twill task a Cowley's Genius, to commend

False BRUTUS cringing while he stabs his Friend :

To make the Trifler HOBBS unworthy shine,

Will ask the utmost of a Wit like Thine !

The Reader's Malice makes the Satyr please :
Yet Praises void of Truth are Flatteries,

Which

Which steal from genuine Worth the Honours due ;
Romantic Heroes thus obscure the true.

*The Wise and Good Morality will guide,
And Superstition all the World beside.*

As Wife and Great no longer then must shine,
Good SOCRATES, or PLATO the Divine :
On Antient GREECE is pass'd a gen'ral Doom,
And TULLY pleading for the Gods of ROME.
All Statues to their Fame are overthrown,
And HOBSES or EPICURUS stands alone !

Shall Christian Virtues too the Slander share,
And wait, as Captives, his Triumphal Car ?
As by superior Excellence compell'd,
Shall ANNA bow ? Shall CHARLES the Martyr yield ?
HYDE, wife in Calms, and faithful in the Storm,
Great to record, but greater to perform ?
Wide-conqu'ring RALEIGH, and far-searching BOYLE,
And NEWTON, Glory of our Age and Isle ?
Are these the vulgar superstitious Crowd,
That own the Maxims of th' Incarnate GOD ?
Rather than Heav'n, let Earth be disesteem'd,
And HOBSES exploded, than our GOD blasphem'd.

HOBSES !

HOBSES! in whose ev'ry Page display'd we see
His *Privilege of Man*, Absurdity!

'Tis hard to point where most his Merits shine,
In human Learning, or in Laws divine.

All Matter thinks as such, he gravely says,
The smallest Grain of Sand, and Spire of Grass;
Only t' express their Thoughts they wanted Pow'r,
'Till he arose, their sweet-tongu'd Orator.

ROME's wildest Legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking Blocks and philosophick Stones.

Say, whence his far-fam'd Politicks began,
Whence his admir'd and lov'd LEVIATHAN:

Wearied with Exile, basely he comply'd,
And, Coward, started from the suff'ring Side:
With abject Lies usurping Force ador'd,
And measur'd Justice by the longest Sword.

Bless'd Moralist! who taught ev'n Good and Ill
To veer obsequious to the Tyrant's Will:
Prone to renounce his Sense at CROMWELL's Nod,
And Traytor to his Prince, as to his God.

Hear, all ye Wits, his Gospel! *Tales receiv'd,*
In private feign'd, and publickly believ'd,

These

These are Religion. He alike esteems
The PROPHETS Visions and the RABBIES Dreams ;
Nor matters who the rising Sect begun,
Or MARY's Offspring, or ABDALLA's Son.
No smallest Diff'rence can his Wisdom find ;
For Colours all are equal to the Blind.

Yet Tales, when once establish'd by the State,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as Fate :
Nor shall th' Almighty L O R D his Pleasure show,
Without Dependance on the Gods below.
The Civil Creed no Subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, though 'tis own'd a Lie.
Hither from farthest East, ye BRAMINS, come ;
Hither, ye Western Locusts — Monks of ROME :
Behold this frontless, all-imposing Man,
And match him with Your Priest-craft, if Ye can.

Prodigious Sage ! who taught Mankind to know
The dang'rous Cheats of ROBIN GOODFELLOW !
Of Faries tripping light a Moon-shine Round,
Where rising Verdure marks the circled Ground !
Charm'd down by him, each airy Spirit flies,
And grosser Witches vanish from our Eyes.

O

Crones,

Crones, untransform'd, their own bad Figures keep,
 And Broomstaffs peaceful in their Corners sleep.
 Yet vulgar Tales this mighty Champion scare,
 This Foe to Shades, this Conqueror of the Air :
 Ghosts immaterial he as Dreams decries,
 Yet dreads their Pow'r, whose Being he denies.
 The Noon-day Boaster, strait a Coward grown,
 Shudders and trembles in the Dark alone :
 Spectres and Phantoms glare before his Sight,
 Which, when the Candle enters, cease to fright.
 'Twas thus he liv'd, our Nation's boasted Pride !
 And, (Oh ! that Truth could hide it !) thus he dy'd.
 Dreams, Whimsies, Fancies, Nothings, then he fear'd ;
 And *leap'd into the Dark*, and disappear'd.

Not thus his matchless Wisdom BACON show'd,
 He found in all Things, and he own'd, a GOD.
 As farther learn'd, still readier to adore ;
 And still the more he knew, believ'd the more.
 Glories to Virtue due secure to find,
 Unbounded and immortal as his Mind.
 Could HOBBS, alas ! an equal Prospect see
 In the sad Gloom of dark Futurity ?

Who

Who dreamt that Man once Dust shall never rise,
 That when the Carcass falls the Spirit dies.
 If quite extinct, insensible of Fame,
 Yet barr'd the poor Reversion of a Name.
 While yet alive, by Vanity betray'd,
 He saw his fleeting groundless Honours fade :
 Nor sacred Verse their Lustre can prolong ;
 No, not a COWLEY's nor a MULGRAVE's Song.

On the D E A T H of

Mr. MORGAN of Christ-Church, Oxford.

IF aught beneath them happy Souls attend,
 Let MORGAN hear the Triumph of a Friend,
 And hear well-pleas'd. Let Libertines so gay
 With careles Indolence despise the Lay :
 Let Critick Wits and Fools, for Laughter born,
 Their Verdict pass with supercilious Scorn :
 Let jovial Crowds, in Wine their Senses drown'd,
 Stammer out Censure in their frantick Round :

Let yawning Sluggards faint Dislike display,
Who while they trust To-morrow lose To-day.

Let such as these the pious Strains condemn,
For 'tis true Glory to be his'd by Them.

Wise in his Prime, he waited not 'till Noon,
Convinc'd that Mortals "never liv'd too soon."

As if foreboding then his little Stay,
He made his Morning bear the Heat of Day.

Fix'd while unsading Glory he pursues,
No Ill to hazard, and no Good to lose;

No fair Occasion glides unheeded by,
Snatching the golden Moments as they fly,
He by few fleeting Hours ensures Eternity.

Friendship's warm Beams his artless Breast inspire,
And tend'rest Rev'rence to a much-lov'd Sire.

He dar'd for Heav'n this flatt'ring World forego,
Ardent to teach, as diligent to know.

Unwarp'd by sensual Ends or vulgar Aims,
By idle Riches, or by idler Names.

Fearful of Sin in ev'ry close Disguise,
Unmov'd by threat'ning, or by glozing Lies.

Seldom

Seldom indeed the Wicked came so far,
Forc'd by his Piety to defensive War :
Whose Zeal for other Men's Salvation shewn,
Beyond the reach of Hell secur'd his own.
Glad'ning the Poor where e'er his Steps he turn'd,
Where pin'd the Orphan, or the Widow mourn'd :
Where Pris'ners sigh'd beneath Guilt's horrid Stain,
The worst Confinement, and the heaviest Chain :
Where Death's sad Shade the uninstructed Sight
Veil'd with thick Darkness in the Land of Light.
Our Saviour thus fulfill'd his great Design,
(For Human may be liken'd to Divine,)
Heal'd each Disease that Bodies frail endure,
And preach'd th' unhop'd-for Gospel to the Poor.
Nor yet the Priestly Function he invades,
'Tis not his Sermon, but his Life, persuades.
Humble and teachable to Church he flies,
Prepar'd to practise, not to criticize.
Then only angry, when a Wretch conveys
The Deists Poison in the Gospel Phrase.
To Means of Grace the last Respect he show'd,
Nor sought new Paths, as wiser than his God.

Their

Their sacred Strength preserv'd him from Extremes
Of empty Outside, or Enthusiast Dreams ;
Whims of MOLINOS, lost in Rapture's Mist,
Or QUAKER, late-reforming Quietist.
He knew that Works must here our Faith employ,
And that 'tis Heav'n's great Business to enjoy.
Fix'd on that Heav'n, he Death's Approaches saw,
Nor vainly murmur'd at our Nature's Law.
Repin'd not that his Youth so soon should go,
Nor griev'd for fleeting Pleasures here below.
Of sharpest Anguish scorning to complain,
He fills with Mirth the Intervals of Pain.
Not only unappall'd, but cheerful, sees
The dark cold Passage that must lead to Peace.
Strong with immortal Bloom, secure to rise,
The Tears for ever banish'd from his Eyes.

Who now regrets his early Youth would spend
The Life so nobly that so soon should end ?
Who blames the Stripling for performing more
Than Doctors grave, and Prelates of Three-score ?
Who now esteems his Eervour indiscreet,
His Pray'r's too frequent, and his Alms too great ?

Who

P O E M S.

III

Who thinks, where blest he reigns beyond the Sky,
His Crown too radiant, and his Throne too high?
Who but the Fiend, who once his Course withstood,
And whisper'd — *Stay till Fifty to be good.*
Sure, if believ'd, t' obtain his hellish Aim,
Adjourning to the Time that never came.

— *wrong cut in 7 lines at*

the lining lines above

below 5 lines with 3 lines

O N

The Birth-Day of a CHILD of a Year Old.

I.

HA I L ! to thy Parents Wishes born,
Permitted here to stay,
To see once more the cheerful Morn:
That gave Thee into Day.

II.

Within a single little Year
Thy Sisters liv'd to die,
Just shown on Earth to disappear,
Sent early to the Sky.

III. May'st

III.

May'st Thou, with happier Lot than these,
 Thy Parent's Hopes employ ;
 And Years, and many Years, increase
 Th' Occasion of their Joy.

IV.

In Piety and Virtue grow,
 As rising Years improve ;
 Bless'd with a longer Life below,
 And higher Place above.

On the R O S E : From ANACREON.

IN the Garland-bearing Spring,
 To the Rose I strike the String,
 Join the Confort while I sing.
 Scented first by heav'nly Breath,
 Sprung the Rose for Man beneath ;
 Fragrant Blossom ! yielding Joy,
 Dear to VENUS and her Boy ;
 To the GRACES dear, in Hours
 Full of Love, and full of Flow'rs :

To

To the Muses it belongs,
Subject of Poetick Songs.
Sweet to Him, who haply strays,
Doubtful, slow, through thorny Ways:
Sweet to her, who from the Stalk
Plucks it in her Morning's Walk ;
That her Virgin Hand may move
To her Breast the Flow'r of Love.

From the Rose what Pleasures rise,
To the Gay, and to the Wife !
This with gladsome Wreath invests
Vernal and Autumnal Feasts ;
Grace and Ornament affords
To our Altars, and our Boards.

Roses all that's fair adorn,
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn,
Rosy-arm'd the Nymphs are seen,
Rosy-skin'd is Beauty's Queen.
These the Sick and Languid please,
Nay the Dead are deck'd with these :
These can even conquer Time,
Since, when faded from their Prime,

Still they breathe Perfume, and hold
Youthful Odour when they're old.

Say we whence the Rose's Bloom ;
When, from the neglected Foam,
Hoary Ocean VENUS gave
Dew-besprinkled from the Wave ;
When MINERVA, fierce and fair,
Queen of Tumult, and of War,
Issued from the Head of Jove,
Dreadful to the Realms above ;
Then the gen'ral Mother Earth
Teem'd, and bore a flow'ry Birth,
New-born ROSE, producing Thee,
Various, beauteous Progeny !

See the Gods in Council meet !
See the Soil with Nectar sweet
Soft they tinge ! and quick the ROSE
Sacred to LYAEUS grows ;
Deathless Flow'r, divinely born !
Glorious Offspring of the Thorn !

To

To the Right Honourable the
E A R L of O X F O R D,

On the RECOVERY of

Lady MARGARET HARLEY (*now Duchess of PORTLAND*)
from the Small-Pox.

I.

HAIL, the Parents, trembling late,
Anxious rack'd with Love and Fear,
Lest a Life should yield to Fate,
As their own to either dear !
Hail, their Offspring born again !
Welcome Pleasure after Pain !

II.

Heav'n the Mother's Pray'r distrest
Heard, and, Mercy prone to show,
Gave a Daughter to the Breast,
Melting soft at others Woe ;
Never leaving to Despair
Orphan's Want or Widow's Pray'r.

III.

Let her, now to Health restor'd,
 Lengthen'd Life aright employ ;
 Ev'ry coming Year afford
 Fresh Foundation for your Joy :
 Happy as her Parents prove,
 Well and wisely live and love.

IV.

Let her Virtue, perfect grown,
 Daily to your Mind recall
 Kindness to your Father shown,
 In his Age, and in his Fall.
 Long, with Int'rest, long may She
 Repay Your filial Piety.

V.

Only let her, tho' inclin'd
 Tend'rest Duty to display,
 In her Father's Life-time find
 No Misfortune to allay :
 In that Instance let Her be
 Not so dutiful as He.

REFLECTIONS.

Upon these two Verses of Mr. OLDHAM.

Lord of my self, accountable to none;
But to my Conscience, and my God alone.

LI VE there, compos'd of earthly Frame,
Who dare such Height of Pride to own,
Lords of themselves, themselves to name,
As if accountable to none ?

II.
How vain th' assuming in a Dream
The Greatnes due to G O D alone !
Who self-sufficient, and supreme,
Still reigns accountable to none.

III.
Thus LUCIFER his Honours lost,
Hurl'd headlong from his azure Throne ;
So dear the short Aspiring cost,
To reign accountable to none.

IV. Pride

IV.

Pride soars for Seraphims too high ;

Shall Man be proud, a Wretch forlorn !

E'er well he lives ordain'd to die,

Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born ?

An angry Look, or sudden Word,

A stinging Weed, or little Thorn,

Can discompose this mighty Lord,

Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

The slightest Toy can end his Span,

The meanest Object of his Scorn

Can crush this independant Man,

Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

But few perhaps desire, while here,

To reign accountable to none ;

The wisest may vouchsafe to fear

Their Conscience and their God alone.

VIII.

While Fools, for Terror or Reward,

Are steer'd by Motions not their own,

These

These cent'ring in themselves, regard
Their Conscience and their God alone.

IX.

The World may flatter, or revile,
May court the Mitre or the Throne ;
These fear the Frown and seek the Smile
Of Conscience and of God alone.

X.

Here surely they may Refuge take ;
No, lower yet descend and lower ;
For see the Windings of the Snake
Beneath the Beauties of the Flower.

XI.

Saints from Accounting are not free,
When Chains of Duty bind their Hands ;
And e'en when these are loose, we see,
That strong Necessity commands.

XII.

Go ! bid the wisest Pleader gain
The Cause of which he nothing sees :
Go ! bid Physicians heal our Pain,
Without enquiring the Disease.

XIII. De-

XIII.

Depending seemingly on Air,
 Her Nets the lab'ring Insect spreads ;
 The nearer Nothing they appear,
 The easier 'tis to break their Threads.

XIV.

Through Nature we may search in vain ;
 Where can this fond *Chimera* be,
 This Vision of the waking Brain,
 This Idol Independancy ?

XV.

The larger half of all Mankind,
 Not yet to Years of Reason grown,
 By God and Nature are assign'd,
 Nor Will, nor Freedom of their own.

XVI.

Woman, a Goddess to the Fool,
 Without usurping cannot sway :
 By what Commission shall she rule,
 Sworn, nay created, to obey ?

XVII.

Subjects with sworn Allegiance bow
 To Sov'reigns, Heaven's peculiar Care !

And

And just Degrees of Duty owe
To All that CÆSAR's Image bear.

XVIII.

Nay, tho' th' unworthiest of the Crowd
Above their Fellows Heads should soar,
A PEMBROKE great, a THANET good,
May bow to P----- when in Pow'r.

XIX.

If aught our Brother's Fall may cause,
The Scandal giv'n we must remove ;
Enjoin'd by CHRIST, if not by Laws,
To veil our Dignity to Love.

XX.

At Charity's Almighty Call,
Down, down is human Grandeur thrown,
We then must give Account to all :
And thus accountable to none !

XXI.

The greatest Sov'reign of the Ball,
High-rais'd on his Imperial Throne,
In Love must give Account to all ;
In Law accountable to none.

Q

XXII. To

XXII.

To Friends and Foes, to Great and Small,
Our Country's Servants, nay our own,
We all must give Account to all :
And thus accountable to none !

XXIII.

But grant that, far from Human-kind,
Obliging and oblig'd by none,
We graze like Anchorites, resign'd
To Conscience and to God alone ;

XXIV.

Tho' the first Thought perhaps may rove,
As if from Awe of all we ran ;
Severely will the second prove,
That Pride was never made for Man.

XXV.

If all we think, and do, and say,
To Men and Angels will be shewn ;
What boots it for an Hour, or Day,
To lurk, accountable to none ?

An

*An ANACREON TICK ODE,**Upon a WEDDING after Thirteen Years Courtship.*

BEGIN, — the joyous Nuptial sing !

Wake the warbling dancing String !

Not old ANACREON would desire

Sweeter subject for his Lyre,

Than Love for Length of Years the same,

Bright with undiminish'd Flame ;

What later Ages rarely see,

Patriarchal Constancy !

Let Misers, fond of yellow Mould,

Truck their Happiness for Gold ;

No shining Dust his Choice could move,

Wisely fix'd to live and love.

May He for all the Years He spent,

Ne'er have Reafon to repent ;

And She be studious to repay

Sev'n Years Service in a Day !

And both the Pain that's past employ

More to raise their present Joy.

If Children e'er should bless their Eyes,

Healthy, Virtuous let them rise ;

With new Endearments still improve

All the Tenderness of Love.

Far from the cheerful Mansion, far,

Shy Suspicion breeding Jar ;

Pride too aspiring to descend,

Wanton Wit that wounds a Friend :

And Spirit high, with Humour join'd,

Curse of Man and Womankind !

May neither miss the happy Road,

To their Duty, to their God ;

While many, many Years they see,

Bless'd with Peace and Piety !

That all the Wife their Praise may give,

Well this Pair knew how to live !

That all who see their Death may cry,

Well this Pair knew how to die !



To

To the M E M O R Y of the
Right Reverend FRANCIS GASTRELL, D. D.
Lord Bishop of C H E S T E R.

*The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Name of the
Wicked shall rot. PROV. x. 7.*

I SING a PRELATE good, unbodied now,
Nor longer Angel of the Church below ;
Entron'd Triumphant ! — May the Lines be free
From sordid Hope, and servile Flattery.
Such Views, if known, this happy Saint would move
To shake his radiant Head, and frown Above.
A gen'rous Plainnes thro' the Verse be shwon,
Truth without Fear, and Roughness like his Own :
Roughnes, by none despis'd, by most rever'd ;
By Fools avoided, and by Villains fear'd.

While G A S T R E L L's Praises fill the hallow'd Strain,
Far hence Ye False, Ye Vicious, Ye Prophane !
Whoe'er can Virtue out of Place despise,
And sneak inglorious when Ye stoop to Rise ;

Whoe'er

Whoe'er for Int'rest have Your Honour sold,
 And truck'd Your Conscience, or Your Friend for Gold :
 Whoe'er, with changing Factions, change Your Minds,
 And veer obsequious to the shifting Winds ;
 Or shun to read, or reading scoff his Name,
 And where you mean him Scandal, give him Fame.

Ye sacred Founts, whence Truth and Learning spring,
 At once accept, and witness what I sing.

Mean Poet I, to bid in Numbers rise

GASTRELL, the Learn'd, the Pious, and the Wise !

By *Cam's* and *Ifs'* grateful Sons approv'd ;

By ANNE promoted, and by HARLEY lov'd.

Him *Ifs* early bless'd with calm Retreat,

Where Arts ingenious fix'd their happy Seat ;

Where LAUD of old intrepid rul'd the Gown ;

Where FELL presided, and where ALDRICH shone :

Studious in Youth, here learn'd He to excell,

And gain'd the Wisdom he employ'd so well.

Whether his nervous Eloquence he show'd,

T' assert creating and presiding G O D,

Author and End of All ; whose Will is Fate,

Almighty to Revenge, as to Create :

Or

Or CHRIST, his consecrated Pen require,
Coæval Son descending from the Sire !
Whom Ransom for his Foes the Father gave,
Who liv'd to teach us, and who dy'd to save.
From Truth to Truth the solid Reas'ner goes,
Nor Fraud can scape him, nor can Force oppose ;
And Earth and Hell may try their Arts in vain,
To break one Link of th' Adamantine Chain.

Hear him, when Learning seems his Voice to need,
For Academick Honours boldly plead ;
Mindful of Truth, as mindless of Applause,
With Strength and Candour worthy of his Cause.
Long may those Bulwarks of Religion stand,
True to the Mitred Head, and Scepter'd Hand :
To future Times let HYDE Immortal tell,
How bravely once they stood, how nobly fell.
When Viper Sects our Parent Church subdu'd,
And Traytor CROMWELL gorg'd himself with Blood ;
Nor less distinguish'd Courage dar'd they show,
Against a diff'rent, but an equal Foe.
Their Worthies stem'd the Tide in Danger's Hour,
Against the Papal, as the Rebel Power :

In

In Youth, for Firmness to the Sire, undone,
In Hoary Age, ejected by the Son.
In vain each Shape the subtle Serpent tries,
With Schism would tear, with Heresy surprise,
Where JANE or POTTER trac'd the latent Snare ;
Where JAMES and BEAUMONT fill'd the Sacred Chair,
And worthy fill'd : such Foreign Lands may stile
Justly the Glories of BRITANNIA's Isle.
Whate'er self-praising Pedants idly say,
More proud of Ign'rance than of Learning They !
Let thrifty Atheists vote their Charters down,
Let Faction storm, and Superstition frown :
Let glitt'ring Beaus their little Wits engage,
And well-drest VANDALS barbarously rage.
The more the Wife admire, convinc'd the more,
The Banks are needful when the Billows roar.
A Spoiler once possess'd the BRITISH Throne,
Who cur'd the Church's Av'rice by his own ;
Scatter'd to Priests or Death or Famine round,
Reform'd the antient Temples to the Ground :
Yet Puritanick Saints some Gleanings met,
And what the Hail had spar'd, the Locusts eat.

This

This A N N A deign'd with pitying Eye to see,
Supreme alike in Pow'r and Piety !

In Desarts wild the Prophet's Sons She fed,
And made the hungry Ravens bring them Bread ;
And wisely lib'ral rais'd their growing Store,
Nor plunder'd from the Rich to feed the Poor.

How wide diffus'd the Charity extends,
When what the Prince begins, the Prelate ends !

For see the Loaves, which G A S T R E L L's Hands divide,
Almost by Miracle are multiply'd.

At once by Precept and Example led,
From Breast to Breast infectious Bounty spread.
The Deists scarce from offering could withhold,
And Misers wonder'd they should part with Gold ;
Who grudge the smalleſt Mite to Churches giv'n,
And count it Loss on Earth, to gain in Heav'n.

Nor Gifts nor Wealth th' Apostles need require,
When G O D descending crown'd their Heads with Fire :
Subjected Nature's Course to their Commands,
Inspir'd their Lips, and acted by their Hands ;
Thro' palsy'd Limbs fresh blooming Vigour shed,
And spake the Dead alive, and Living dead.

No Pow'rs like these their Successors can claim,
Tho' yet their Gospel and their God the same :
The noblest Preachers only now present
The calm still Wonder of a Life well-spent.
Such GASTRELL liv'd, on Duty bent alone,
Studious to profit All, but flatter None ;
Lift'ning attentive to the Wretch's Cry,
The Griefs low-whisper'd, and the stifled Sigh.
When gath'ring Storms would touch his Soul with Fear,
Unmov'd, tho' Peals of Thunder struck his Ear :
Careful by Works his Faith unfeign'd to prove,
By Zeal unshaken, and unwear'y'd Love :
For tend'rest Love and warmest Zeal agree ;
Nay, Zeal well-bounded turns to Charity,
That cheers the Faint, bright-shining from afar,
And guides to JESUS like the Wise-Men's Star.
Oh ! would th' Incarnate GOD to Prelates give
To All like Him to write, like Him to live !
So Faith Divine might wider Beams display,
And win resistless o'er the World its Way :
So ROME the Gospel uncorrupt might own ;
And haughty Pontiffs vail their Triple Crown.

The

The frozen North might Bishops' Thrones befriend,
And far as *Thule* to the Mitre bend !

Cautious and strict, what Stedfastness he show'd,
Ordaining Servants for the Courts of G O D !
Thither, thro' him, no Feet unhallow'd came,
The Pass was guarded with a Sword of Flame.
No Criminals his awful Looks could bear,
Who fled to shelter, not to worship there :
Far let them fly, and seek in distant Lands
For less intrepid Hearts, and meaner Hands.
Nor Frown, nor Smile, nor Terror, nor Reward,
Mov'd him the SAVIOUR's Church to disregard ;
Almost as soon might PETER's Zeal have sold
His heav'nly Pow'rs for perishable Gold ;
At *Mammon's* Beck dispens'd Æthereal Fire,
And made Apostles for a Wizard's Hire.

Some future POET rise, the PRELATE'S Praise
Record sublime in ever-during Lays ;
To deathless Ages give his Fame declar'd :
Such Heat celestial fir'd the glowing Bard,
For DAVID's Heir his Harp when PRIOR strung,
Or POPE with noblest Flight MESSIAH fung.

His Glory thus preserv'd by Lays Divine,
In Song coeval with the World might shine ;
When Gusts of Passion sink, no more to rise,
And Envy mould'ring with his Ashes lies :
When Charms of present Int'rest shall decay,
And Faction's less'ning Murmurs die away :
When Virtue shall no more be deem'd a Crime,
But Truth emerging triumph over Time.
So when of Old, a Patriot great and good,
In ROME imperious or in ATHENS proud ;
Some sore Affront to Clowns or Tribunes gave,
And scorn'd to flatter whom he fought to save ;
His hated Worth they doom'd by publick Voice,
And Banishment or Death was all the Choice.
Too late convinc'd their Rashness they deplo'red,
And whom they judg'd before, they now ador'd ;
By Crowns and Statues vain Repentance show'd,
And voted the Condemn'd into a GOD.

GASTRELL the Art of Courts disdain'd to know,
And the smooth Polish of a fawning Brow ;
His Tongue refus'd the subtle Statesman's Part,
And spoke the genuine Language of his Heart :

Fearless

Fearless of pow'rful Anger's threat'ning Eye,
Too plain to double, and too brave to lie.
Those slavish abject Souls he scorn'd severe,
Who count Promotion never bought too dear ;
Who ply for Years the meanest, basest Toil,
Pleas'd with a Nod, transported with a Smile :
Practise th' obeisant Cringe, th' expecting Face,
And watch each Turn of Whimsy in His Grace :
To ev'ry favour'd Liv'ry they can see,
Who crook the supple Hinges of the Knee ;
Hard lab'ring on their worthless Heads to set
A Mitre Menial to a Coronet.

His Loyalty from genuine Motives flow'd,
True to his Prince, as faithful to his God.
Him solemn Oaths could tie, tho' unconfin'd
By Bonds of Int'rest base, or Passion blind :
By meaner Views while vulgar Subjects steer,
And fix Allegiance as they hope or fear ;
Whom Rays of Favour must to Duty charm,
(Those who in Sun-shine bask may well be warm)
If plac'd on high they rule the Common-weal,
And well-paid Pensions recompense their Zeal :

But

But let the much-lov'd Sov'reign please to frown,
 And coldly cast these zealous Servants down,
 Down sinks the Weather-Glas ; no more they praise,
 But lose their Duty, when they lose their Place.
 So common Trees their annual Dres put on,
 Cheer'd by the Vernal Show'rs and Summer Sun ;
 While smiling Seasons last, they flourish fair,
 But stormy Autumn leaves them dead or bare :
 Not so the Laurel's constant Green we find,
 Careless of fav'ring Sun or adverse Wind,
 It holds its Leaf, when wint'ry Tempests blow,
 And keeps its Verdure underneath the Snow.

The PRELATE doom'd in Exile sad to rove,
 (Forgive, Ye Great Ones, for I still must love !)
 E'er yet the Thunder from its Cloud was fled,
 Or lanc'd the Light'ning pointed at His Head,
 Found GASTRELL firm an Enemy to defend ;
 Let Cowards leave, and Villains crush a Friend :
 No conscious Guilt in common Danger ty'd,
 No partial Favour warp'd him to His Side.
 You that in Pomp of Grandeur strut your Hour,
 In bright Meridian of unenvy'd Pow'r,

Try

Try all your Friends, of ev'ry Rank and Kind,
A Man like this amid your Thousands find :
Nor Levées thong'd his Equal can supply ;
Nor Honours gain you, nor Exchequers buy !

When Loss of best-lov'd Friends ordain'd to know,
Next Pain and Guilt the greatest Ill below ;
For vain the Hope which Mortal Breath supplies,
Since OXFORD yields to Fate, and ANNA dies !
Griev'd, not dismay'd, to Providence resign'd ;
Nor Death he courted, nor at Life repin'd.
Tho' Crowds before him slept, from Toil releast,
And pious SMALRIDGE had retir'd to Rest :
Nor fear'd, had Heav'n decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against a World, and singly good.

So brave NASSAU oppos'd the GALICK Reign,
And found the BELGIAN Moles and Ramparts vain ;
For less the Task old Ocean's Rage to guide,
Than stem the Fury of Ambition's Tide.
Dauntless tho' foil'd, and tho' out-number'd bold,
Unaw'd by Faction, and unbrib'd by Gold.

No Spot of Earth unfought the Hero gave,
 No ; 'till his Foes had earn'd it, not a Grave :
 Late in the farthest Dike resolv'd to lie,
 'Till Then to battle, and but There to die.

On the PASSION of Our SAVIOUR.

FR OM whence these dire Portents around,
 That Earth and Heav'n amaze ?
 Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground ?
 Why hides the Sun his Rays ?

II.

Not thus did SINAI's trembling Head
 With sacred Horror nod,
 Beneath the dark Pavilion spread
 Of Legislative God !

III.

Thou Earth, thy lowest Centre shake,
 With JESU sympathise !
 Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,
 'Tis thy Creator dies !

IV. What

IV.

What Tongue the Tortures can declare

Of this vindictive Hour ?

Wrath he alone had Will to share,

As he alone had Pow'r !

V.

See streaming from th' accursed Tree

His all-atoning Blood !

Is this the Infinite ? 'Tis he !

My SAVIOUR and my GOD !

VI.

For Me these Pangs his Soul affail,

For Me the Death is born !

My Sin gave Sharpness to the Nail,

And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

VII.

Let Sin no more my Soul enslave,

Break, L ORD, the Tyrant's Chain ;

Oh, save Me whom Thou cam'st to save,

Nor bleed nor die in vain !

S

Against

VI

Against LIFE. From the Greek.

WHAT Path of LIFE by Man is trod
Without repenting of the Road?

Business is Tumult, Noise, and Jar,

At Home is Weariness and Care:

The Ocean Storm and Terror yields,

And painful Toil and Sweat, the Fields:

Abroad you're destitute, if poor;

If Rich, endanger'd by your Store.

By Griefs the Nuptial State is torn;

The single, friendless and forlorn.

With Children, Sorrows will increase;

Childless, we moan our Barrenness.

Folly our giddy Youth ensnares;

And Weakness sinks our hoary Hairs.

The Wife this only Choice would try,

Or not to live, or soon to die.



Finis

Tis my C

For

For LIFE. From the Greek.

WHAT Path of LIFE by Man is trod
Without rejoicing at the Road?

From Busines Wealth and Wisdom flows,

At Home is Quiet and Repose.

The Ocean gainful Traffick yields,

And Nature cheers us in the Fields.

Abroad You're less expos'd if Poor;

If Rich, respected for your Store.

More Bliss the Nuptial State receives,

The Single more in Freedom lives.

The Parent's Heart with Transport swells,

And less of Care the Childless feels.

Our Youth, firm Health and Vigour shares,

And Rev'rence crowns our hoary Hairs.

The Wise this Choice would never try,

Or not to live, or soon to die.



*PROLOGUE spoken before the BEAUX-STRATAGEM,
Acted by some young Persons of Quality.*

LET Play-House Actors crowded Seats desire,
And stretch their venal Voices for their Hire :
We practise not for Gain, to grieve, or rage ;
But enter, *gratis*, on a private Stage.
Expect not here to see th' Ambitious rise,
To weep the falling Great, or wretched Wise.
Pleas'd if our Sport a Father entertains,
Or Mother's Joys shall recompense our Pains :
Our End is Mirth, our Characters are low,
A finish'd Rake, and Fortune-hunting Beau.
A Pair unhappy, parted by Consent,
And freed without an Act of Parliament.
T' obtain Your Smiles with comick Smiles we try ;
'Tis wholesomer to laugh, than 'tis to cry.
What tho' they tell us Griefs, and Pains, and Cares
Oppress with Loads of Woe the hoary Hairs ;
Those come too soon, how long soe'er they stay.
Indulge the present Hour, and laugh to-day ;
Our Years excuse us, 'tis Our Time to play.

A PINDARICK ODE

To the Right Honourable the
EARL of OXFORD,
On His Birth-day.

I.

WHAT Genius in the Bard must glow,
Who fears a Birth-day to adorn ?
Since what so frequent can we know,
Except to die, as to be born ?
No vulgar Subject should inspire,
No grov'ling Artist tune the Lyre.

II.

Low Ballad pictures to our Eyes
GEORGE the Champion of our Land ;
Nor can a Monarch higher rise,
Sculptur'd by a meaner Hand.
For Fate no human Pow'r can stay,
Oblivion sweeps the worthless ODE away ;
Scarce in twelve Months conceiv'd, it hardly lives a Day.

III. No

III.

No Romish Saint awakes my String,

True Protestant the Lyre ;

Nor need I Laurel from a King

To light Poetick Fire :

Words spontaneous dance along,

Fly, for *OXFORD* is the Song.

I.

No Levellers in PINDAR's Days

Had found that Pedigree was vain,

Nobility of antient Race

Has often claim'd his Lyrick Strain :

Mankind aright he understood,

Nor idly parted Great and Good.

II.

'Tis little Fame Confinement bears,

Pent in scanty Place or Time ;

That sees not Centuries of Years,

Prison'd in its native Clime.

Or ever NORMAN WILLIAM came,

In FRANCE illustrious flourish'd HARLAY's Name ;

So Foes in Satire write, mistaking it for Shame.

III. Let

III.

Let Heralds' Art with busy Care
Trace Heroes through the Line ;
'Tis Their's Time's Ruin to repair,
But to prevent it Mine.
One alone my Verse shall call,
One suffices for them all :

I.

Who, chosen by his Country, fill'd,
And worthy fill'd the Speaker's Chair ;
To guide the various Senate skill'd,
Nor knew to lose a Question there :
Unbyas'd and undaunted found,
To chuse and to maintain his Ground.

II.

Whom ever-glorious A N N A chose,
(A N N A lov'd by God and Man !)
To calm the Rage of Foreign Foes,
Foes domestick to restrain ;
Make warring Kings her Ballance own,
Give great ALCIDES' Straits to BRITAIN'S Crown,
Bid A U S T R I A's Eagle stoop, and lay the Thunder down.

III. Fortune.

III.

Fortune in vain his Virtue crost,

Conspicuous in the *Tow'r* ;

Blest with what others cannot boast

In Plenitude of Power ;

Blest, when seemingly undone,

In Himself and in his Son.

I.

The Life this Birth-day gave his Heir,

However late, too soon must end ;

But Honour bright, and Virtue fair,

Can never to the Grave descend :

These still will shine to future Eyes,

'Till Learning and 'till Wisdom dies.

II.

Our Tongue, tho' sensible and strong,

GRÆCIAN Harmony denies,

Unable high as PINDAR'S Song

Or AMPHION's Harp to rise.

Musick, 'tis said, the Stones could call,

Musick forbad the House when built to fall,

Less was the Pow'r that rais'd than that preserv'd the Wall.

III. If

III.

If OXFORD's Glory and his SIRE's
Unequally I sing ;
If loftier Numbers it requires,
And asks a stronger Wing ;
Who t' adorn their Fame shall strive ?
Who ! while POPE is yet alive ?

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

On his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.

I, Who was late concern'd to hear
The Danger of a Life so dear,
Would now a friendly Verse employ
To claim an Interest in your Joy ;
Joy to Your-self, a second Time
Rescued from falling in your Prime ;
Joy to your Parents, happy now,
To whom so often Life You owe,
As guarded by a Father's Care,
Or granted to a Mother's Pray'r.

T

How

How did They mourn Your early Bloom,
The Promise of a Man to come !
The pleasing Hope they us'd to raise,
When planning of Your future Days !
What Pangs the former Transport cost,
Which seem'd, alas ! for ever lost !
What Tenderness of Grief ! which You,
'Till You're a Parent, cannot know :
For who can know except they feel
The Pains that are unspeakable ?
Pains that are heighten'd to Excess,
By Thoughts of transient Happiness.
So various Scenes amuse the Eye
In Clouds that paint a Summer's Sky ;
Short Pleasure ! ev'ry fleeting Breeze
Destroys the wav'ring Images ;
Well, if the Prospect disappears
Without dissolving into Tears.

O tread in Virtue's happy Road,
True to Your-self, and to your God :
To Him perpetual Homage give,
And live to Him, by whom You live :

No vicious Course your Youth engage,
To treasure Sorrow for your Age ;
That none, by Blood or Love ally'd,
Have Cause to wish you now had dy'd ;
That each one, who your Worth surveys,
May bless the length'ning of your Days.
'Tis well if all your coming Years
May pay a Father for his Tears ;
If Joy, that from Your Welfare flows,
May recompence a Mother's Woes.

An EPIGRAM.

YOU dare not marry, Friend, you own,
For fear your Family should frown ;
Why, Wedlock would your Freedom gain,
Which others uses to enchain :
Y' had better follow my Advice,
And marry once, than marry twice ;
Betwixt your Sister, and your Brother,
Husband to one, and Wife to t' other.

The Dog.

A MILTONICK FRAGMENT.

THEE, Sister, gladly would my Verse provoke,
Nor other need expect I, than to wake
Thy Strain melodious ; while without or Rhyme
Or haply Reason, unexperienc'd Lays,
And unprov'd, unless when sung by Thee,
Audacious I attempt, and rise to sing
A Dog ; if Dog aright he may be term'd,
Who scarcely more, I ween, in Shape resembles
The vulgar barking Animals on Earth,
Than **SIRIUS** or than **PROCYON**, heav'nly Stars.

Say first, whoe'er can say, what Clime produc'd,
What Sire begot, this admirable Form,
Uncouth, prodigious ; lately curst, but now
Thrice blest ! the Subject of Heroick Song ?
Or **DUTCH** low-built and squat, or slimmer **DANE**,
Four-footed Wit, with roguish Visage fly :
Or nobler Kinds, too near, alas ! extinct,

The

The IRISH Greyhound or the ENGLISH Mastiff ;
 Or fav'rite Brood of CHARLES, discerning King,
 T' espy Perfection or in Beast or Man !
 Or rather else from Parentage unknown,
 Like Antient Heroes sprung from Mother Earth,
 The general Mother Earth, without a Sire ;
 For Sires beget their Like, and propagate
 Their Kinds ; but like to Him was never found.

His Colours strange, what mortal Painter's Hand
 With all his Lights and Shadings can express !
 Inexplicably grisly ! But his Tail,
 Oh ! had'st Thou seen his Tail, the matchless Shape,
 Th' identick Shape thy Fancy would retain,
 Engraven in eternal Characters,
 While Memory holds its Empire in the Brain :
 A Line like which not ARCHIMEDES old
 In yielding Sand e'er trac'd, nor greater Skill
 Of modern NEWTON e'er has yet on Slate
 'Midst Figures Curve or Rectilinear drawn :
 Transverse, disjointed from the sacred Bone,
 It stood, as nought of kindred to the Parts.

Posterior

Posterior whence it grew, or rather seem'd
 T' adhere not native there : So Misletoe
 Seems only grafted on its Parent Oak :
 Nor uniform the Length ; part dangling lithe,
 Part horizontal stiff, tho' not so stiff
 As Tail of MEMPHIAN Crocodile full-grown.

* * * *Hiatus in M.S.*

Learn hence, Thou two-legg'd Animal call'd MAN,
 Or haughty Stoick boasting Apathy,
 Or grunting Swine of EPICURUS' Herd ;
 Or Cynick Churl, that proud of causeless Snarl,
 Unworthily usurp'st the Name of DOG ;
 Learn from my lofty moralizing Song,
 A grateful Sense of Benefits receiv'd,
 An humble Rev'rence of superior Pow'r.

T H E

THE
D E S C R I P T I V E :
A M I L T O N I C K .

After the Manner of the MODERNS.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis. NERO.

The ARGUMENT.

The Invocation : The Poem slides insensibly into the midst of Things, and presents a Flower-piece ; then proceeds to the Heat of Africa, the Fertility of Harvest, and the Cold usually ensuing : This naturally leads to the Stages of Man's Life : Infancy : A Bird's-nest, illustrated from Homer : Youth, closed with a Simile : APHROGALA * *μεταργαλην*. The next two Ages lightly touched, make way for a Sketch of the Morning : A moral Reflection on the Uncertainty of human Things, by way of Transition to Night ; wherein is introduced an Assemblage of Allegorical Persons, perfectly picturesque, and highly suitable to the Nature of this kind of Poetry. *The Conclusion.*

O Thou sweet-musing in th' umbrageous Grotts
Of cool CITHÆRON, or th' embow'ring Shade
Of PIMPLA's lofty Top, aerial Height ;
Or hear'st Thou rather from the secret Cave,

Oracular,

* Al. leg. *μεταργαλην*. vid. Steph.

Oracular, yawning with awful Night ?
Or else where-e'er by visionary Bard
Thou sitt'st enthron'd, to me alike where-e'er,
Present to me alike. Not unobserv'd
By rural Swains, and not unwish'd the Guest
Approaches glad, with smiling Chaplets crown'd,
And Odours floating soft on ZEPHYR's Wings,
With early blooming Sweets : The Primrose fair,
Nam'd from the joyous Prime. The Violet
Impurpled, blue-ey'd, thicket-loving Flow'r.
With ruddier Specks their paly Gold among,
Cowslips distinct emblazon'd. He who speaks,
Speaks adequate the Numbers numberless
Of various Flowrets, from all-bearing Earth
Self-rais'd, spontaneous, may perchance recount
Or Buds which swell with vernal Warmth's Return,
Or Drops descending in prolifick Show'rs,
Or Epithets in sacred Poet's Song.

Thee, Torrid Zone adust, Thee who shall praise ?
Except by SIRIUS or his Brother Star
Haply inspir'd. PHÆBUS' Meridian Fires
Intense, extreme, (while the fierce Lion reigns,

Ma-

Malignant reigns, morbifick, pestilent,) od's *Paris*, *aidq coT*
Heat AFRICK's Furnace into sev'n-fold Flame ;
Whose Burnings join'd, reflexive and direct,
Half vitrify her Sands ; impos'ning more
Dragons im poison'd, Basilisks Death-crown'd,
And DIPSAS dry, and sublimate their Stings
Or Teeth, erst dang'rous ; now avoidless Fate,
Quick, instantaneous. When Autumnal Boughs
Fruit-bent to Earth hang pendent, Parent Earth
As studious to repay ; Apples forth pour
Draughts emulous of the Vine, mature Produce,
Nectareous ; Vales with yellow Harvests crown'd,
Ambrosial, tempt the careful Reaper's Toil.
Nor CERES, fancy'd Pow'r ! but Nature boon
Roughens the furrow'd Plain with beardy Gold.
Behold He comes with trembling Pace, but sure,
Whose icy Breath the circum-ambient Air
Chills frore ; by Rustick Foot or Carriage prest,
Unyielding, unobsequious stands the Frost,
Nitrous, incrustèd, crispy, crackling, crimp.
Life's Stages fleet in quick Succession roll,
Each after each. Babes tell aloud their Woe,

U

Too

Too plain, alas ! tho' inarticulate :
 Tho' unexperienc'd yet to form the Sound
 Distinct, syllabick ; while the infant Tongue
 With still-born Motion flutters into Speech.
 See ! the Boy storms the Bird's weak Citadel,
 Straw or Stick-built, or of what Stuff soe'er
 They choose, instinctive, lin'd with smoothest Moss,
 Or Down still smoother, waving in mid Sky,
 Transcending boasted Architecture far,
DORICK, CORINTHIAN, PLAIN or COMPOSITE ;
 The helpless Brood small, callow, bare, unfledg'd
 He seizes, sportive ; ah ! their tender Limbs
 With ruthless Hands he pulls, he tugs, he tears.
 So blind **MÆONIDES**, in Body blind,
 Of Soul sharp-sighted, sung a Snake devour'd
 Eight Young in presence of their frightened Dam ;
 The Dam the ninth ; which shadow'd **I LIU M**'s Fall,
 And the robb'd Bird's-Nest show'd the Fate of **T ROY**.
 In wild Designs is giddy Youth absorpt,
 Conceiv'd with Rashness, and with Rage purfu'd,
 Idle, unprofitable, void, and vain.
 So in pellucid Crystal turgid swells

The

The creamy Viand, gently turgid swells,
Unsolid Sweet, with Vacuum full-fraught,
Something like Nothing, flying Taste and Touch,
Yet to the transient Eye alluring, soft,
Spumaceous, aphrodisian : Manhood ripe
Advanc'd, autumnal yields the Fruits, which erst
Youth's Bloom had promis'd fair, but verges swift,
Too swiftly verges to Decline of Life ;
Decrepid, querulous, unthought-of Eld,
With unsuspected Silence, creeping on,
Not fear'd 'till found, not understood 'till felt.

Hail ! gladsome Prime of Day, when orient SOL
Shoots horizontal Beams on dew-drop'd Pearls,
Mellifluous ; ethereal Poets chant,
Two-legg'd, but not unfeather'd, melting Lays,
With Trill harmonious and responsive Tune ;
Sweet ANTIPHON ! but what, alas ! if fair,
In mortal State is permanent ? The Morn
Brings on Meridian Blaze, Day beckons Night ;
And each Beginning leads us to an End.
When Birds obscene, by the all-viewing Sun
Ages unview'd, fly forth ; ill Omens all !

With Scream portentous and terrifick Wing.
 Chill FEAR, and shudd'ring GUILT, and pale DISMAY,
 Moony DISTRACTION, life-consuming GRIEF,
 And HORROR raven-plum'd, enormous Group !
 Cut the dank Moist, and cleave the dark Obscure.

To Thee, O Night ! what shall to Thee compare ?
 Save the black Grave, where loftiest Poets' Dust
 Undreaming sleeps, stiff, senseless, motionless,
 Silent, untuneful all ; far, far remov'd
 From Mortals' busy Paths, and Sight humane,
 From Touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery Rod ;
 Vocal their Harps no more, in rory Damp
 Moulders the lifeless, ever-living Choir.

EPIGRAM *on the foregoing MILTONICKS.*

WHAT makes You write at this odd Rate ?
 Why, Sirs, it is to imitate.

What makes You rant and ramble so ?

Why, 'tis to do as others do.

But there's no Meaning to be seen :

Why, that's the very Thing I mean.

SNUFF :

SNUFF: A SATYR.

ISING of SNUFF, What Pow'r shall I adore ?

Or whence shall needy Rhimer Aid implore ?

Old Thread-bare MUSES now no more will do,

And SYLPHS and SYLPHIDS are as much too new.

I'll e'en address, to Purpose full as good,

An earthly mortal She, of Flesh and Blood.

O Thou, for whom these Numbers are design'd,
Be ever present to my lab'ring Mind !

Still may I think on Thy severe Command,

T' inspire my tardy Wit, and urge my backward Hand.

So shall Thy Smiles as real Strength infuse,

As ever Bard receiv'd from Goddess MUSE.

My Task perform'd, with grateful Joy I'll own,

That ev'ry single Line proceeds from Thee alone.

The SNUFF-BOX first provokes our Just Disdain,
That Rival of the Fan and of the Cane.

Your modern Beaus to richest Shrines intrust

Their worthless Stores of fashionable Dust.

Or wrought or plain the clouded Shell behold,

The polish'd Silver, or the burnish'd Gold ;

The

The Agate Landskip, drawn by Nature's Hand,
Or finer Pebble from th' A R A B I A N Strand,
The shining Beds where Pearls imperfect lie,
Smooth to the Touch when roughest to the Eye :
While distant Climes their various Arts employ
T' adorn and to compleat the modish Toy.
Hinges with close-wrought Joints from P A R I S come,
Pictures dear-bought from V E N I C E and from R O M E.
While some with home-made Lids their Fancies please,
And bear enshrin'd their own dear Images :
True to themselves, they need no Foreign Face,
Nature divine can human Art surpass,
And each I T A L I A N Paint must yield to Looking-glass.
The lovely Hand is now no longer bare,
The rumpled Neck-cloth to compose with Care,
To fix a falling Patch, or smooth a ruffled Hair :
The never-failing Snuff-box ready stands
To show the well-turn'd Joints and lilly Hands :
Arm'd at all Points, with this the Beau can move
Envy in Men, and in the Females Love :
Against this Flail the Fair have no Defence,
'Tis Humour, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence.

A kind

A kind Employ the Snuff-box can afford
To Youths that scorn the Pen, and fear the Sword,
The well-cut Nails are plac'd in open Day,
And wanton on the Lid the taper Fingers play.
Circled with Gold the brilliant Diamond glows,
So fond the Fop its Lustre to expose,
That, like an INDIAN Prince, he'll wear it at his Nose.

The radiant Box of treasur'd Dust is full,
And richly furnish'd as its Owner's Skull.

A thousand Shapes the INDIAN Weed disguise,
Veil'd in a thousand Shapes the Weed they prize :
Of barb'rous Names who can recount the Train ?
The scented BERGAMOT, and SPANISH plain ;
Th' ORANGERIE with Odour not its own,
Or that from SEVILLE nam'd or BARCELONE ;
The greenish Sand which PORTUGAL bestows,
Perfum'd with Urine to regale the Nose :
Far-fetch'd BRAZILE, almost for Touch too fine,
Which toiling Merchants seek beyond the Line.
Let foolish INDIANS be no more our Scorn,
Who truck their Gold or Gems for Beads or Horn ;

The

The gay Polite of sage BRITANNIA's Land
Will part with Sterling in exchange for Sand.
With what Disdain the Belles would glance askew,
Were Leaf not Powder profer'd to their View,
Tho' still the Thing's the same, the Title only New : }
For fav'rite Snuff, disguise it as you will,
In spite of Art remains Tobacco still :
As when a Fair is lur'd to Sin and Shame,
Tho' coach'd or carted, prais'd or damn'd by Fame :
Tho' Mis or Dutches, lowly-born or great,
With Cinders on her Head, or Coronet ;
Down to NELL GWYN, from ROSAMOND OR SHORE,
Whate'er her Title be, in English She's a Whore.

There are who veil their Stinks with utmost Care,
Scents not ARABIAN breathing from their Hair ;
Who, conscious of themselves, are frequent known
With Sweat of Civet-Cats to hide their own.
When Sweets and Essence fail, and in their room
Too pow'rful Nature conquers the Perfume,
In self-defence they Stench to Stench oppose,
And guard with Clods of Snuff the suff'ring Nose.

No Smell can pierce thro' that secure Defence,
 No, not their own, not Jakes, or Frankincense.
 On Wights like these Nature in vain bestows
 The Jeffamin, the Jonquil, the Violet, and the Rose ;
 No more to them, than if alone there grew
 The lothesome Garlick and the stinking Rue.
 Vain are the Sweets that either INDIES bring,
 Vain are the blooming Fragrances of Spring.

Strange is the Pow'r of SNUFF, whose pungent Grains
 Can make Fops speak, and furnish Beaus with Brains ;
 Nay, can enchant the Fair to such degree,
 Scarce more admir'd would FRENCH Romances be,
 Scarce Scandal more belov'd, or darling Flattery.
 Whether to th' India-house they take their way,
 Loiter i' th' Park, or at the Toilet stay,
 Whether at Church they shine, or sparkle at the Play.
 Nay farther yet, perhaps their SNUFF they keep,
 Take it in Bed, and dream on't when asleep :
 For sure, unless the Beau may claim a part,
 SNUFF is the topmost Trifle of the Heart.
 Nor Care of Cleanliness, nor Love of Drefs,
 Can save their Clothes from Brick-dust Naftiness.

Let Work employ the Poor, S N U F F the Genteel,
 Your well-bred Spinster scorns her Spinning-Wheel ;
 Let coop'd-up Seamstresses their Fingers ply,
 And cloister'd Nuns drudge at Embroidery,
 Fatigue for Belles too great ! who would as soon
 As deign to play the Seamstress, play the Nun.

Some think the part too small of modish Sand
 Which at a niggard Pinch they can command ;
 Nor can their Fingers for that Task suffice,
 Their Nose too greedy, not their Hand too nice ;
 To such a Height with these is Fashion grown,
 They feed their very Nostrils with a Spoon.
 One and but one Degree is wanting yet,
 To make our senseless Luxury compleat ;
 Some choice Regale, useleſs as S N U F F, and dear,
 Which shall in future Times perchance appear,
 To feed the mazy Windings of the Ear.



An ODE
To JAMES OGLETHORPE, Esq.
In the COUNTRY.

Written in the Year 1728.

I.

A RISE, and soar, my tow'ring Soul,
To Flights of lofty PINDAR's Song,
When scorning Laws, his Torrents roll
Their Dithyrambick Tide along :
No Fall like ICARUS, I fear,
Who dar'd with artful Pinions fly ;
Me stronger Nature shall up-bear,
Nor follower, but a Rival, I.

II.

Tho' long extinct APOLLO's Rage,
And lost in AGANIPPE's Stream,
Nature, the same in ev'ry Age,
Still shines my unexhausted Theme ;
Whether her Favour deign to crown
Some darling Son with Wit refin'd,
Or Wisdom show'r, and Virtue, down,
Those Glories of the human Mind !

III.

Or else her Pencil she prepare
 For Spring's returning Scene,
 To paint inimitably fair
 The Fields with living Green :
 Her gaudy Bow aloft to spread,
 When Clouds their Treasure pour ;
 Or Earth embroider, for our Tread,
 With Beauties of the Flow'r.

I.

Wisely from smoke and Noise remov'd,
 Each Morn you view, with ravish'd Eye,
 The Country sweet, by Poets lov'd,
 Which Fancy must to Me supply.
 On Breezes vernal Odours float,
 The Dew-drops glitter on the Spray,
 The feather'd Songsters swell their Note,
 And the Sun smiles, and You are gay.

II.

Senates, supreme on Earth, we see,
 Bid new-built Temples threat the Skies ;
 WHITE-HALL itself, at their Decree,
 Improv'd might from its Ashes rise.

But

But say, would all their Art and Care
One single Vegetable show ?
With Cowslips' Scent perfume the Air,
Or teach the Haw-thorn how to blow ?

III.

Did Fortune answer to my Mind,
My Wishes to my Love,
No need of Invitations kind
To lead me to the Grove,
Where Nature's Works I might admire,
Free from the City's Crowd,
And from the Art of Man retire,
To view the Art of GOD.

Vast Navies, built by human Skill,
The Pilot's wond'rous Art obey ;
The Oak deserts its native Hill,
O'er Ocean's liquid World to stray :
Yet vain the Ship-wright's boasted Pride,
The Chart or Compass nought avails,
If Nature joins not with her Tide,
Nor lends Assistance with her Gales.

II. From

II.

From Pole to Pole our Squadrons go,

Excelling antient Fables far,

Of ARGO, when a Ship below,

Or when exalted to a Star :

Preserv'd from Rocks and Storms in vain,

Laden with Wealth or Fame they come,

Should erring Counsellors ordain,

They suffer Shipwreck here at Home.

III.

Them Virtue rises to defend,

In spite of Numbers bold,

See Avarice a-while suspend

Its wonted Thirst of Gold !

What Pride or Fraud may have design'd,

See Reason over-bear !

And Fleets a Port of Safety find,

If OGLETHORPE is there.

The Pious, grateful Duty owes

To the dear Land, where He was born ;

A glorious Debt ! which Nature knows

With fairest Interest to return.

He

He merits first his Country's Praise,
Who steers her Helm through Danger on,
And he deserves the second Place,
Who guards her Safety with a Son.

II.

'Twas thus the Father of my Friend
Wisely secur'd a lasting Fame,
Beyond the Reach of Death t' extend
His publick and domestick Name.
'Tis single, 'tis imperfect Light,
The World from Worth unwedded shares,
He only shines compleatly bright
Who leaves his Virtues to his Heirs.

III.

Oh thus too may his Offspring haste,
His Glory to improve,
And, fir'd by Love to BRITAIN, taste
The Bliss of private Love!
With Joy his Summons I attend,
And fly with speed away;
Let but the Patriot condescend
To fix his Marriage-Day.

E P I G R A M.

From the GREEK.

ON STIGIAN Banks, DIOGENES the Wife
 Bursts into Laughter when he CRÆSUS spies ;
 And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare Cloak and old,
 The Monarch famous for his gather'd Gold :
 I, nothing leaving, all to CHARON bear ;
 Thou, CRÆSUS, rich on Earth, hast nothing here.

On the foregoing EPIGRAM.

TH E LYDIAN Prince is blam'd for Wealth alone,
 Tho' greater in his Virtues than his Throne :
 The CYNICK Churl is prais'd, of Fame secure,
 Tho' void of ev'ry Grace, but being poor :
 Nor wonder whence this partial Judgment springs,
 Such Crowds are envious, and so few are Kings.

*To*

To a Friend, on his MARRIAGE.

W^Hether in LYRICK I should soar,
In Honour of the married Station,
Or else my Stile to Doggrel low'r,
Has cost me much Consideration ;
The Theme for lofty Verse might do,
But Mirth would better suit with You.

II.

He that, to Love and Virtue true,
His first Affection scorn'd to vary,
With Mitres would have nought to do,
But *nolo cry'd episcopari*,
In earnest might demand my Lays,
And merit Seriousness of Praife.

III.

But when upon Your Face I think,
So plump, so waggish, and so merry,
My lofty Strains begin to sink,
And PINDAR dwindles to *Down-derry* :
Then Doggrel I esteem the best,
And Seriousness would be a Jest.

Y

IV. Let

IV.

Let both then meet, for we may find,
 Looking through Nature univerſal,
 Earnest and Jeſt together twin'd ;
 So Mr. BAYES in the REHEARSAL
 To ſerious Bus'ness would advance,
 Agreed, --- but first let's have a Dance.

V.

So now to Bus'nesſ we fall in,
 How You of Bliss may keep poſſeſſion ;
 Leſt when I end, I but begin,
 And all my Subject be Digreſſion,
 Three Words comprise the whole fay I,
 Love, Common-Senſe, and Piety.

VI.

May you ne'er want a Court to fee,
 Nor Prelate Benefices giving,
 But happy long enjoy like Me
 A Livelihood, if not a Living :
 So may You truly prove more great
 And rich, than moſt of Your Estate.

VII. In

VII.

In GLO'STER-SHIRE no EDEN plan,
Nor fret at Crosses light or common ;
Remember ev'ry Man is Man,
And ev'ry Woman is a Woman :
And who Perfection here below
Should look for, which they cannot show ?

VIII.

Time changes Thought, I'll tell You that,
For all things is a Seafon fitting ;
Thus what is graver than a Cat ?
And what is merrier than a Kitten ?
Yet Cats tho' old with young ones play,
And pat and pur when they are gray.

IX.

Long may You live in Health and Ease,
While Balm of Love each Ill assuages ;
And Children dutiful increase,
Your Youths reviving in Your Ages.
With spotless Virtue let them shine,
And soften Life in its Decline.

X.

May Death late close Your aged Eyes,
Your plighted Hands asunder rending ;
Like a just Moral good and wise,
A pleasing well-drawn Fable ending ;
Your Deaths be as Your Life-time spent,
Easy and calm and innocent.

The M O N U M E N T.

Post Funera Virtus.

A Monfter, in a Course of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold ;
Straight breathes his Bust, straight are his Virtues shown,
Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
If on his specious Marble we rely,
Pity a Worth like His should ever die !
If Credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a Wretch like Him should ever live !



WM X

T H E



T H E
P R I S O N S / O P E N ' D.

A P O E M, occasioned by the
Glorious Proceedings of the COMMITTEE of
the HOUSE of COMMONS, appointed to en-
quire into the State of the GOALS of this
Kingdom, in the Year 1728.

----- *Facilis descensus Averni ;*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis :
Sed revocare gradum, Superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti, potuere. -----

V I R G.



Humbly Inscribed to

JAMES OGLETHORPE, Esq. Chairman.

Lord Viscount PERCIVAL.

Sir Thomas Lowther, Bar.

Sir Humphry Howarth, Bar.

Robert Byng, Esq.

Charles Selwyn, Esq.

Erasmus Philips, Esq.

Stamp. Brooksbank, Esq.

John La Roche, Esq.

Charles Withers, Esq.

John Crosse, Esq.

Velters Cornwall, Esq.

Robert Huckes, Esq.

Sir R. Clifton, Kn. of the Bath

Sir Archibald Grant, Bar.

Mr. Alderman Parsons,

Edward Vernon, Esq.

John Campbel, Esq.

Rogers Holland, Esq.

James Tuffnel, Esq.

Thomas Lewis, Esq. of Radnor

Robert More, Esq.

John Norris, Esq.

Edward Hughes, Esq.

Thomas Towers, Esq.

Sir ABRAHAM ELTON, Bar.

And the rest of the

Acting MEMBERS of the COMMITTEE.



T H E

P R I S O N S O P E N ' D .

LE T Arms and Warriors other Poets fire,
LOr Love's sweet Anguish tune the softer Lyre ;
 I sing of Pris'ners freed, and Guilt purfu'd
 With gen'rous Ardour by the Great and Good.

O Thou from whom that gen'rous Ardour came,
 (A Heat far nobler than Poetick Flame,) .
 Father of Goodness ! hear, and teach my Lays
 That best that darling Attribute to praise ;
 Make list'ning Crowds detest tyrannick Wrong,
 And learn the Love of Mercy from my Song ;
 Make Patriots' Fame with fairest Lustre shine,
 And raise their Glory, by exalting Thine.

What various Paths unhappy Mortals tread,
 Which down to Dungeons and to Tortures lead !
 In Goal a few secure their ill-got Store,
 By Vices many fall, by Folly more.

The

The flatter'd Heir in short-liv'd Pomp behold
How flush'd with Youth, and Wine, and Love, and Gold !
All Arts all Baits unnumber'd Tempters try,
Friendship's endearing Form, and Beauty's Eye.
Manors are lost, tho' petty Stakes are won,
And garter'd Sharpers urge his Ruin on.
By Pity some, a glorious Fault ! have fail'd,
A Friend supported, or a Father bail'd :
Some perish void of Error and Offence,
Cast headlong by resistless Providence :
Orphans who Frauds of Guardians cannot shun,
Clients by legal Labyrinths undone :
The Trader strictly just, yet overthrown
By others Crimes, and Losses not his own.
Nor more Redress the breaking Merchant finds
From SPANISH Seizures, than from adverse Winds.
Lo ! countless Swarms the dire Abode receives,
Thick as in Autumn drop the sapless Leaves,
Whom State Deceit and SOUTH-SEA Plunder drain'd,
Which like a gen'ral Deluge swept the Land :
Whom Publick Faith could no Protection lend,
Seeming, and only seeming, to defend.

When

When Wretches, stripp'd of Fortune's Gifts, repair
To the dark Dome of temporal Despair,
Fast by the Prison Gates with sleepless Eyes
Sits griping never-fated Avarice ;
To him th' Admitted fine for being poor,
And ope with Gold th' inhospitable Door ;
Compell'd, since Laws and Goalers so ordain,
To pay for Misery, and to bribe for Pain :
To gain th' *Asylum* of the FLEET they strive,
The Privilege to be entomb'd alive.
So, as the Pagan fabling Poets tell,
Was CHARON fee'd for wafting Souls to Hell :
To pass the Lake thick-thronging Ghosts desire,
To Torments most condemn'd, and penal Fire ;
As if ALECTO's Snakes they long'd to feel,
Or TITYUS' Vulture, or IXION's Wheel.
The Goal, (sad Emblem of flagitious Times,
Revenging Virtues, and rewarding Crimes,)
Sees only Villains thrive, by Ruin great,
Who owe to Guilt the Splendour of their State ;
Who plac'd by Fraud and Wealth from Justice free,
.In Ease or Pomp, enjoy Captivity.

Who sure Escape by massy Gold can force,
While Wardens share the Wealth of Creditors.
Or those who basely join t' afflict the Good,
Comrades of Theft, and Instruments of Blood ;
Whose well-feign'd Worth the Merchant's Trust deceives,
And stocks with monthly Spoils the Den of Thieves :
Who, as Superiors dictate, Witness bear,
To Riot, Murder, nay to Treason swear ;
Who Aid to worst Barbarities afford,
Relentless Hell-hounds worthy of their Lord ;
Who Drink to burning Fever's Thirst deny,
And see the Famish'd swoon with stony Eye ;
Permit not Pris'ners e'en on Alms to feed,
But snatch from starving Mouths the scanty Bread.
These, these alone, from H----ns met Regard,
And these the Favours of a B-----GE shar'd ;
While Wrath avoidless fell on all beside,
With utmost Fury of despotick Pride.
So fam'd PROCRUSTES old, (if Bards may dare
A less with greater Tyrants to compare,)
Offers his formidable Bed to all,
And racks the dwarfish Guest, and lops the talk.

Those

Those only from the Couch unhurt arise,
Whose Stature answers to the Robber's Size.

The FLEET's stern King, circled with Guards like these,
Each helpless Subject robs, and strips, and fleas ;
Incarnate Fiends for torturing Shackles call,
Except the Captive yields them — more than all :
In Prison within Prison stak'd he lies,
And Keepers under Keepers tyranize.
With weighty Fetters gall'd the Suff'fers groan,
Or close-scu'd Rivets crack the solid Bone :
Their only Bed dank Earth unpav'd and bare,
Their only Cov'ring is the Chains they wear.
Debar'd from chearful Morn, and human Sight,
In lonely restless and enduring Night.
The strongest Health unsinew'd by Disease,
And Famine wasting Life by slow degrees :
Piece-meal alive they rot, long doom'd to bear
The pestilential foul imprison'd Air :
Unless the friendly Fumes on Reason prey,
And kind Distraction take their Sense away.
But each black View of horrible Restraint,
What Verse can number, and what Pencil paint ?

Dire Scenes ! which H----ns and his B-----GE know,

Where ghastly Spectres utter Tales of Woe !

As if the Pris'ners were condemn'd to dwell

With Pains, with Darkness, and with Fiends of Hell.

No smallest Glimpse of distant Hope they see,

Oh ! lowest Depth of human Misery !

When wish'd-for Death's Approach shews Quiet nigh,

The Soul just flutt'ring is forbid to fly :

Then seeming kind, the curst Tormentors strive

To keep departing Anguish still alive.

So when the Long-rob'd Murderers of ROME,

Inquisitors, a Wretch to Tortures doom,

They heal the Limbs, which can no more endure,

Less cruel when they rack, than when they cure ;

That Nature spent, Recruits of Strength may gain

For fresh Distortion, and repeated Pain.

When wild Despair, impatient of its Woes,

By fond Self-Murder would suborn Repose ;

A Life destroy'd unmov'd the Keeper fees,

And only mourns his Loss of Bribes and Fees.

Here, tho' his barb'rous Rigours find an End,

Farther will pow'rful Avarice extend ;

Like

Like the Grand TURK, he pleases to declare
Himself, of all that die, the gen'ral Heir :
What ev'ry Vassal leaves, he speaks his own,
But yields no Portion to the Wife or Son.

No Plaints can reach the Courts, or timely Art
Prevents their sinking to the Hearer's Heart.
Had not a PRICE in spotless Glory shin'd,
Our Justice had been deaf as well as blind :
No Laws, no Priviledge Redress could give,
Nor Subjects' Right, nor King's Prerogative ;
Not Acts of Grace, 'till Heav'n's appointed Hour
To dart just Vengeance on tyrannick Pow'r :
Not God's Vicegerents broke the Iron Chain,
Ev'n ANNE herself was merciful in vain ;
Not sov'reign Smiles the Prison Gates unfold,
Without large Tributes of extorted Gold.
So Purgatory's Realm the Pope obeys,
The Founder He, and Warden of the Place !
There Souls are feign'd fierce Flames to undergo,
Intense, as everlasting Burnings glow ;
Tho' CHRIST had clear'd their Guilt, they long remain
Pardon'd and Pris'ners to infernal Pain ;

No charitable Pontiff turns the Keys,
 'Till priestly Goalers have secur'd their Fees.
 Is our's the Land where Peace and Freedom smile !
 What wrathful Influence curst our Age and Isle,
 Monsters of boundless Avarice to see,
 Unblushing Fraud, unsated Cruelty !
 Here B-----GE breaths as yet the vital Air !
 Here partial Great ones conscious H----NS spare !
 Yet BRITAIN cease thy Captives' Woes to mourn,
 To break their Chains, see OGLETHORPE was born !
 VERNON, whose steady Truth no Threats can bend !
 And HUGHES, the Sailor's never-failing Friend !
 TOWERS, whose rich Youth can Ease and Pleasure fly,
 And PERCIVAL, renown'd for Piety !
 CORNEWALL to aid the Friendless never slow,
 Whose gen'rous Breast still melts at others' Woe !
 These dare the Tyrants long secure oppose ;
 Thus gracious Heav'n its Benefits bestows,
 The Antidote is found there where the Poison grows.
 These, and the rest for ardent Goodness fam'd,
 Unnam'd, tho' greatly worthy to be nam'd,

Who

Who seek to merit Praise, but not receive ;
May those I name as easily forgive ! . . .
Who fear not to relieve th' Afflicted, rise
Girt with false Friends, and real Enemies.
Numbers at first with Scorn their Fervour view,
And smile in secret at the active few.
Faint-hearted or designing Murmurs found,
And whisper '*Tis impossible* around :
And Craft, by publick Clamours overborn,
When Tides of Justice grew too strong to turn,
Boasted its Aim by specious vain Pretence
T' elude their Strength, and mock their Diligence.
Short Boast ! all Dangers to their Courage bow,
And where appears the vaunted Cunning now ?
So was ALCIDES sent to dang'rous War,
(If false with real Labours we compare.)
The dreaded Youth that Monsters might devour.
Thus fly EURYSTHEUS us'd his fatal Pow'r ;
But faw with Conquest crown'd the gallant Boy,
And rais'd the Fame he purpos'd to destroy.
The glorious Few, by bounteous Heav'n ordain'd.
To loose the Fetters of a Nation chain'd,

Urge

Urge their appointed Toil with utmost Speed,
Almost proportion'd to the Wretches' Need :
No By-design retards the destin'd Race,
They plead no stated Busines of a Place ;
No Thoughts of meaner Ends their Souls detain,
Of soothing Pleasure, or of sordid Gain :
Soon as the FLEET receives each welcome Guest,
Joy long-forgotten cheers the faintest Breast ;
Pain at their Presence stops the rising Sigh,
And languid Famine opes her hollow Eye ;
Horror flies thence, They once appearing there,
And the worst Torment of the Goal, Despair.
So at th' ALMIGHTY's Nod, with rapid Wings,
Forth from the Throne a Guardian Angel springs,
Through Space immense, quick as the Morning Ray,
To succour Earth distress'd he shoots away ;
Bids PETER rise, from Bonds and Keepers free,
And looks the Pris'ner into Liberty.

Fear'd, honour'd, lov'd, long may the Patriots stand,
Support and Honour of their native Land !
Warm without Rage, without Vain-glory brave,
Firm to protect, and obstinate to save !

Whom

Whom no false Scents deceive, no Searches tire ;
Resistless to revenge, as to enquire !
He who for injur'd Right dares strongly plead,
The Prisoners' Council, earnest tho' unfeud :
To guard the Weak, who scorns the Mighty's Frown,
Despising no Man's Danger, but his own :
In Camps his Courage as in Senates try'd,
Daunts with severe Rebuff the Sons of Pride.
Oh that his Soul with healthier Limbs were join'd,
A Body less unequal to his Mind !
He, who to HU---NS' Crimes eternal Foe,
When wav'ring Numbers would Connivance show,
Shall ill-got Wealth secure the Robber ? cry'd ;
And singly stedfast, turn'd the rapid Tide :
'Till Impudence itself ashamed, gave way,
And Bribery yielded, blushing to gainsay.
The Man, who wisely studious not to lose
His Heav'n, the only Interest he pursues,
Points to his Offspring the celestial way ;
Who hundreds feasted on that happy Day,
Which saw from conquer'd Death the Saviour rise ;
Alms giv'n for C H R I S T, accepted Sacrifice !

A a

The

The Man who toil'd, the vicious Poor t' amend,
Foe to Intemperance, as to Need a Friend ;
To punish starving Sots, our Nation's Shame,
And snatch the Firebrands from the liquid Flame ;
To save them from the Snare of low Estate,
And raise their Minds, but not intoxicate :
The Youth, whose dextrous and impartial Skill,
As diligent in Good, as Knaves in Ill,
Unfolds the knotty Mazes of the Laws,
And strictly faithful to the righteous Cause,
Baffles each Quirk, each Subterfuge of Wrong,
Of Lawyers' double Heart and double Tongue.
And He, who, cautious lest design'd Delay
For Guilt's Escape should yield an easy Way,
Obtain'd AUGUSTA's Civil Powers' Decree,
That Law for once might side with Equity ;
Full Space for just accusing might allow,
Nor Teacher H----ns leave his Scholar now.
And others, tho' unmention'd, not unknown,
Who justly glory in their Conduct shown ;
Who stand each Shock, each Stratagem defeat,
Superior to the Bribe and to the Threat ;

And

And H----ns half his Thoufands well might spare,
Could half his Thousands make a Coward there.

Yet nobleſt Acts as Fury ſome eſteem,
For what ſo good but Satan can blaſphemē ?
'Tis Fury all, to dry the Captive's Tears,
To heal his Sickneſs, and prevent his Fears :
Fury ! for Orphans' Diligence t' employ,
And make the mournful Widow weep for Joy :
Fury ! the Wrongs paſt Sufferance to redrefs,
While Crowds tranſported their Deliv'rers bleſs :
Fury ! the Poor and Friendleſs to regard,
Without mean Proſpect of a baſe Reward ;
Life, Freedom, Health, and Gladneſs to beſtow,
The only Fury Statesmen never know.

When Villains firſt beheld the Tempeſt lour,
They ſneer'd, and trusted to the Screen of Pow'r ;
Numbers t' avoid the dire Example bent,
Left righteous Vengeaſce grow to Precedent ;
And Gifts, which fiercest Anger oft appeafe,
And ſecret Friends, and ſecret Services :
No Pangſ of Conſcience ſtruck the harden'd Mind,
- To GOD's Right-hand and heav'nly Juſtice blind.

But when their boasted Engines nought avail'd,
And Gold itself, oppos'd by Virtue, fail'd ;
Sudden, Alas ! their groundless Quiet flies,
Unusual Doubts, and fatal Bodings rise,
Lest Wrath divine might flagrant Guilt pursue,
And who suborn false Witness die by true.
Conscious of ill-us'd Pow'r, and publick Hate,
Then other Tyrants fear'd approaching Fate ;
An universal Groan the Prisons gave,
And NEWGATE trembled thro' her inmost Cave,
Lest farther Searches farther Crimes reveal,
Which Arts infernal labour to conceal ;
Lest Pity's Eye those Regions should explore,
Where Beams of Mercy never reach'd before ;
Unwelcome Light on darkest Dungeons throw,
And ev'ry latent Depth of Horror show.
So, as inventive HOMER's Fiction taught,
Earth-shaking NEPTUNE for the GRECIANS fought ;
The solid Ground quak'd to the Centre down,
The King of Shades leap'd frighted from his Throne,
Lest Earth should cleave, and Hell appear in Light,
Display'd to mortal and immortal Sight :

Drear

Drear dreadful Realms, rul'd by a Tyrant Lord,
By Man detested, and by Heav'n abhor'd !

Here real Pow'r Divine its Pleasure shows,
And GOD's Right-hand what Mortal can oppose !
Or aw'd by Mercy issuing from the Throne,
Or borne by popular Compaffion down,
The wordy Fool, renown'd for Flourish long,
Suspends th' unmeaning Torrent of his Tongue ;
The Friend to Knav'ry plays a publick Part,
His Head o'er-bearing his corrupted Heart ;
Compell'd his darling Int'rest to discard,
And speed the Motion he would fain retard :
The self-admiring Politician joins,
Spight of his open Mocks and secret Mines,
Forc'd, tho' reluctant, to dissemble Good,
And share the Action he in vain withheld.
So, when from Heav'n increas'd by sudden Show'rs,
The Stream swift-rolling down the Mountain pours,
A Tree's declining Trunk, which Years divide
Half from its rooted Strength, obstructs the Tide,
The rapid Course unable long to bar,
Or stem the Violence of the wat'ry War,

It yields, by Mother Earth sustain'd no more,
And swells the Torrent which it stopp'd before.

Proceed, disinterested Few, proceed ;
Heal ev'ry Wound, and succour ev'ry Need :
Let all BRITANNIA's Misery be redrest,
Cite ev'ry Tyrant to the righteous Test ;
The Test which Innocence can never fear,
Candid tho' strict, impartial tho' severe.
No artful Guesses there to Proofs advance,
Help'd by dark dubious distant Circumstance :
Nor Bribes, nor Threats, nor hinting Prompters there,
Inform the wav'ring Witness how to swear.
Go on ! let none your ardent Zeal withstand,
And shew'r diffusive Mercies o'er the Land ;
That Heav'n by You may bles our happy Isle,
And e'en the Tradesman and the Merchant smile ;
While Crowds unchain'd Your Fame with Shouts declare,
Restor'd to vital Light, and vital Air.
So sudden this Deliv'rance which they meet,
Their Grief so hopeless, and their Joy so great,
Scarce to the Change they yet can Credit give,
Scarce are they yet persuaded that they live !

So when th' ARCHANGEL gives the fated Sign,
(If Human Joys we liken to Divine)
The Summons universal Nature hears,
Nor pleads Prescription of six thousand Years ;
Not everlasting Hills their Dead retain,
Not deep Abysses of th' unfathom'd Main ;
The sleeping Saints look up with joyful Eyes,
And quick'ning at the sacred Trump, arise ;
Their Pains all pass'd, their Transport to succeed,
Immortal Lives in endless Bloom they lead,
From Death's tyrannick Chain, and Earth's dark Prison freed.



An EPIGRAM,

On the Death of a PHYSICIAN,

From the GREEK of THEOSEBIA.

TWICE, when HIPPOCRATES and GALEN dy'd,
 The Art of PHYSICK, mourning, tore her Hair;
 Now weeps in Marble at ABLABIUS' Side,
 Asham'd with Mortals longer to appear.

On the Death of Dr. FREIND.

From the former.

WHEN RADCLIFFE fell, afflicted PHYSICK cry'd,
 How vain my Pow'r ! and languish'd at his Side.
 When FREIND expir'd, deep-struck, her Hair She tore,
 And speechless fainted, and reviv'd no more.
 Her flowing Grief no farther could extend,
 She mourns with RADCLIFFE, but She dies with FREIND.

A WEDDING-SONG.

Ut ameris, amabilis es to.

I.

SEE the springing Day from far,
Usher'd by the Morning-Star !
Hear the Lark with upward Wing
Meeting Dawn, her Carol sing !
See the Sun in Eastern Skies
Joyous as a Bridegroom rise !
Wake, my Dear, and come away,
Smiling, greet the happy Day,
Ne'er was yet thy lovely Breast
Idly flow to my Request ;
Now begin not to delay,
Dear, awake, and come away :
Join thy plighted Hand, and join
First thine Oraifons with mine.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

B b

II. If

II.

If e'er thy forming Hand has giv'n
 Woman, latest Work of Heav'n,
 With social dear domeſtick Joys,
 Height'ning lonely Paradise ;
 If e'er thy kind paternal Care
 Join'd and bleſſ'd the wedded Pair,
 In spotless Bonds ordain'd to be
 Emblems of thy Church and Thee ;
 If e'er thy mightier Love decreed
 Life from JESU, Woman's Seed,
 The Loss of EDEN to retrieve,
 Sprung from MARY, Second EVE ;
 If e'er thy Word has endleſs Rest
 Shadow'd by the Nuptial Feast ;
 Heav'n, our last Wish and farthest Aim,
 Mystick Marriage of the Lamb !
 Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
 Show'r thy Graces, holy Dove,
 God of Peace, and God of Love !

III. Quit

III.

Quit not thine Olympick Snows,
JUNO, guarding Marriage Vows :
VENUS, sleep in IDA's Grove,
Laughing Sea-born Queen of LOVE !
CUPID, banish'd hence away,
Idle CUPID, with her stay :
Here nor HYMEN shall preside,
Clasp'd in Mantle Saffron-dy'd ;
Wanton GRACES dance, nor Hours
Scatter Odours, Leaves and Flow'rs,
Twist the blooming Wreath, nor spread
Rose and Myrtle where we tread :
All unfeign'd and real be,
Truth, transcending Poetry.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

IV.

Ye Virgins haste, my Bride prepare,
Dress be now the Dear-one's Care ;
Well-suited, unaffected, free,
Worthy Her, and worthy Me :
Nor poorly mean, nor costly vain,
Neat, and elegant, and plain.
Her Ornaments are Toys no more ;
Love's engaging chymick Pow'r,
Like MIDAS fabled King of old,
Touches all things into Gold.
The Fair that unadorn'd can please,
Shines yet lovelier in her Dress ;
Still wisely careful to remove
Slightest Hindrances of Love :
For nought that Love concerns is small,
All's important, solemn all.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

V. Ope

V.

Ope the hospitable Gate,
Ope for Friendship, not for State,
Friends well-chosen enter here,
Equal, affable, sincere ;
Cheap-bought Plenty, artless Store
Feed the Rich, and fill the Poor ;
Converse cheer the sprightly Guest,
Cordial Welcome crown the Feast ;
Easy Wit with Candour fraught,
Laughter genuine and unsought ;
Jest from double Meaning free,
Blameless, harmless Jollity ;
Mirth, that no repenting Gloom
Treasures for our Years to come.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

VI. May

VI.

May social Life, so well begun,
Glide with equal Tenor on :
May timely Fruit our Blis improve,
Children, dearest Bonds of Love !
The darling Boy, the Daughter fair,
Objects of delightful Care !
Rejoic'd, while oft the Babes we see
Sportive clasp their Mother's Knee ;
And oft from lisping Prattle find
Reason op'ning in their Mind ;
While soothing Hopes our Hearts presage
Pleasures of our middle Age :
'Till rightly taught, the rising Brood,
Healthy, happy, wife, and good,
Fulfill our Hopes, and pay our Cares,
Glory of our hoary Hairs !
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

VII. Give

VII.

Give, oh give our Days to bless,
Virtue, Source of Happiness !
Prudence, stifling Infant-Strife ;
Friendship, Remedy of Life ;
Trust, in mutual Faith secure ;
Transport generous and pure,
Sparkling from the Soul within,
Never boasted, always seen :
Kind, while each their Care employs
Griefs to part, and double Joys,
Joys to Libertines unknown,
Fruits of Wedlock Truth alone ;
Joys that Angels may approve,
All the Dignity of Love !
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

VIII. When

VIII.

When late the Summons from above
Parts the Life, but not the Love,
Resign'd and calm may She or I
Teach Survivors how to die ;
Be free from Sin's polluting Stain,
Void of Fear, and void of Pain !
For tedious Years may neither moan,
Sad, deserted, and alone ;
May neither, long condemn'd to stay,
Wait their second Bridal Day.
Grant us, oh grant, Almighty Pow'r !
Soon to meet, and part no more,
In Heav'n, where Love and Joys are known
Only purer than our own :
Heav'n ! our last Wish and farthest Aim,
Mystick Marriage of the Lamb !
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye ;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove,
God of Peace, and God of Love !

The

The COBLER:

A TALE.

YOUR Sage and Moralist can show
Many Misfortunes here below,
A Truth which no one ever miss'd,
Tho' neither Sage nor Moralist :
Yet, all the Troubles notwithstanding,
Which Fate or Fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of Fortune and of Fate.
Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,
Tortur'd with Vapours, and with Spleen ;
Transform'd (at least in their own Eyes)
To Glafs, or China, or Goose-Pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone-dead, as WILL. the Conqueror ;
And all the World in vain might strive
To face them down, that they're alive.
Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down ;

As fearing, that to ease their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor CHAMBERLAIN.
Imaginary Evils flow,
Merely for want of real Woe ;
And when prevailing Whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild Abfurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,
Found without BEDLAM, as within it :
Which if you farther would have shown,
And Leisure have to read, — read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman, possest
Of all that Mortals reckon best :
A Seat well-chuse in wholesome Air,
With Gardens and with Prospects fair :
His Land from Debt and Jointure free,
His Money, never in SOUTH-SEA :
His Health of Body firm and good,
Tho' past the Hey-day in his Blood :
His Consort fair, and good, and kind ;
His Children rising to his Mind :
His Friends ingenious and sincere ;
His Honour, nay his Conscience clear :

He

He wanted nought of human Bliss,
But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

Too near, alas ! this Great Man's Hall
A merry COBLER had a Stall ;
An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,
With Breeches red and Jerkin blue ;
Chearful at Working, as at Play,
He sung and whistled Life away :
When rising Morning glads the Sky,
Clear as the merry Lark, and high ;
When Evening Shades the Landskip veil,
Late warbling as the Nightingale.
Tho' Pence came slow, and Trade was ill,
Yet still he sung and whistled still ;
Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,
He laugh'd, and cast away old Care.

The rich Man view'd with Discontent
His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment,
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A Beggar pleasanter than He ;
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy Man,

Who haunted him, like any Sprite,
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.
It chanc'd, when once in Bed he lay,
When Dreams are true, at Break of Day,
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,
Amidst his Musick stopping short :
Whether his Morning Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke,
The 'Squire suspected, being shrewd,
This Silence boded him no good ;
And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A Machiavilian Plot he fear'd.
Strait Circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous Brain :
Trembling in pannick Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes ;
And straining wistful both his Ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick, and knew
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,

Who

Who, with a running Jump, he thought,
Leap'd plumb directly down his Throat,
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Last, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :
No sooner down, than with a Jerk
He fell to Musick, and to Work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outside of his Door,
How sorely must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his Breast !
The waking Dreamer groans and swells,
And Pangs imaginary feels ;
Catches, and Scraps of Tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his Ears ;
Ill-favour'd Smells his Nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten Cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his Breath,
Or tug the Leather with his Teeth ;
Or beat the Sole, or else extend
His Arms to th' utmost of his End,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.

Is there no Method then to fly
This vile intestine Enemy ?
What can be done in this Condition,
But sending instant for Physician ?

The Doctor, having heard the Case,
Burst into Laughter in his Face ;
Told him, he needs no more than rise,
Open his Windows, and his Eyes,
Whistling and stitching there to see
The Cobler, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses :
How should I rise ? the heavy Brute
Will hardly let me wag a Foot :
Tho' Seeing for Belief may go,
Yet Feeling is the Truth, you know :
I feel him in my Sides I tell ye ;
Had You a Cobler in your Belly,
You scarce would sneer as now you do ;
I doubt your Guts would grumble too :
Still do you laugh ? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir :

Thou

Thou Quack, that never had'st Degree
In either University ;
Thou meer Licentiate, without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College :
I'll call my Servants, if you stay ;
So, Doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal Skill, and greater Fame ;
Who swore him mad as a *March Hare*,
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will swear).
To drive such Whimsies from his Pate,
He drag'd him to the Window strait.
But jilting Fortune can devise
To baffle and outwit the Wise ;
The Cobler, e'er expos'd to view,
Had just pull'd off his Jerkin Blue,
Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
To fit *in Fresco* in his Shirt.
Ah ! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
You know him not so well as I ;
The Man who down my Throat is run,
Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.

In

In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore ;
 Told him he might believe as well
 The Giant of PANTAGRUEL
 Did oft, as break his Fast or sup,
 For poach'd Eggs swallow Windmills up ;
 Or that the HOLLAND Dame could bear
 A Child, for ev'ry Day i' th' Year.
 The vapour'd Dotard, grave and fly,
 Mistook for Truth each rapping Lye ;
 And drew Conclusions such as these,
 Resistless from the Premisses.

I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
 A Windmill's bigger than a Stall :
 And since the Lady brought alive
 Children, Three hundred sixty five,
 Why should you think there is not room
 For one poor Cobler in my Womb ?
 Thus ev'ry thing his Friends could say
 The more confirm'd him in his way :
 Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
 'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now

Now worse and worse his piteous State
Was grown, and almost desperate :
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more Help he would not die.
An old Physician, fly and shrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,
Heard all his Tale ; and ask'd, with Care,
How long the Cobler had been there ?
Noted distinctly what he said ;
Lift up his Eyes, and shook his Head,
And grave accosts him, on this Fashion,
After mature Deliberation,
With serious and important Face,
Sir, your's is an uncommon Case :
Tho' I've read GALEN'S *Latin* o'er,
I never met with it before ;
Nor have I found the like Disease,
In Stories of HIPPOCRATES.
Then, after a convenient Stay,
Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,
My Life for your's, I'll set you free
From this same two-leg'd Timpany.

'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure
Of fam'd Worm-Powder of JOHN MOOR ;
Besides, if downwards he be sent,
I fear he'll split your nether Vent :
But then your Throat, you know, is wide,
And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd ;
The same way he got in, 'tis plain,
There's Room to fetch him out again :
I'll bring the forked Worm away,
Without a *Dysenteria* :
Emeticks strong will do the Feat,
If taken *quantum sufficit* :
I'll see my self the proper Dose,
And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.
The Wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the GREEK,
Cries, What so learn'd a Man as you
Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.
The Vomit speedily was got,
The Cobler sent for to the Spot,
And taught to manage the Deceit,
And not his Doublet to forget.

But

But first the Operator wife
Over the Sight a Bandage ties : }
For Vomits always strain the Eyes. }
Courage ! I'll make you disembogue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue ; }
I'll drench the Rascal, never fear, }
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
'Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more ; }
Which doubly swoll'n, as you may think, }
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink, }
What they receiv'd against the Grain, }
Soon paid with Interest back again.
Here comes his Tools, he can't be long
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke ;
As he heard nam'd each single Matter,
He chuck'd it souise into the Water ;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the Door made his Retreat.

The sick Man now takes Breath awhile,
Strength to recruit for farther Toil :
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
The Tackle floating there espies ;
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
The Cobler could not stay behind,
Who to the Alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted Work to do :
Nor could he like his present Place,
He ne'er lov'd Water in his days.
At length he takes a second Bout,
Enough to turn him inside out ;
With Vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's Brains.
Ay ! here the Cobler comes, I swear !
And Truth it was, for he was there,
And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd with his Foot the Vomit down.
The Patient, now grown wondrous light,
Whip'd off the Napkin from his Sight,
Briskly lift up his Head, and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin's Hue ;

And

And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the Stairs he ran his way,
He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more ;
No ; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.

Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,
Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expresses,
With thousand Thanks and hundred Pieces :
And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,
Regain'd the Health, he never lost.

M O R A L.

Taught by long Miseries, we find
Repose is seated in the Mind ;
And most Men soon or late have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real Wisdom timely knows,
Without Experience of the Woes ;
Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,
That all on Earth is Vanity.

Lofs,

Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,
 Whate'er torments or troubles Life,
 Tho' groundless, grievous in its Stay,
 'Twill shake our Tenements of Clay,
 When past, as nothing we esteem ;
 And Pain like Pleasure is but Dream.

E P I G R A M,

From the GREEK.

THese Cups by PISO to his Friends were giv'n,
 Whose Round presents the concave Vault of Heav'n ;
 On this half Globe the Northern Stars appear,
 Engrav'd on that the Southern Hemisphere.
 Drink deep ; all Heav'n you'll at the Bottom see :
 Who would not wish to learn Astronomy ?



P A S-

P A S T O R A L.

COLIN. THENOT.

COLIN.

THENOT, Good-day ; sure thou art bent to thrive
, In Wealth and Wisdom, thus to rise by Five.

THENOT.

I rose not, Truth to tell, to tend my Sheep ;
'Twas Love, not Thrift, that broke my Morning Sleep.

COLIN.

If Love thine Ailment is, so soon to rise
Perhaps may make thee rich, but never wise.

THENOT.

And why this Scoff ? our Landlord has, they say,
Long woo'd, and lately wed a Lady gay ;
And he is wife, or sure had ne'er been sent
A Member for the Shire, to Parliament.

COLIN.

Yes, money'd 'Squires, that o'er the Country rule,
May plead their Priviledge to play the Fool ;
Far other Thoughts shou'd fill the poor Man's Head ;
He seeks not Dainties, who is pinch'd for Bread.

THENOT.

T H E N O T.

If Love and Courting be forbid the Poor,
 You make the Distance greater than before :
 None are beneath us here, and none above ;
 For all are Slaves and Sovereigns in Love.

C O L I N.

How can he meet Relief, who courts his Pains,
 Or Freedom find, who glories in his Chains ?
 Yet to thy COLIN all thy Grief reveal ;
 We tell with Pleasure what with Pain we feel.

T H E N O T.

To trusty COLIN I my Love unfold,
 Which to my Sweet-heart dear was never told,
 Lucy, the prettiest Maiden in the Town,
 Sweet as the Nut, tho' as the Berry brown.

C O L I N.

Who spares to speak, to speed must ever spare ;
 How shall he wed, that will not woo the Fair ?
 By timely Vent the Farmer saves his Hay,
 That smother'd close would kindling burn away.

T H E N O T.

T H E N O T.

The wifest Scholars know not where to find
Apt Words, well suiting to a love-sick Mind :
What Grace shall T H E N O T's clownish Speech adorn ?
I hope her Favour, but I fear her Scorn.

C O L I N.

Faint Heart, like thine, ne'er won a lovely Maid ;
Speak fair, few Damsels but of Praise are glad :
Despair not for a peevish Word or Frown ;
The blackest Storms are soonest over-blown.

T H E N O T.

F R I D A Y S of ev'ry Week, the Proverb says,
Are still the fairest or the foulest Days :
Like F R I D A Y S' Skies will faithful Passion prove ;
For in our youthful Prime, our Days of Love,
Blest in extremes, or in extremes are curst,
Of all most happy, or of all the worst.

C O L I N.

He reaps in Harvest who in Seed-time sows ;
Who flights the prickly Thorn, shall gain the Rose ;
Who flies Disdain, should never Kindness meet ;
Who shuns the sour, should never taste the sweet.

E e

T H E N O T.

T H E N O T.

I'm us'd to toil, nor Labour shall be spar'd;
 Rich are the Wages, tho' the Work is hard.
 To tell how rich, oh what shall THE NOT say!
 Sweet is the rising, and the parting Day,
 The Fruits of AUGUST, and the Flow'rs of MAY:
 In JULY Shade, in bleak DECEMBER Fire,
 Ease in our Age, and in our Youth Desire.

Yet to the Carew'ld to COLIN.
 In Words like these to her thy Love impart,
 If once she gives an Ear, she'll give her Heart.
 Mean time with quicker Pace to Business move:

T H E N O T

At least if Busines can agree with Love.

**A**

THE NOT

A Familiar EPISLE, to a Friend.

I Send this Verse your Health to greet,
Since in plain Prose we cannot meet.
I that am happy here at Home,
As e'er a Prince in Christendom :
Nay live, and laugh, and sport, and sing,
As free and friendless as a King ;
I like not your Extremes, not I,
Your Guinea Meal, or Penny Pye ;
But fain a middle Course would steer
'Twixt fine Champaigne, and thin Small-Beer ;
Pleas'd and content to fare so so,
Nor costly nice, nor basely low :
Pomp, Pow'r and Riches I despise,
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise.
If you suspect there scarce can be
So strange a Mortal, come and fee.

So much for Me. Of You I'd know
Some News, as what and how You do ;
Of Plays and Authors your Opinion,
Of BOOTH and OLDFIELD, or JUSTINIAN :

Who near you is confess'd to be
The fairest or the frankest She :
What Youth is for Intrigue renown'd,
And who is sick, and who is found ;
Who is and who almost is undone,
And when you leave this wicked LONDON,
Where heedless Youth may Bitter meet,
In rashly vent'ring after Sweet,
Unless their Eyes they open keep,
And look right well before they leap :
Tho' smooth and pleasing is the Way,
And full of Mirth, and full of Play ;
For, oh, at School from VIRGIL learn I,
Descensus facilis Averni.

Nothing my Laughter more can move,
Than LONDON Beaus' Platonick Love :
Content with Beauty in Idea,
Like QUIXOT with his DULCINEA,
The Puritans can feast their Sight,
Without carniv'rous Appetite :
Tho' oft the Nose, or MARTEN lies,
Is lost by wand'ring of the Eyes.

So have I seen a Beauish Fly,
Enamour'd with a Candle, try
T' approach unhurt the shining Thing,
And sport awhile, and buz and sing ;
'Till, too advent'rous bent on Game,
Touching he dies amidst the Flame ;
Tho' not designing, you may swear,
To lose his Life by playing there :
No matter what the Wretch designs,
He finds it burns as well as shines.

'Tis easier much to shun the Gin,
Than to escape when gotten in ;
For Custom has been justly reckon'd
Strong as first Nature, tho' a second :
When Fuel's gone 'twill puff the Fire,
And rake the Embers of Desire.
To prove this true, a Tale I'll give,
Told by my Aunt of Sev'nty-five.

In Bed there once was laid, d' ye see;
A batter'd Rake, as You may be :
I mean, unless you leave the Town,
Whate'er you are, you may be one :

His

His Health, and Fame, and Fortune spent,
He thought it high time to repent.
Tir'd beyond Suff'rance now and measure,
In Search of Pain, which some call Pleasure,
He felt all Change of Air and Moons,
By Mercury within his Bones ;
With Aches vex'd from Top to Toe,
Which You may — may you never — know.
All sorts of Females he forswore,
The griping and the gratis Whore :
None of Eve's Daughters he'd except,
No more the keeping than the kept.
The Devil, who is always near
To Younkers of that Character,
At first was put in some Confusion,
To hear this virtuous Resolution ;
But taking Heart, he chose t' appear,
And smiling whisper'd in his Ear,
My Lad, I've got a Beauty for ye,
Will make you quickly change your Story ;
A fine-turn'd Shape, a Face that's new,
Known but at most by One or Two.

I care

I care not what she is, quoth He,
I'm sure I'll never make up Three.
So said, He groan'd and turn'd his Back :
Quoth the Old Gentleman in Black,
Like Snow her Skin is to behold,
As white, as soft, but not so cold :
A Breath as fragrant as the Rose,
Come, let me help you to your Clothes :
A Wit that Age itself would whet,
And starry Eyes as Black as Jet.
Black Eyes d'ye say ? then hold your Prating,
And reach my Doublet there, sweet *Satan*.

E P I G R A M.

From the GREEK.

NO Colours laid by Pencil on
Can match her Eye, her Skin, her Hair ;
Who paints the Splendor of the Sun,
May paint the Splendor of the Fair.

To

To a PHYSICIAN, on his Marriage.

I.

DEAR DOCTOR, let me wish you Joy,
If 'tis not past the wishing Season ;
Let me, as Poets use, employ
A little Rhyme, and little Reason.

II.

No Jokes on Human Nature fear,
'Tis fit I to Physicians leave her,
Who from a Ague can set clear,
Or know the Symptoms of a Fever.

III.

Forgive me, if too fond of Rule,
I learn the Habit of advising ;
I shall but briefly play the Fool,
In wishing or in moralizing.

IV.

All Strife for Empire be abhor'd,
Which often Nuptial Quiet vexes ;
Tho' You by Right-Divine are Lord,
Yet Souls no Difference know of Sexes.

V. Your

V.

Your Griefs and Pleasures let Her share,
Deserv'dly your Esteem possessing,
To blunt the Smart of ev'ry Care,
And raise the Sweet of ev'ry Blessing.

VI.

Nor Joy, nor Jar be heard or seen,
Nor Umpire, nor Spectator needing ;
Soon as a Third crept in between,
Remember A D A M lost his E D E N.

VII.

May rolling Years, that Strength impair,
Cement Your Friendship still the stronger ;
O ! may her Mind appear most Fair,
Then, when her Face is fair no longer.

VIII.

Safe may You rest through Life's Decline,
From Pain acute and great Disaster ;
While Children, as they grow, combine
To draw Your True-Love-Knot the faster.

F f IX. 'Till

IX.

'Till He, whose universal Dart
 The Learn'd and Fair must suffer under,
 Your True-Love-Knot alone shall part,
 Who parts the Knot of Life asunder.

An EPITAPH.

I.

HE RE lye I, once a witty Fair,
 Ill loving and ill lov'd ;
 Whose heedless Beauty was my Snare,
 Whose Wit my Folly prov'd.

II.

Reader, should any curious stay,
 To ask my luckless Name,
 Tell them, the Grave that hides my Clay
 Conceals me from my Shame.

III.

Tell them, I mourn'd for Guilt of Sin,
 More than for Pleasure spent :
 Tell them, whate'er my Morn had been,
 My Noon was Penitent.

To

To the MEMORY of
The Reverend Dr. SOUTH.

HAIL, venerable SOUTH! be Honour paid
Tho' late, yet lasting, to thy awful Shade.

Unbrib'd, unask'd, I offer willing Lays,
Careless alike of Censure and of Praise;
Nor, did'st Thou yet on Earth adorn the Gown,
Would court thy Favour, or would fear thy Frown.

Thy Conduct uniform, and Life sincere,
By Hope nor blinded, nor depress'd by Fear,
Before our Eyes divine Religion brought,
Thy Life presenting what thy Doctrine taught;
The wild Perverseness curb'd of Flesh and Blood,
Against the Bent of Temper strongly good.

So SOCRATES, if Pagans rightly say,
Moulded by Culture his reluctant Clay;
Virtue embrac'd, tho' prone to ev'ry Vice,
With all Materials of a Fool was wise.

Vast Stores of Learning deep adorn'd thy Mind,
And bounteous Nature equal Treasures join'd;

Whate'er by Antient GREECE or ROME was known,
The FATHERS, and the SCHOOLMEN, were thy own.
Nor Libertines could Pleasure dearer hold,
Th' Ambitious Greatness, or the Miser Gold.
Nor lett'st Thou unimprov'd thy Riches lye,
Ardent to gain, and studious to apply ;
Whether thy Stile would light us or would warm,
Instruct with Reason, or with Fancy charm ;
Or lash with Scorpions some enormous Crime,
Or reach the utmost Height of true Sublime ;
To state the Right, and to refute the Wrong,
Distinctly clear, indissolubly strong.

Some all their Anger pour on ROME alone,
Plant all their Batteries at the Papal Throne ;
In Sects or Deists they no Harm can see,
All Danger is compris'd in POPERY.
While others freely Schismaticks will blame,
The Zeal of SCOTS, or Sects of AMSTERDAM ;
Forgetting ROME, so plain in Scripture shown,
That BELLARMINE confess'd Her BABYLON.
Not thus, O SOUTH, thy well-weigh'd Censures flew,
Severe as Fate, but as impartial too,

The

The Sentence past where-e'er the Guilt had been,
Certain as Death is the Reward of Sin.
Not only Rebel Saintship felt thy Wit,
The fly precise censorious Hypocrite,
But courtly Revellers, who lost in Sense
Abus'd the kindest Smiles of Providence :
A just Regard thy equal Judgment shou'd
To Heav'n and Earth, to CÆSAR and to GOD.
True to thy Monarch's Crown in blackest Times,
But never flatt'ring to disguise his Crimes :
Nay, careless of the Storm thy Words might move,
Quick to discern, and faithful to reprove.
O might the Kings of each illustrious Line
Enjoy the Counsels of a Soul, like Thine !
Thy rigid Honesty could ne'er descend
SOCINUS and his Followers to commend,
Or yield up Points their Favour to engage,
Transcribing EPISCOPIUS by the Page :
Nor Zeal for Truth in Hereticks could see,
Nor Candour well-beseeming Charity.
Since all their Books with impious Lies are strow'd
With vile Blasphemings of the Christians GOD ;

Taunts

Taunts worse than JULIAN's far, too foul to name,
And only fit for Hell, from whence they came.

A pert, self-taught, self-pleasing Author rose,
Our Faith by weak Defences to expose ;
Condemn'd the Language us'd by Christians all,
From slighted SCHOOLMEN to th' Apostle PAUL ;
Against hard Words would new-coin'd Terms advance,
For GREEK is always hard to Ignorance ;
Of Mysteries the Manner would express,
And Three are One by Mutual-Consciousness :
Thou, SOUTH, stood'st up a learn'd and sound Divine,
Thy Reas'ning nervous, as thy Wit was fine ;
Through his poor Sides a Blow at LOCKE dost deal,
A Wound which all Mankind can never heal.
Essay your Strength, ye Sophists, and object,
“ No Cause arises from its own Effect.”
This single Stroke for ever sets us free,
Both from Self-conscious and Identity.
But does not Spleen, on Sport untimely bent,
To vent its Jest neglect its Argument ?
No ! solid Strength first meets the Reader's Eye ;
Deep's the Foundation, as the Building's high.

Thy

Thy Reasons stand unshook, and still prevail,
They ne'er have fail'd us, and can never fail.
Whence wisely some thy Arguments repeat,
Thy Sense remember, tho' thy Name forget.
Sharp was the Sting ; But oft was cast at Thee
The basest Dirt, the worst Scurrility :
Foes on thy Fame their utmost Malice shed,
Full Venom of the Heart, tho' not the Head.
Whence comes it thy Reproofs as yet survive ?
Still live thy Satyrs and will ever live ;
While Their's to dark Oblivion soon were thrown :
Thy Raileries had Wit, but Their's had none.
Nor shall my honest Pen attempt to draw
“ A faultless Monster that the World ne'er saw.”
Great as Thou wert, this Error I must own,
The more conspicuous since 'twas Thine alone :
Thy greatest Fault from too much Wit arose,
Not SATAN's self could charge it on thy Foes.
Sometimes too bright the flashing Lustre flies,
For Light is always Pain to Owlish Eyes.
Thrice happy for BRITANNIA's Church 'twould be,
If half her Champions could offend like Thee.

Yet

Yet not in Life was equal Rigour seen,
Thy Heart was tender, tho' thy Words were keen.
Whene'er the Poor beneath Affliction bent,
Thou gav'st them, not a Stone or Compliment ;
Preventing modest Worth's half-spoke Desire,
Wise to dispense, unwearied to enquire.
While the smooth Courtier lets his Censure fall
On Want of Charity, and Height of Gall,
Thy Bounty unexhausted flow'd around,
And for his Six-Pence durst bestow a Pound.
Each fond of Good, but in a diff'rent Way ;
Thy Fashion was to *do*, and His to *say*.

O had'st Thou liv'd their Insolence t' oppose,
When late our modish modern ARIANS rose ;
Who Infinite as GOD make Space and Time,
And idly feign a Prior to the Prime :
Foes to the SCHOOLMEN's Cobwebs in pretence,
Without their Learning, and without their Sense.
Yet from that Fount their boasted Nostrums came,
They weed the very Authors which they blame ;
Or dip at random, and the Errors glean,
Or scorn unopen'd, and reject unseen.

Hence

Hence ev'ry callow Fopling joins the Cry,
And rallies at Scholastick Nicety.
Can that unmeaning Creature find a Blot
In TOM of AQUIN, or in subtle SCOT?
All LATIN barbarous He alike must see,
He knows no more of *Quid* than *Quiddity*.
Grave Anti-Sages send their lengthen'd Sight,
To view the Starry Orbs, those Worlds of Light;
Then cast on Earth their Philosophick Eye,
“ Should GOD for such a Speck descend to die ? ”
O wondrous Proof of Mathematick Sense,
By Size and Bulk to measure Excellence !
Is each minutest Atom nobler far
Than Worlds of unextended Spirit are ?
The Hill more pretious than th' included Veins ?
And Space more worth than all that it contains ?
To see in Silence drop'd thy glorious Name,
Or slightly mention'd with diminish'd Fame,
Provokes, O SOUTH, this Indignation shown,
Tho' not so great, as honest as thy own.
Well-shown, if One, but One, with greater Heed
Thy Steps should follow, and thy Works should read.

G g

Long

Long may thy Mother-Church enjoy thy Pains,
Long as the ATHANASIAN Mound remains ;
Thy Sermons Light to wond'ring BRITAIN give,
While Gospel Faith and Human Reason live ;
Thy Name, 'till Time expires, be pretious known
To all th' Adorers of the Great Three-One.

E P I G R A M.

WHEN nought diverts a Peeref from her Aim
To brand a Forger with his destin'd Shame,
The Wretch complains no Favour he could find,
Pursued by unrelenting Womankind :
His Arts with Men had more successful prov'd,
His Pray'rs, his Int'rest, or his Gold had mov'd.
Undue Regards perhaps might warp a Male,
But when a Lady holds the equal Scale,
Then JUSTICE is Herself, and cannot fail.

A PINDARICK ODE
TO THE
Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.

WRITTEN

*Soon after the Lady Margaret Harley was
Recovered from a FEVER.*

I.

WHEN Cowley to his native Isle
Imported the DIRCÆAN Song,
And high as PINDAR rais'd his Stile,
As bold and spirited and strong,
The Judging Few the Strain admire
Unheard before in modern Lands,
And Ignorance condemns the Lyre
Which only Learning understands.

II.

Not quite compleat the Poet rose,
Inferior in his Numbers still ;
Rugged the rapid Torrent flows,
By nothing limited but Will.

Th' audacious Verse no Fetters bind,
But wild as Air and unconfin'd,
He leaves the THEBAN Swan behind.

III.

Sacred to Devil-Gods the Sports

That claim'd the Grecian Lays ;
The BRITON truer Virtue courts,
Yet, ah ! his Lyrick Praise
We find unworthy Objects share,
We meet Assassin BRUTUS there.

I.

No smiling Murderer be here,
By whom the better Tyrant dies,
But Faith and Constancy appear,
And HARLEY's envied Virtue rise.
What Time ungrateful Party strove
T' insult the Dust of ANNA dead ;
And Thunder of an earthly Jove
Was pointed at his fearless Head :

II.

His Country's Love no Foes repress,
No CÆSAR threatening from afar,

More

More nobly valiant in his Peace,
 Than bravest Veterans in their War.
 Steady he steers the Commonweal,
 Tho' S——n's Rage ordain'd to feel,
 And Fury of a GUISCARD's Steel.

III.

Imperial Wrath intensely burn,
 And angry Senates low'r ;
 And mean-soul'd Faction Merit spurn
 With Insolence of Pow'r.
 So Providence with gracious Care
 Rewards an OXFORD by his Heir.

I.

Hail, heav'n-born Piety ! unknown
 Where mad Ambition taints the Mind :
 The Son usurps his Father's Throne ;
 The Father, by Resentment blind,
 To Death or Bonds his Son consigns ;
 Both loudly pleading Publick Good :
 And oft th' unbaptiz'd Sultan shines
 In Purple of his Kindred Blood.

II. Not

II.

Not Kingdoms, from a Sire obtain'd,
 Can filial Jealousy remove ;
 See SAVOY by his Son enchain'd,
 Depos'd from Liberty and Love.
 Nor need we roam so far to see
 Gay guilty glitt'ring Great Ones free
 From Nature and from Piety.

III.

Where Love the Balm of Life we mis,
 What Station can be blest ?
 Nor highest Pomp affords us Bliss,
 Nor softest Pillows Rest.
 If Love Domestick smiles not there,
 How poor the Garter and the Star !

I.

Unmingled Pleasure, whence there springs
 No Evil, Fate forbids below ;
 Diseases fruitful Autumn brings,
 Fevers in fairest Sunshine glow :
 The

The darling Offspring sinks beneath
A Fire wide-wasting through the Veins :
And Terrors of a Daughter's Death
Make happiest Parents suffer Pains.

II.

Its Anguish either Breast conceal'd,
Proportion'd as the Fever grows,
Throbb'd as the vital Current swell'd,
And panted as the Pulses rose.
Untended silent-wounding Smart,
MEAD, who from Death can wrench the Dart,
Could ne'er yet reach it by his Art.

III.

May each, the dreaded Danger past,
Grateful their Hours employ,
To welcome coming Good, and taste
Vicissitude of Joy.
Joy, that may long as Life remain,
And great as their forgotten Pain.

An

An Hymn on EASTER-DAY.

I.

TH E Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more !

Adore the Healer of Your Fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

II.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;
He breaks again the Bonds of Death,
Again the Dead arise.

III.

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-press trod,
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a GOD.

IV.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise,
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

An

An Hymn for SUNDAY.

I.

THE L O R D of Sabbath let us praise,
In Confort with the Blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious Lays,
Employ an endless Rest.

II.

Thus, L O R D, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By Hymns of Praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was display'd,
By GOD th' Eternal Word, than when
This Universe was made.

IV.

He rises, who Mankind has bought
With Grief and Pains extream ;
'Twas great to speak the World from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

*Upon altering the PSALMS, to apply them to a
CHRISTIAN STATE.*

I.

HAS David CHRIST to come foreshow'd?
Can Christians then aspire,
To mend the Harmony that flow'd
From his prophetick Lyre?

II.

How curious are their Wits and vain,
Their erring Zeal how bold,
Who durst with meaner Dross prophan
His Purity of Gold!

III.

His PSALMS unchang'd the Saints employ,
Unchang'd our God applies;
They suit th' Apostles in their Joy,
The Saviour when he dies.

IV.

Let DAVID's pure unalter'd Lays
Transmit through Ages down,
To Thee, O DAVID's Lord, our Praise,
To Thee, O DAVID's Son!

III. 'Till

V.

'Till Judgment calls the Seraph Throng
To join the Human Choir,
And God, who gave the Antient Song,
The New one shall inspire.

*To a YOUNG LADY, on her BIRTH-DAY,
being the first of April*

I.

LE T Others write for By-Designs,
LI seek some Moral in my Lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or Great, or Learn'd, or Young, or Fair.
Permit me then, with friendly Lay,
To moralize Your APRIL Day.

II.

Chequer'd Your native Month appears,
With sunny Gleams and cloudy Tears ;
'Tis thus the World our Trust beguiles,
Its Frowns as transient as its Smiles ;
Nor Pain nor Pleasure long will stay,
For Life is but an APRIL Day.

III.

Health will not always last in Bloom,
 But Age or Sickness surely come ;
 Are Friends belov'd ? why Fate must seize
 Or These from You, or You from These :
 Forget not Earnest in your Play,
 For Youth is but an APRIL Day.

IV.

When Piety and Fortune move
 Your Heart to try the Bands of Love,
 As far as Duty gives you pow'r,
 Guiltless enjoy the present Hour ;
 " Gather your Rose-buds while you may,"
 For Love is but an APRIL Day.

V.

What Clouds soe'er without are seen,
 Oh, may they never reach within !
 But Virtue's stronger Fetters bind
 The strongest Tempest of the Mind :
 Calm may you shoot your setting Ray,
 And Sunshine end your APRIL Day.

The

The BONDS-MEN: A Satyr.

Occasioned by a Report, that some Persons had enter'd into Bonds not to subscribe for Books.

PORTIA. 'Twere good you do so much for Charity.

SHYLOCK. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the Bond.

JEW OF VENICE.

I Sing the Men, who with SUBSCRIPTION fight,
And Mercy in one Instance banish quite ;
Who legal Bonds, as Fame reports, have sign'd,
For fear to Wit in Want they should be kind :
Those who with conscious Prudence Writing hate,
The Coxcomb rattling with unmeaning Prate,
The modish Ignorant, to Learning Foe,
The odious Miser, and the whiffling Beau.
Oh that my Verse so nobly might succeed,
At least with those Engagers who can read,
To make them cancel their inglorious Deed.

O OXFORD ! human, gen'rous, and sincere,
Humble, not base, and stedfast, not severe ;
A while with no unwilling Ear attend,
Thou poor Man's Patron, and Thou good Man's Friend ;

Hall

In

In Love of Letters truly OXFORD's Heir,
Whose Fame to future Times shall flourish fair,
While PRIOR's Wit in Poetry shall shine,
And GRABE shall be remember'd a Divine.

The brightest Good still brighter meets our Eyes,
When heighten'd by the Shade of Contraries.

So CAVENDISH, RALEGH, DRAKE, *Iberia's* Dread,
Seem yet more glorious when we view S---H--D.
So when we Non-subscribing BONDS-MEN blame,
E'en HARLEY rises into greater Fame.

First let his Face the paltry Miser show,
Most to himself, tho' much to all a Foe,
Harden'd as Goalers, scorning to relent ;
Almost as lying Statesmen impudent.
How truly Wretches they ! whom none can move
To follow Duty, Dignity, and Love.
Must they receive ? then Precedent is right,
Then nothing juster seems than Perquisite :
Must they disburse ? they then desire to stay,
And want an Act of Parliament — to pay :
All Learning and all Reading they abhor,
Save Debtor and *per contra* Creditor.

Shall

Shall Wights like these, forsooth, in Bonds engage,
To cure the vast Profusion of the Age ?
No need of Bonds ; in what unguarded Mood
Did ever Griper deviate into Good ?
If such turn bounteous, as the Vulgar say,
The King shall know it, nay the King shall pay :
I'll stand engag'd the Sum shall ne'er be mist,
Shall prove no Burthen to the Civil-List.
These thwart each great, each chargeable Design :
Hear them thus pleading for their Idol Coin ;
I think a free-born BRITON should prevent
This Tax, without an Act of Parliament ;
Besides, 'tis squand'ring upon Fools our Store,
For Men of real Wit are never poor ;
Not that a Guinea I should grudge or two,
But I must forfeit Hundreds, if I do." A
Denial flat might inward Thrift disclose,
But Writings who can blame, or can oppose ?
So SHYLOCK old, by Love of Lucre steel'd,
Pleaded the Bond by rash ANTONIO seal'd ;
Nor Pray'r nor Tears his fix'd Resolve could move,
He had an Oath, a sacred Oath above :

All

All by-regards he to his Vow postpon'd,
 He saw no Dram of Mercy in his Bond.
 If once the World a Counter-Bond had sign'd
 To treat these cautious Niggards in their Kind,
 No Breath 'till Verdict past, they then could draw,
 Nor taste one Morsel, 'till 'twas judg'd by Law.
 Such like for like might teach them to recant
 To pity, rather than to fall by Want.
 Like SHYLOCK trapp'd, and more of Writings fond,
 When doom'd to meerly Justice and a Bond.

But now my Song descend a little lower,
 From the poor Hoarder to the Spender poor;
 Who ne'er is full, but often overflows,
 Who scarce his Rent-Roll or his Income knows,
 And minds not how it comes, and marks not when it goes;
 A Spirit free, by Rank superior taught
 To scorn mechanick Drudgery of Thought;
 Subscribing Sums his Silken Purse would drain,
 Which scarce his own Expences can maintain.
 Perhaps a Debt of Honour must be paid,
 Perhaps a fresh Demand was lately made,
 For four-legg'd Racer, or for two-legg'd Jade.

For Pleasure freely Charges he allows,
But 'tis no pleasure Learning to espouse ;
To call forth Worth which else had never shone,
Unseen and useles as the Mine unknown :
Howe'er his Soul to squander may incline,
Subscription still he waves for want of Coin :
Authors, believe him, tho' he swears 'tis so ;
If Gold you look for, to the Steward go.
So when a Peace exhausts the Publick Store,
And our Imperial Diadem is poor,
When needy Swarms for Alms or Pensions call,
'Tis vain, 'tis endless to regard them all :
Odds-fish, quoth merry CHARLES, no Gold have I !
With more Success, my Friends, if You'd apply,
Neglect the King, and court the Ministry.

But why must Bonds be sign'd, to let us know
That Men whose Rents are high, have Pockets low ?
Methinks such Obligations they might spare,
But Beggars building Churches will forswear ;
Tho' still some Reputation it may bring,
T' appear for once to do a thrifty Thing,
One Instance of their Prudence plain we view,
Witness'd and stamp'd, it therefore must be true.

I i

Since

Since ne'er before they aim'd at seeming Wise,
I'll here dismiss them 'till they seem so twice,

The conscious Guilty next Discretion show,

As Foes to Printing, Printing is their Foe ;

Who gladly would restrain the wicked Pres,

But whom can Caution trust with Licences ?

Not that they any mighty Harm can see,

Provided private Characters were free,

In Heresy barefac'd, or shocking Blasphemy.

If saucy Pens the mortal Gods would spare,

Of Heav'n above let Heav'n above take care :

These Dread each flight Remark, each distant Hint,

It looks so like a Truth when 'tis in Print :

Besides, a Secret told to Friends alone,

Thus in an Instant through the World is blown :

For tell-tale Books maliciously display

The Deeds of Darkness in the Noon of Day ;

To future Times make Infamy descend,

The base betraying of the trusting Friend ;

The black Designs in various Forms pursu'd,

The Whisper treacherous and the Whisper lewd ;

The Spite that tries to blast the fairest Bays,

The Envy pois'ning with malignant Praife.

But

But hold ; what Length of Time, or Length of Verse,
The Reasons of their Hatred can rehearse ?
Their num'rous Crimes I might recount as well,
Or Tricks of Courts, or Bribes of Villains tell,
Or Thousands starving when the SOUTH-SEA fell.

Whate'er the open, the avow'd Pretence,
These hate all Authors out of Self-defence.
The Case in spite of their Reserve is plain,
For who delights in Works that give him Pain ?
As easy might the modish Debauchee
Rejoice in Pills, and doat on Mercury :
But Dogs, the Proverb says, by cruel Fate
Hang'd on a Crab-tree, will the Verjuice hate.
So when a busy Wretch avoids Resort,
And changes City Noise for Country Sport ;
Whose Honour cannot 'scape Satyrick Lays,
Nor whole Revenue buy a Page of Praise,
Each still-born Pamphlet he desires to see,
But always adds, Excepting P O E T R Y .

But Authors Their Subscriptions may ensure,
Who buy up Books by way of Furniture.
No ! these impatient of foreseen Delays,
Their instantaneous Libraries must raise :

These heed not Learning, and desire not Wit,
Be the Walls measur'd, and the Pannels fit :
What Clas's may best the curious Eye amuse,
They leave the wiser Bookseller to chuse :
Secure in him they value not the Charge,
How wide the Margin, and the Print how large.
Their Bulk aloft Gigantick TATLERS show,
SPECTATORS into sixteen Volumes grow.
Tome after Tome, the Titles gilded, stare,
And wire-drawn CONGREVE's three Octavo's glare :
Ev'n puny Twelves swell to enormous Height,
And SHAKESPEAR's monstrous Quarto's glut the Sight.
Like fabled TITYUS stretch'd the POET lies,
Enough to cover Acres with his Size.
But thus no Patronage of Sense is shew'd,
They run no smallest Risque of doing Good :
Well pleas'd a TONSON should their Bounty feel,
Who not a Groat to needy Wit would deal,
Would slight an ADDISON, and starve a STEELE.

The courtly Pratler must not want a Place,
Or the Pedantick Foe to Pedants pass,
Who hold that Scholars must of course be Fools,
And hate all Universities and Schools ;

For

For wise without it, they Instruction slight,
And curse the Vulgar, if they read and write.
Since Writing therefore is so like a Clerk,
They should not sign their Name, but set their Mark.
To Fame by Not Subscribing they aspire :
What Breast so mean that Glory cannot fire !
And if by this Renown they can obtain,
What Path so mean that will not Glory gain ?
Let Others turn their useleſs Volumes o'er,
With idle Pains and Midnight Study pore ;
Let Others tempt their Fate, and rashly dare
The Watches, Marches, Wants, and Wounds of War :
Let others wand'ring traverse Nature round,
These by meer signing are at once renown'd :
'Tis glorious to prevent from seeing Light,
The Books which they might spell, but never write :
To pour on witty Want perpetual Scorn,
And murder Authors, who are yet unborn.
So, when a Wretch desires a laſting Name,
Inverted Glory and disgraceful Fame,
He bids th' EPHESIAN Virgin's Temple blaze ;
'Tis eaſy to destroy, but hard to raiſe ;

Down

Down sinks the Wealth of Kings, all ASIA's Boast,
The Work of Ages in a Night is lost.

The gentle Beau of Spite I must acquit,
His Heart of Malice void, as Head of Wit.
But one or two of real Worth have Sign'd,
And Precedent quite sways his little Mind.
Perhaps he joins the Bond, from Meaning free,
Meerly because he likes the Company ;
To show his Ring so fine, or Hand so white,
Or prove how like a Scholar he can write ;
Or for a Jest sets down his Name beneath,
And laughs to show his Humour and his Teeth :
But thinks not friendless Worth for this may sigh,
And that 'tis hard to laugh, while others cry.
So Boys unlucky near a River's Side,
Throw Stones at Frogs that o'er the Surface glide,
'Till thus a moral Frog is heard to say,
And gravely reprimand their cruel Play ;
Children forbear, nor hurt the Guiltless thus ;
To You 'tis Pastime, but 'tis Death to Us.
If gen'ral Ground these paltry Bonds had gain'd,
What Loss the World of Learning had sustain'd !

What

What Studies then had funk in endless Night !
MATT AIRE's long Labours ne'er had rose to Sight :
Oblivion's Veil might CHISHULL's Travels hide,
And even ASIA's Ruins might have dy'd.
Had thus our Fathers thought, Mankind had lost
A Work as noble as the Realm can boast ;
When Loyalists by CROMWELL's bloody Hand
Proscrib'd, sequester'd, decimated stand ;
Th' Heroick Suff'ers dauntless Courage shew'd,
Printed the Sacred Oracles of GOD ;
Preserv'd the Streams which from that Fountain run,
Pure from the rising to the setting Sun :
A Labour EUROPE emulates in vain,
Which LEWIS saw not in his pompous Reign,
Nor XIMENES with all the Wealth of SPAIN.
By kind SUBSCRIPTION help'd, it rose secure,
Long, as the World 'twas made for, to endure.

But left like that mad Judge we should decide,
Who hang'd the Culprit first, and after try'd,
In even Balance be their Reasons weigh'd ;
“ SUBSCRIPTIONS are of late become a Trade.”
Must we for this our Bounty disavow ?
And must all Trading be discourag'd now ?

“ The

“ The best are oft attended with Delay,”
Sometimes the Work the Waiting will repay ;
Sometimes 'tis caus'd by want of Friends alone,
A Fault indeed there is, but is your own.
Some promise what ne'er was, and ne'er will be,
Without the Tongues all Sciences they see,
And read Sir ISAAC without Geometry. }
But if you credit broad apparent Lies,
Blame not the Object, but condemn your Eyes.
“ You fear lest Catalogues in proud Array
“ Your Rank should blazon, and Your Wealth display.”
None worth Regard will print without Consent ;
Yet this no mortal Prudence can prevent,
If scrubby penceless Rascals, dull and stout,
With Heads of Lead within, and Brafs without,
Can fill a List, to serve their shameless Ends,
With Men ne'er spoke to by themselves or Friends,
Then Second Payments ask ; in vain you stare,
Since tho' You pay not, still your Name is there.
“ Some gravely promise what they ne'er intend,
“ While others Party-Rage and Vice defend :
“ Shall Madmen's Blasphemies my Gold command,
“ Or HURLOTHRUMBO wrest it from my Hand ?

“ Or

" Or Slander false, or Treason mean and base ?

" Or Reams of Chit-Chat 'gainst the STUART's Race ? "

No ! let such Wretches meet your Scorn or Hate ;

Let NEWGATE or let BEDLAM be their Fate.

But sure an equal Medium may be shwon,

Nor need we give to all, or giye to none.

Tho' righteous BONDS-MEN no Distinction make,

But strike the Guiltless for the Guilty's sake ;

Justice not Mercy is their Burden still,

Justice, that starves the Good to mend the Ill.

For fear of Folly they from Kindness run,

A Crime far greater than the Fault they shun.

So a consummate Knave in Others' Eyes,

In Self-Opinion politick and Wife,

On his whole Species lets his Censure fall,

And all are false alike and Villains all.

Through Fear of Trusting, by Distrust deceiv'd,

As none believing, so of none believ'd.

But grant their light Excuses heavy weigh,

Grant more than they have Front or Wit to say ;

Alike in all things is their Conduct shown ?

Or is their Thrift confin'd to this alone ?

Have they e'er squander'd Heaps of precious Ore
To tempt ITALIAN Sing-Song to our Shore ?
While tuneful Tofts to ROME from BRITAIN flies,
And CROFT there honour'd, here neglected dies ?
Have they e'er wasted idle Sums of Gold,
The Craft of sage FREE-MASONS to uphold ?
No matter whether Arts and Letters live,
If Gloves they buy and Aprons they can give :
No printed Volume they desire to see,
But *the Grand History of Masonry*.
Why must SUBSCRIPTION all their Fury bear ?
Should nothing else their strong Abhorrence share ?
Is this the One thing needful to their Care ? }
Let them a little cast their Eyes around ; }
Is nothing else within GREAT-BRITAIN found,
That loudly calls for and demands a BOND ? }
Have they engag'd bright Honour to pursue ?
Bravely to speak, and gallantly to do ?
To make their Grandeur to their Conscience bend,
To fear no Threatning, and to slight no Friend ?
To let no Dunghill Filth their Bosom share,
The Scoundrel Sharper, or the Strumpet Play'r ?

Firmly

Firmly their Country's Int'rest to promote ?
 To buy no Suffrage, and to sell no Vote ?
 To bid in Judgment naked Right prevail,
 Nor Grudge nor Favour sink the mounting Scale ?
 Have they engag'd to throw a Die no more ? }
 To send no Tradesman weeping from their Door ? }
 Or enter'd into Bonds against a Whore ? }
 Have they, with gen'rous Indignation fir'd,
 For Truth, for Justice, and for Faith conspir'd ?
 When once all Vice all Baseness is forsworn, indT
 Why then let poor SUBSCRIPTION take its Turn.

On PHILIP, the Father of Alexander.

From the GREEK.

HE RE rest I PHILIP on th' ÆGEAN Shore,
 Who first to Battle led ÆMATHIA's Pow'r, }
 And dar'd what never Monarch dar'd before. }
 If there be Man, who boasts he more has done,
 To Me he owes it, for He was my Son.

ADVICE to One who was about to Write,

To avoid the
Immoralities of the Antient and Modern Poets.

I.

IF e'er to Writing You pretend,
Your utmost Aim and Study bend,
The Paths of Virtue to befriend,
However mean your Ditty ;
That while your Verse the Reader draws
To Reason's and Religion's Laws,
None e'er hereafter may have Cause
To curse your being witty.

No Gods or weak or wicked feign,
Where foolish Blasphemy is plain ;
But Good to wire-draw from the Strain,
The Critick's Art perplexes :
Make not a pious Chief forego
A Princefs he betray'd to Woe,
Nor Shepherd, unplatonick, show
His Fondness for ALEXIS.

III. With

III.

With partial Blindness to a Side,
Extol not surly Stoick Pride,
When wild Ambition's rapid Tide
 Bursts Nature's Bonds asunder :
Nor let a Hero loud blaspheme,
Rave like a Madman in a Dream,
'Till Jove himself affrighted seem,
 Not trusting to his Thunder.

IV.

Nor chuse the wanton Ode, to praise
Unbridled Loves, or thoughtless Days,
In soft Epicurean Lays ;
 A num'rous melting Lyrick :
Nor Satyr, that would Lust chastise
With angry Warmth and Maxim wife,
Yet, loosely painting naked Vice,
 Becomes its Panegyrick.

V.

Nor jumbled Atoms entertain
In the void Spaces of your Brain ;
Deny all GODS, while VENUS vain
 Stands without Vesture painted :

Nor

Nor show the foul Nocturnal Scene
 Of Courts and Revellings unclean,
 Where never Libertine had been
 Worse than the Poet tainted.

VI.

Nor let luxuriant Fancy rove
 Through Nature and through Art of Love,
 Skill'd in smooth Elegy to move,
 Youth unexperienc'd firing :
 Nor Gods as Brutes expose to view,
 Nor monstrous Crimes ; nor lend a Clew
 To guide the guilty Lover through
 The Mazes of Desiring.

VII.

Nor Sparrow mourn, nor sue to kis,
 Nor draw your fine-spun Wit so nice,
 That thin-spread Sense like nothing is,
 Or worse than nothing showing :
 Nor Spight in Epigram declare,
 Pleasing the Mob with Lewdness bare,
 Or Flattery's pestilential Air
 In Ears of Princes blowing.

VIII. Thro'

VIII.

Through modern ITALY pafs down,
In Crimes inferior She to none !
Through FRANCE, her Thoughts in Lust alone

Without Reserve proclaiming :
Stay there, who count it worth the while,
Let us deduce our useful Stile
To note the Poets of our Isle,
And only spare the Naming.

IX.

Sing not loose Stories for the Nonce,
Where Mirth for Bawdry ill atones,
Nor long-tongu'd Wife of BATH, at once

On Earth and Heaven jesting :
Nor, while the main at Virtue aims,
Infert, to foorth forbidden Flames,
In a chaste Work, a Squire of Dames,

Or PARIDELL a feasting.

X.

Nor Comick Licence let us see,
Where all things sacred outrag'd be,
Where Plots of mere Adultery
Fill the lascivious Pages :

One

One only Step can yet remain,
 More frankly, shamelessly unclean,
 To bring it from behind the Scene,
 And act it on the Stages.

XI.

Nor make your tragick Heroe bold
 Out-bully CAPANEUS of old,
 While justling Gods his Rage behold,
 And tremble at his Frowning :
 Nor need'st Thou vulgar Wit display,
 Acknowledg'd in Dramatick Way
 Greatest and best ; O spare the Lay
 Of poor OPHELIA drowning.

XII.

Nor dress your Shame in courtly Phrase,
 Where artful Breaks the Fancy raise,
 And Ribaldry unnam'd the Lays
 Transparently is seen in :
 Nor make it your peculiar Pride
 To strive to show what others hide,
 To throw the Fig-leaf quite aside,
 And scorn a double Meaning.

XIII. For

XIII.

Nor ever prostitute the Muse,
Malicious, mercenary, loose,
All Faith, all Parties to abuse ;
Still changing, still to Evil :

Make MAXIMIN with Heav'n engage,

Blaspheming SIGISMONDA rage,
Draw Scenes of Lust in latent Age,

Apostle of the Devil.

XIV.

Detest prophaning Holy Writ,
A Rock where Heathens could not split :
Old Jove more harmless charm'd the Pit
Of PLAUTUS's Creation ;

Than when th' Adulterer was show'd

With Attributes of real God :

But Fools, the Means of Grace allow'd,

Pervert to their Damnation.

XV.

Mingle not Wit with Treason rude,
To please the Rebel Multitude :
From Poison intermix'd with Food
What Caution e'er can screen us ?

Ne'er stoop to court a wanton Smile ;
 Thy pious Strains and lofty Stile,
 Too light, let nor an ALMA soil,
 Nor paltry Dove of VENUS.

XVI.

Such Blots deform the tuneful Train,
 Whilst they false Glory would attain,
 Or present Mirth, or present Gain,
 Unmindful of Hereafter.

Do You mistaken Ends despise,
 Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise,
 Nor taint the Good, nor grieve the Wise,
 To tickle Fools with Laughter.

XVII.

What tho' with Ease you could aspire
 To VIRGIL's Art or HOMER's Fire ;
 If Vice and Lewdness breathes the Lire,
 If Virtue it asperges ;

Better with honest QUARLES compose
 Emblem, that good Intention shows,
 Better be BUNYAN in his Prose,
 Or STERNHOLD in his Verses.

On

On the DEATH of

Mrs. MORICE,

Wife to *William Morice, Esq.* and Daughter
of the Right Reverend *Francis late Lord*
Bishop of Rochester.

— *Heu ! nunc misero mibi demum
Exilium infelix ! nunc alte vulnus adactum.*

NO Fabling Song, my mournful Heart, assay ;
But genuine Grief adorn the flowing Lay :
In Numbers such as Friendship can inspire,
Wail the lost DAUGHTER, and the living SIRE :
'Till flinty Breasts restless Sorrow know,
And melt reluctant at another's Woe ;
'Till Party Zeal the Father shall deplore,
And those who hate him most shall pity more.

What Time the STATE its Indignation shed,
And lanc'd its second Thunder on his Head :
When Nobles judg'd the well-defended Cause,
And Commons' Care supply'd defective Laws ;

Then first the Wound relentless Fortune made,
Which, fest'ring, secret on her Vitals prey'd.
Guiltless she pin'd, or wholly guiltless She,
Or only stain'd with Filial Piety.

In vain might Friends to sooth her Anguish try,
No Friend a Father's Absence could supply ;
No darling Children could afford Relief,
Nor Parent's Fondness heal the Daughter's Grief :

So imperceptibly the Work is done,
That Nature half mistakes it for her own.

When inward fretting Grief had almost drain'd.

Her ebbing Veins, nor much of life remain'd,
Each Hour her pious Pray'r more ardent grow
To meet her Exil'd Father once below.

Who e'er the Hazards of her Health display,
Against their Purpose urge her speedy Way,
Left Death prevent her reaching GALLIA's Shore ;
That only Sting the King of Terrors bore.

Still pleasing Hope her sickly Limbs upheld,
Weakness itself, by true Affection steel'd,
Distance, and Toils, and Dangers could disdain,
And Seas and Mountains were oppos'd in vain.
Rise to her Wishes, rise, propitious Gales,
And with new Swiftness wing the flagging Sails.

What Sails can equal to her Wishes go?
The Tide rolls tedious, and the Wind flies slow ;
The penive Days in heavy March proceed,
Time, ever-hasting, seems to slack his Speed :
For Love too flow, for Life he flies too fast,
And ev'ry painful Hour forebodes the last.

Long-

Long-swooning Faintness wakes her Confort's Fear,
And waneing Strength shews Dissolution near.

Her Soul unconquer'd yet, disdains to part,
And holds the Citadel of Love, the Heart ;
Determin'd stedfast not to seek the Skies,
'Till the dear Father bless her longing Eyes.

In vain did Nature, spent, forbid her Stay,
And Guardian Angels beckon her away :

With frailer Flesh th' immortal Spirit strove,
Strong to delay the Stroke, tho' not remove,
And Death all conqu'ring yields a while to Love.

So the brave THEBAN CHIEF, transfix'd by Foes,
(With whom BOETIA's Empire fell and rose)

To Death, tho' deeply wounded, scorns to yield,
'Till his lov'd Soldiers gain the well-fought Field ;
Then bids his willing Soul triumphant fly,
And when his Vows are heard, consents to dye.

Behold They meet ! so Providence decrees,
All she desires on Earth, on Earth she sees :

Her Terrors now are ceas'd ; when He is near,
Her Father's Daughter knows not how to fear.

The long-fought Strife her Spirit now gave o'er,
And sought the Quiet that it shun'd before.

The

The Father bless'd her e'er to Heav'n she went,
The Priest absolv'd the dying Penitent.
But left She grieve for Sorrows not her own,
And Nature's Yearning cause a single Groan,
He, self-collected, check'd th' ascending Sigh,
And springing Tears commanded from his Eye.
Mean while his aking Heart tumultuous strove,
With Grief despairing and paternal Love,
Love in'ly wounds him with distracting Woe,
Compels to feel it, but forbids to show.
His Voice unfault'ring, and his Looks serene,
An outward Calmness veils the Storm within.
So when in Subterranean Caverns pent,
The Winds hard-struggling labour for a Vent,
Direful, but secret, works the Mine below,
Strong and more strong th' imprison'd Tempests grow:
The Surface smiles, and verdant Fields appear
Secure, and far from Danger as from Fear :
Not long ; for instant springs the breaking Ground,
And scatters Waste avoidless all around.

When Death had seal'd her Eyes in lasting Sleep,
And gave th' afflicted Father leave to weep,

In Words like these bursts his long-stifled Moan,
(If any may be liken'd to his own).

“ Is this the Healing of my former Care ?

“ This the sad Answer of continued Pray'r ?

“ No longer Space could angry Heav'n bestow ?

“ And thus ! thus only ! must we meet below ?

“ Me to remotest Realms my Fortune sends,

“ Depriv'd of present, nay, of absent Friends :

“ 'Tis fatal with my Woes to sympathize !

“ He dies who writes, as He who sees me dies !

“ Nor e'en This Exile seem'd enough severe,

“ To my lost Country BRUSSELS rose too near ;

“ Nor PARIS Walls these hoary Hairs can screen,

“ My Fate pursues me to the Bank of SEIN !

“ Let it pursue ! still, still could I withstand

“ The utmost Fury of a mortal Hand.

“ But with resistless Force the Vengeance flies,

“ When GOD inflicts the *Pains and Penalties*.

“ Yet, oh ! had Judgment fall'n on Me alone,

“ Nor broke a Heart far dearer than mine own !

“ The Arrow glancing pierc'd Her faithful Side,

“ For Me she languish'd, and for Me she dy'd !

“ My late sole Stay ! —————

But

But hold --- if Speech the Anguish may reveal,
He only can describe it, who could feel.

Then cease, my Soul, oh ! cease the plaintive Tale,
And where the Pencil fails Thee, draw the Veil.

Yet, still Himself let the Great Prelate know,
Still rais'd superior to his Weight of Woe ;
Instruct Mankind their Load of Life to bear,
And shame the Murm'rer, and the Wretched cheer :
Try'd, not forsook ; one Refuge yet remains,
So Nature's everlasting Law ordains ;
Which Statesmen's Art and Soldiers Force defies,
And mocks the Rage of keenest Enemies ;
Which kindly softens the severest Doom,
The Loser's Conquest, and the Exile's Home :
To that sure Refuge let him calmly fly,
And bless the glorious Privilege -- To Die.
Late may he land on that safe happy Shore,
Where Loss afflicts, and Pain torments no more :
There sleep, from Grief and Banishment releas'd,
And there the wearied Father lie at rest ;
His Course well ended, Heav'nly Glory share,
And rise triumphant to the last Great Bar.

ANACREON TICK,

From HERBERT.

NEver tempt me to careſ
 Grief, diſguis'd like Happineſſ :
 Earth to bleſs me wants the Pow'r,
 Take my Reasons in a Flow'r :
 Let the Roſe its Beautey show,
 Emblem of the Blis below ;
 Fair and sweet, it yields Delight,
 To the Smell, and to the Sight ;
 Yet the Bloom is quickly paſt,
 Yet 'tis bitter to the Taſte.
 If then all that Worldlings prize,
 Bitting ends, and ſudden flies,
 Bear me, Friend, if I purſue
 Pleaſure otherwife than you ;
 Say, that fairly I oppoſe,
 Say, my Anſwer is — a Roſe.



*The MASSIFF:**A T A L E.*

YOUR deep Observers of Mankind,
Assure us constantly they find
A strong Propensity of Nature,
Rooted in every human Creature,
To do what otherwise they would not,
When once forbid, because they should not.
This Inclination, so perverse,
Is laid by PARTRIDGE on the Stars.
Your Rakes, with Floods of Elocution,
Charge it on Chance, or Constitution :
And out-of-fashion Folks believe
It sprung from ADAM and from EVE.
But tho' your Wits dispute about it,
The Fact itself was never doubted.
This Truth t' illustrate, I have chosen
One common Story from a Thousand.
Let Criticks at the Fable quarrel,
There's no Exception to the Moral.

In Days of Yore (no need to show
How many hundred Years ago)
A Pair there flourish'd, free from Strife,
Who liv'd, indeed, like Man and Wife :
Her Temper mild and sweet, abhor'd
To scold and wrangle at her Board ;
When in a Fault her Spouse she found,
She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
In short, she gave him not occasion
For half the Trouble and Vexation,
Which many a Hen-peck'd-keeping Varlet
Endures most meekly from his Harlot.

Next Door a Captain chanc'd to shine,
Whose Clothes and Equipage were fine ;
A young and well-accomplish'd Heir,
Of gentle Blood, and Fortune fair ;
For ever at the Ladies Call,
To deal the Cards, or lead the Ball ;
To 'Squire them to the Church or Play,
And Sense or Nonsense sing or say.
This Youth sometimes occasion'd Pain
In our too happy Husband's Brain ;

Yet

Yet of himself ashamed, with Care
He kept his Dreams from taking Air,
Else every Gossip in the Town
Had rose in Arms, and fac'd him down,
She never knew in all her Life
A Dame more virtuous than his Wife.

Before the Wight was wholly freed
From these Disorders in his Head,
Such Bus'nes call'd him from his House
As scarce gave time to tell his Spouse ;
He would have instantly been gone,
As being old enough, alone,
But she, good Woman ! durst not send him
Without a Servant to attend him :
She kindly begs him not to stay,
When Busines was dispatch'd, a Day.
He promises, when in his Pow'r,
He would not absent be an Hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the Master and the Man ;
When once set out, they travell'd fast,
Yet e'er they half a Mile had past,

His

His Jealousy began to rise,
Thought he, as being deadly wife,
This Captain now, behind my back,
Addresses to my Wife will make :
'Tis true, I sha'n't continue long,
But She is Fair, and He is Young ;
And if it once be done, 'tis plain
It ne'er can be undone again.
I own, I never yet could find
Her Heart to Gallantry inclin'd ;
But then, in such a Case, a Man
Can hardly be too careful — JOHN,
Go, bid your Mistress keep at Home,
Nor see the CAPTAIN 'till I come.
JOHN gallops back, but on his Way,
Thus, with himself, began to say,
And pray, where is it I am going ?
And, what Fool's Errand am I doing,
To make my Mistress, for her Life,
A faithless, or a scolding Wife ?
At best she'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling Tales ;

Tho'

Tho' she is yet, I dare be sworn,
As blameless as the Babe unborn ;
Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one,
To wish for what one never dreamt on.
I'll carry no such Message home,
To cause my Master's Cuckoldom.
Thus fearful of foreseen Disaster,
And much discreeter than his Master,
Resolv'd full fagely, back he came,
And frighted heartily the Dame,
Who thought her Lord had come to Harm,
And broke at least a Leg or Arm ;
For JOHN made twenty Hum's and Ha's,
When question'd what the matter was.
He was not like your Servants now,
But of Invention dull and slow ;
He could not hammer out a Lie :
The Lady stood impatient by ;
What ails your Master? Tell me quick.
He begs you would not — Can't you speak?
Not ride the MASTIFF 'till you see him ;
What! does the Fellow rave or dream?

You

You are not sure 'twas all he said.
Yes, indeed, Madam — Is he mad?
Not ride the MASTIFF! What a Whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray,
Desire he'd let you with him stay,
Or find some wiser Message, JOHN,
Hereafter to employ you on.

He went; and Mother Nature now
In Madam's Breast began to glow:
She mus'd; but still the more she thought,
The less she found the Meaning out.
Not ride the MASTIFF! Could it be,
Merely to try his Sov'reignty,
When from her very Wedding-Day,
She ne'er was known to disobey?
There must be something in't to make
Him send a Servant posting back.
She never heard of it before,
Perhaps the Maids might tell her more;
For Maids, or those that bear the Name,
May sometimes teach a wedded Dame.

She

She thought the emptiest of the Two
Would soonest blab out all she knew ;
But BETTY never TOUSER rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vex'd at her asking such a Ninny,
She sends her down to call up JENNY ;
But flyer JANE could tell no more
Than simpler BETTY did before ;
But star'd with all the Eyes she had,
And thought her Mistress drunk or mad.
Tho' begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again,
Yet Prayers and Threatnings were in vain ;
She might as easily have sought
To found the Bottom of a Plot ;
Or, tho' a Woman, ta'en Occasion
T' enquire the Secret of FREE-MASON,
And how, as Mystick Lodge supposes,
Duke WHARTON can succeed to MOSES.
No Diligence there wanting was,
Yet so deplorable her Case,
Through Servants obstinate Denial,
Nothing was left her but a Trial.

N n

Who

Who should the secret Fact betray ?
 One Word herself she would not say ;
 What no one saw who should reveal ?
 For sure the Mastiff could not tell.
 Resolv'd at length, she calls him to her,
 And shutting carefully the Door,
 She clap'd his Head, and strok'd his Side ;
 'Twas now no more than up and ride.
 Fast by his Neck she held, and thus
 Mounted her strange BUCEPHALUS ;
 Nor found it difficult to get,
 Without a Stirrup, to her Seat.

TOUSER, unus'd to be bestrode,
 Groan'd sorely at the wicked Load,
 And strove all Ways to disencumber
 His burden'd Shoulders of their Lumber ;
 Rear'd, and curvett'd, and in fume,
 Trotted and gallop'd round the Room.
 But she, who now or never thought
 To find her Husband's Meaning out,
 Firm, though without a Saddle, sat,
 And clung as closely as a Cat.

But

But Fortune often spoils the Course,
Whether we ride on Dog or Horse ;
Under a Table crept her Steed,
Threw her, and broke her addle Head.

Enrag'd and furly, up she got,
Rail'd at her Husband for a Sot.
When he return'd, She kept her State,
Nor stirr'd to meet him at the Gate.

Up Stairs he went, and found her ill,
Silent, she frown'd, and sullen still ;
But could not Scolding long refrain,
Or take it in Poetick Strain :

At length the Cloud that lowring hung,
Burst into Thunder of her Tongue ;
Like Lightning's Flash her Eye appears,
And Rain fell plenteous in her Tears.
See — what you made the Mastiff do !
Did ever any Man but you —
And on she went ; but there's no need
Of punctual telling all she said,
An Extract may suffice : The Dame
Full on her Husband turn'd the Blame.

Stark staring mad, he, to forbid it !
She, a poor Innocent, that did it.

The Man, who knew not what was done,
Ran down amaz'd, and fell on JOHN.
Sirrah ! what makes your Mistress rave ?
What was the Message that you gave ;
To break my Wife's Head ? JOHN reply'd,
I bid her not the Mastiff ride.
The Master furious 'gan to look,
JOHN beg'd one Word before he struck :
Sir, had I charg'd her in your Name,
To shun the CAPTAIN e'er you came,
Doubtless the Case had been the same :
Her Forehead broke Your Brow secures,
Or else the Knobs had been on Your's.



EPI-

EPILOGUE to CATO.

DID not You think old CATO was in Jeſt,
When feiz'd by Sleep he sunk to ſudden Reſt?
Surpris'd, his Spirits exhal'd with Heat of Paſſion,
Could you preſage the fatal Alteration?
How like Dramatick Hero did He fall,
Because the Play was done,— and that was all!
Whom CATO murder'd, CÆSAR wiſh'd to ſpare,
He never flew a ROMAN but in War.
Nor Reaſon did the furly Stoick give,
Who dar'd to die for ROME, but not to live.
Then blame the haughty Sect of which he dy'd,
His ſtubborn fulle Philosophick Pride;
From whence ſuch ſad, ſuch dire Disaſters riſe,
We humbly hope the leſſ on't may ſuffice.
Our Youths and Virgins by their whole Behaviour
May claim the Fair-Ones and the Lover's Favour:
They nothing leſſ than Blood and Death deſigning;
Sink down to am'rous Chat and modern Whining.
Let Criticks ſeek by rigid Rules to pleafe,
And quote their hard-nam'd Greek EURIPIDES;

Object.

Object, that Stoicks are forbid the Stage,
 Who thwart their Maxims when they grieve or rage.
 If calm and stern, from anxious Passion free,
 Their Characters they keep, they spoil the Tragedy.
 Hard Lines ! but Authors use, when gravel'd there,
 To fly for Shelter to the Beaux and Fair.
 Better a Thousand Characters should suffer,
 Than any single Damsel lose a Lover.
 'Tis here, we own, our greatest Merit lies,
 We strive to please, we aim not to be wise.
 You ask not sage Remarks on Courts or Kings,
 But dying Softnesses, and pretty Things.
 And spite of Sense, if one we must remove,
 Which would the gay and beauteous disapprove,
 And which retain, the WISDOM or the LOVE ?

THE

III.

THE

DECEMBER'S - DAY : A SONG.

To the TUNE of

The Sun was sunk beneath the Hill, &c.

I.

LE T various Seasons boast their Pride,
 The SPRING with Flow'rs the Earth adorn,
 With cloudless Days the SUMMER glide,
 And AUTUMN shew her Fruits and corn;
 These may demand a vulgar Lay,
Ising of a DECEMBER'S Day.

II.

What Day my Joy should rather move
 Through the fair Circle of the Year,
 Than that which gave my wedded Love
 The Months in their Decline to cheer?
 Not AUGUST with his Dog-Star Ray
 Can vye with this DECEMBER'S Day.

III.

No Silks unpaid-for rustle here,
 Nor foreign Fripp'ry we import,
 No Velvets or Brocades appear ;

But, what few Birth-days see at Court,
 Friendship unbought and Love display
 Their Beams on this DECEMBER's Day.

IV.

Not sharp and ever-during Pain

Her cheerful Constancy can move,
 From Toil incessant to refrain,

To slight her Duty or her Love :
 The Soul upholds the mould'ring Clay,
 And brightens the DECEMBER's Day.

V.

Observant of the Orphan's Tear,

And heark'ning to the Wretch's Groan,
 The Lives of others holding dear,

But still regardless of her own ;
 Throughout the Year what Numbers may
 Rejoice for this DECEMBER's Day.

III. Mo

VI. If

VI.

If either INDIA we could gain,
The Wings of Time we could not bind ;
What living Ministers obtain,
And dying Misers leave behind,
Could never bribe our Youth to stay,
Or keep off the DECEMBER's Day.

VII.

When frosted o'er with Age's Grey,
From Guilt exempted and from Pain,
Long may She easy live and gay,
Nor spend a single Wish in vain,
Back to recall the by-past MAY,
Nor mourn for the DECEMBER's Day.

VIII.

Long may She happy rest below,
E'er call'd to happier Rest above ;
Diviner Life prefer'd to know,
And Raptures of sublimer Love ;
Where Time can never Bliss impair,
For no DECEMBER will be There.

A N A C R E O N T I C K,

On parting with a little Child.

D EAR, Farewel, a little while,
Easy parting with a Smile ;
Ev'ry Object in thy Way
Makes Thee innocently gay ;
All that Thou can'st hear or see,
All is Novelty to Thee.
Thoughts of Parents left behind
Vex not yet thine Infant Mind ;
Why should then their Hearts repine ?
Mournful Theirs, and merry thine.
'Tis the World, the seeming Wife,
Toil to make their Children rise ;
While the Heir that reaps their Gains
Thankless thinks not of their Pains.
Sportive Youth in haste to live
Heeds not Ills that Years may give :
Age in Woe and Wisdom grey
Vainly mourns for them that play.

On

On the D E A T H of the
Right Hon. HENRIETTA Countess of Orrery.

W^Hile the full Breast swells with unutter'd Woe,
While Tears gush genuine, tho' forbid to flow ;
While the stol'n Sigh the deep Distress reveals,
The Friend, the Lover, and the Husband feels ;
While Orphans scarce their Parent lost deplore,
Whose Age, the less it mourns Her, wants the more :
Late, at her Tomb, a distant Bard appears,
With faithful, fruitless, sympathetick Tears ;
Nor asks a Muse's Aid : nor needs there Art
T' express the Anguish of a bleeding Heart.

How soon the mightiest earthly Blessings pass !
She was — What now avails us that She was ?
Mature for Heav'n, e'er Life had reach'd its Noon ;
For Earth, at Sev'nty, She had dy'd too soon.
She Gospel Truth, with steady Faith, believ'd,
And liv'd the glorious Doctrine She receiv'd :
Her pious Breast glow'd with Devotion's Fire,
Whose Flames, 'the more they tremble, mount the higher.'
Spotless, as Infant Souls, her Life She spent,
Yet humble, as the prostrate Penitent.

Not puff'd by Rank, descended or ally'd,
She seem'd to wonder what was meant by Pride ;
Which, boasting Blood, degrades the noblest Veins ;
Which, boasting Virtue, ev'ry Virtue stains.
Here Honour pure, with tend'rest Softness join'd,
Softness, transcendent in the softest Kind ;
Ill-Fortune found its keenest Rage represt ;
The Darts might reach, but scarcely wound her Breast.
So Balls in yielding Wool fall gently down,
That tear resistless through a Rock of Stone.
Sore was the Storm ! Let Mem'ry ne'er report
How long the Tempest, and the Calm how short !
When Fever's Fire rag'd in her Consort's Blood,
And drove to dang'rous Height the vital Flood,
Lo ! at his Side her constant Duty lies,
And Love, still fearful, watch'd with sleepless Eyes
Almost o'erpower'd, 'till Nature, weary grown,
Had, for a dearer Safety, lost her own.

Hail, wedded Love ! by gracious GOD design'd
At once the Source and Glory of Mankind !
'Tis this, can Toil and Grief and Pain assuage,
Secure our Youth, and dignify our Age ;

'Tis

"Tis this, fair Fame and guiltless Pleasure brings,
And shakes rich Plenty from its brooding Wings ;
Gilds Duty's roughest Paths with Friendship's Ray,
And strews with Roses sweet the narrow Way.
Not so the Harlot — if it lawful be
To mention Vice, when praising Chastity —
Not so the Harlot plights her venal Vow,
With Heart obdurate, and Corinthian Brow,
She fawns unfriendly, practis'd to beguile,
Stings while she weeps, and murders in a Smile.
Fame, Peace, and Virtue, she at once destroys,
And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.
Too oft the Rich their Alms refuse to shov'r,
Or put off Mercy to their latest Hour :
Too oft the Great Affliction scorn to know ;
Strangers to half their Species here below.
But O R R E R Y, with penetrating Ray,
Through darkest Distance found Her willing Way :
Where-e'er the Pris'ner pin'd, with fruitless Moan,
To Hearts far harder than the circling Stone ;
Where-e'er the Widow wept in vain for Bread,
The Merchant bankrupt, or the Sailor dead ;

Where-

Where-e'er the Orphan, friendless Wretch, complain'd,
Who feels the Woes he scarce can understand ;
Where-e'er the Sick were destin'd to sustain
Hunger and Cold, and Solitude and Pain ;
Where-e'er the Poor groan'd at th' Oppressors Feet,
Bore down and trampled by the lawless Great ;
With gen'rous Charity behold Her fly,
Each Ill to soften, and each Want supply :
Not meanest Objects 'scap'd her daily Care,
She saw, and rev'renc'd, a Redeemer there.
So fairest Cherubs left their heav'nly State,
When a loath'd L A Z A R languish'd at the Gate ;
T' attend his Death they stoop'd with ready Wings,
Courtiers and Fav'rites to the King of Kings.

When God's high Summons bade her Virtue try
That one great Bus'ness of Mankind, to die,
No conscious Doubt her parting Soul dismays,
No Guilt of idle or of ill-spent Days :
There the still Calm of Innocence appears,
And glorious Hope th' expiring Christian cheers,
Welcomes the Hour that ends Her worldly Toil,
And greets the King of Terrors with a Smile.

Love's

Love's stronger Flame, when vital Heat retir'd,
A while, with Warmth, her dying Breast inspir'd :
An Husband, Parent, Child, her Soul detains,
And stops the Chillness in her ebbing Veins ;
To these, ev'n then, some pious Thoughts were giv'n ;
These stay'd th' ascending Spirit from its Heav'n.
O ! who shall now the Orphan's Loss repair ?
Whose Arm shall clasp them with a Mother's Care ?
Who now shall form their Minds with heav'nly Truth,
And guide the heedless Violence of Youth ;
Warn them to shun the World's delusive Snares ;
Teach by her Life, and guard them by her Pray'r's ?
Forgive me, BOYLE, if deeply I bemoan
The Lot, that soon, too soon, may prove my own !
To part ! — O bitter Fruit of Sin — To part ! —
Pain, beyond Language, to a faithful Heart !
No more to meet ! the Bliss for ever o'er !
What Love can bear the Thought — *To meet no more !*
Yes, Love Divine your Soul may yet sustain,
And lead, in spite of Death, to meet again ;
May bid You both, your Grief for ever o'er,
In endless Glory meet — to part no more.

Ta

To KITTY, a Poetical Young Lady.

I.

DE A R K I T T Y ! now my Counsel take,
Now is the dang'rous Season ;
If not, admit the Rhime to make
Atonement for the Reasen.

II.

Take heed, lest Affluence beguile,
Lest Pride should over-pow'r ye,
Now kinder Fortune seems to smile,
With Prospect of a Dowry.

III.

If e'er in other Sphere you move,
And higher Life appear in,
Take heed the Station does not prove
The worse for KITTY's wearing.

IV.

If from Simplicity You range,
If Shew and Form controll Ye,
Your Charms to Ugliness you'll change,
Your Prudence into Folly.

V. For

V.

For Affectation looks so foul,
When Man or Maid it seizes ;
That neither then the noblest Soul,
Nor fairest Body, pleases.

VI.

Whoe'er to play the Coxcomb's Part
By niggard Nature's driv'n,
May Pardon find ; but Fools by Art
Can never be forgiv'n.

VII.

Remember You, for Others will,
That Woman is a Creature,
Of Flatt'ry vain, expos'd to Ill,
And doubly frail by Nature.

VIII.

Should she for Art and Learning glow,
Applause and Glory wooing,
On lofty Verse her Time bestow,
As You may now be doing ;

IX.

Yet still, to rule her House aright
Would better far become her,

Than to surpass the noblest Flight

In MILTON or in HOMER.

X.

What tho' her Youth may Hearts engage,

Her Bloom will quickly leave her ;

The certain Spoil of coming Age,

If 'scaping from a Fever.

XI.

What tho' her Wit should never fail ?

How few will long endure her ?

The Ship that Ballast wants, by Sail

Is overset the surer.

XII.

Who jests alike on Friends and Foes,

With Raillery all retorting ;

Her Folly she in Earnest shows,

And only Wit in Sporting.

XIII.

'Tis hard to govern witty Spleen ;

Time, Person, Place, be chosen :

'Tis more one Satyr to keep in,

Than 'tis to make a Thousand.

XIV. Suppose

XIV.

Suppose a Damsel, unconfin'd
By Decency or Duty,
Exulting in her haughty Mind,
With Riches, Wit, and Beauty:

XV.

Her Treasure, more than Miser's Eye
By SOUTH-SEA aim'd at getting,
Enough all forfeit Land to buy,
Nay all the Land of BRITAIN:

XVI.

A CLEVELAND for her Beauty nam'd,
Than DORCHESTER more witty;
For Learning more than ELSTOB fam'd,
For Poetry, than KITTY:

XVII.

If she does nought but swell and brag,
Her Talents have undone her;
The Wife will fly her like the Plague,
The Tokens are upon her.

XVIII.

What's Beauty, Wealth, and Wit beside ?
 Nor God nor Man will love her ;
 For tho' she were an Angel, Pride
 Will make a Devil of her.

*On the Statue of Alexander.**From the GREEK.*

LYSIPPUS' Art can Brass with Life inspire,
 Show ALEXANDER's Features and his Fire ;
 The Statue seems to say with up-cast Eye,
 Beneath My Rule the Globe of Earth shall lye ;
 Be Thou, O Jove, contented with thy Sky.

On XERXES.

HIS March, whom o'er main Land his Navy bears,
 Who walks o'er Ocean, changing Nature's Ways,
 The MARS of SPARTA with three hundred Spears
 Obstructs ; blush, blush, ye Mountains and ye Seas.

THE
ILIA D in a Nutshell :
OR,
HOMER's BATTLE
OF THE
FROGS and MICE.

Illustrated with NOTES.

— Age, quæso,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero? HOR.

These are the Divine Boldnesses, which in their very Nature provoke Ignorance and Short-sightedness to shew themselves. POPE's Notes.

*I will not only shew the Feats they do,
But give you all their Reasons for 'em too.*

Prologue to the REHEARSAL.



What's beauty, Wealth, Success, Fame,
Nor God nor Man will get.

Nor God nor Man will get
For tho' he went about to do
: **H** E **I** **L** **A** **I** **L** **I** **D** **A** **I** **L** **I**

—
R O

H O **M** A **R** **S** **B** **A** **T** **L** **E**

From the **O** **E** **T** **H** **O**

A **K** **O** **E** **G** **A** **u** **n** **D** **M** **I** **C** **E**

Shows Alexander the Great and his Empire
The States of Egypt and India
Illustrated with Notes
Written by Dr. G. C. Lichtenberg

—
A short history of Alexander the Great
How he became King of Macedonia
and how he conquered the world
in less than ten years. Poised
on the 18th March, when he had won the battle of Issus
and was on his way to India, he died of a fever.

—
A short history of Alexander the Great
and how he conquered the world

—
A short history of Alexander the Great
and how he conquered the world

THE



To the Right Honourable

J A M E S,
Lord Viscount Limerick.

My L O R D,

A S Your LORDSHIP does not esteem it any Accomplishment to forget whatever You learnt at the UNIVERSITY, I hope it is no Presumption to inscribe to You the following POEM, translated from the GREEK: Your LORDSHIP will be a Judge, how much Latitude it is done with, as well as how far that Liberty is pardonable.

HOMER is by a few bold Men said to have many Faults: But most of the Criticks insist upon it, that where-ever any thing like an Error appears in that great Author, the Blame is to be charg'd wholly upon the Reader:

Nor is it HOMER nods, but We that dream.

I have

DEDICATION.

I have endeavoured to take in as many of his disputed Beauties as my Plan would admit, especially his Machinery, which I doubt not will be highly agreeable to all the Admirers of the *Marvellous*.

It is needless to attempt a laboured Encomium of the Original, which is perhaps the best as well as oldest Burlesque in the World; since the *ILIAD*, so necessary for understanding the Intention of it, is now in every *English* Reader's Hands, and as much said for it as perhaps the Wit of Man can urge, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi possent.* But howsoever this faint Imitation may be received by the World, my Experience of Your LORDSHIP's Friendship assures me no Trifle will be unacceptable to You; which gives me an Opportunity of declaring Myself, with all Sincerity and Gratitude,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged

and Obedient Humble Servant,

S. WESLEY.



THE
BATTLE
OF THE
FROGS and MICE.

I.

YOUR Aid, Ye Heav'n-born MUSES, hither bring,
Who sung the wandring GREEK and ILIUM's Wars,
Hard Argument for mortal Bard I sing,
The Sport tumultuous of Revenger MARS.

Verse 1. *Your Aid*] *Boffu* acquaints us the Invocation is necessary, because the Poet reports what he cannot be supposed to know, if some Deity had not inspired him; not that the Muse signifies any thing else, but the Qualifications requisite to Poetry.

Ibid. *Muses*] The Poet, to win the Attention of the Reader, and warning us he is about to relate something surprizing, invokes not one Muse, but the whole Number.

v. 4. *Mars*] As the Invocation is addressed to the Gods, so the Proposition mentions them, and the Narration is full of them; and they occasion the Marvelous in Epick: *Boffu*.

Q q

How

How MICE renown'd with FROGS a War maintain'd, 5
 For Fame, for Vengeance, and for Empire strove,
 While each Side sternly fought, yet neither gain'd
 The hard-fought Field : Mean-time Sky-ruling JOVE
 In equal Balance pois'd their Fortunes long ;
 Dire Arms, and Wounds, and Deaths shall fill th' advent'rous Song.

II.

Scap'd from GRIMALKIN's cruel rending Claws,
 A thirsty Mouse sought the refreshing Flood ;
 His Whiskers, downy Beard, and weary Paws,
 With liquid Sweet delighted, he bedew'd.
 Him thus accosts a native of the Streams, 15
 O Thou from foreign Realms arriving here,
 With Truth, for Truth the Virtuous well beseems,
 Thy Name, thy Nation, and thy Rank declare ;
 My destin'd Guest, if Thee I haply see,
 A Guest for Monarchs fit, and not unworthy Me. 20

Ver. 8. *Jove*] He has as much to do in the Commonwealth of *Aësop*, as the States of *Homer*, witness his appointing Kings over the Frogs. *Id.*

Ver. 9. *Ballance*] *Aeschylus* wrote a Tragedy upon *Jupiter's Scales*, and *Virgil* copied them.

Ver. 15. *Him thus accosts*] A Frog may as easily be supposed to speak as *Xanthus* the Horse of *Achilles*: Indeed the *Eupopea* assumes a Liberty very like that of *Aësop*. The Discourse between *Juno* and *Aëolus*, and what *Neptune* said to *Zephyrus* and *Boreas*, have as little Truth and Probability as the Intercourse between the City and Country Mouse. *Boffii.*

III. Me

III.

Me to Great PELEUS, on the Banks of Po,
 The fair HYDROMEDUSA joyful bore ;
 Me for their Lord these watry Regions know,
 And slime-born FROGS revere my dreaded Pow'r ;
 PHYSIGNATHUS my Name, resounded far. 25

Thee too, when first at near Approach I view'd,
 Those Arms uncouth, and Limbs design'd for War,
 The Prince, the Stranger, and the Warriour shew'd :
 Thy Person speaks thee Great, 'tis regal all,
 Thy Port and Mein august, thy Stature comely tall. 30

IV.

The Stranger answ'ring spake, PSICHARPAX I,
 To Gods and Men throughout the World am known,
 Where-e'er or Foot can tread, or Wing can fly.
 And is my Name unheard by Thee alone ?

Ver. 21. *Me]* Self-Commendation is very common in Epick Heroes; and *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* say of himself, *Sum pius*.

Ibid. *Peleus]* A Name from Mud. The Father of *Achilles* was so called.

Ibid. *Po,*] There were three *Eridani*, one in Heaven, another on Earth, and a third in Hell: That on Earth is here intended.

Ver. 22. *Hydromedusa]* A Ruler in the Waters.

Ver. 25. *Phygnathus]* One who swells his Cheeks.

Ver. 30. *tall.]* High Characters should be plac'd upon Bodies of the largest Size, and finest Make: *Boſſu*.

Ver. 31. *Psicarpax]* One who plunders Graineries.

By either Parent I of Monarchs spring ;

35

Divine TROXARTES is my Royal Sire,

LEICHOMYLE the Daughter of a King

Maternal Honour claims —————

Unparallel'd for wondrous Beauty she,

Matchless for scepter'd Rule and wide Dominion He.

40

V.

But since on solid Land I place my Bliss,

Since Thou in Lakes or Marshes dost remain,

Can Friendship spring, where Likeness none there is ?

Likeness, the surest Link of Friendship's Chain.

Rich Meats my nicely-judging Palate please,

45

And Boards where choicest Delicates abound ;

The creamy Curd, the roughly-coated Cheese,

The well-fill'd Salver, beautifully round :

Delights of Man, and honey'd Cakes I love,

Ambrosial honey'd Cakes, Food for Saturnian Jove.

50

VI.

What Man's inventive Luxury could find,

Have I unbought by Gold or Sweat enjoy'd ;

Ver. 36. *Troxartes*] A Bread-eater.

Ver. 37. *Leichomyle*] A Licker of Meal.

Ver. 38. *Maternal Honour claims —*] The *Hemificks* of *Virgil* have been much admired by some very learned Criticks, who seem to be of opinion, that a Verse is oftentimes the more perfect, the less 'tis finished.

Nor

Nor yet could Pleasure's Charms unnerve my Mind,
 In Acts of famous Chivalry employ'd :
 When 'gainst my Foemen I advance my Spear 55
 Opposing to their Ranks my sev'nfold Shield,
 I teach the Victor Warrior how to fear,
 And hardy Vet'rans to my Prowess yield ;
 Nor shun I deadly Danger's glorious Sight,
 Highest in Pow'r and Rule, and foremost in the Fight. 60

VII.

Not Man himself, not Giant Man I dread,
 But frequent to his Couch undaunted creep ;
 Insult triumphant o'er his pillow'd Head,
 Assail his Hands, and interrupt his Sleep.
 By Force unaided, he by secret Train 65
 To work my Fate, his wily Engine bends ;
 Where profer'd Banquet covers certain Bane,
 And Death insidious from a Wire depends.
 My Steps with hostile Ken GRIMALKIN eyes ;
 At me, with Talons arm'd, the Bird of PALLAS flies. 70

Ver. 70. *Bird of Pallas.*] This was the antient Emblem of Wisdom, as it is the modern one of Folly. It is unaccountable that this Passage should be left without any Explanation in the First Edition ; for many a Fine Gentleman knows nothing of *Pallas*, but would presently be acquainted with this Bird, when told in plain English, 'tis an Owl.

VIII. G.R.I.-

VIII.

GRIMALKIN most, so Jove ordains, I fear,
 Of ELIMOUSER fierce the fiercer Son ;
 Whose Malice ever watchful, ever near,
 Retir'd to chinky Labyrinths, I shun :
 Impervious Creeks secure Retreat afford.

Your foreign Fare incurious I despise,
 The wat'ry Radish, and th' insipid Gourd,
 And tasteless Greens, which Frogs amphibious prize ;
 Danger might Change ensue ; my present State
 Unenvy'd let me keep, nor envy Others' Fate.

75

80

IX.

P H Y S I G N A T H U S half smiling, soft reply'd,
 Thy Princely Virtues thou hast largely told,
 Thou seem'st in Meats to place peculiar Pride,
 Land-bred, despising what the Waters hold.

Ver. 71. *so Jove ordains,*] Innumerable are the Instances of Warriors charging their Fears upon the Gods ; nothing less than Immortals should ever stop a *Diomede* or *Ajax*. The like Excuse is used even by the Gods themselves, in favour of Offenders ;

Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacænae,
Culpatusve Paris —

Ver. 72. *Elimouser*] The Word *Cat* being very familiar, is avoided as too low. It is requisite also to inform the Curious, that not only *Elimouser* himself, but his Son *Grimalkin* was of that Species : for without this Caution, he might be thought of a different Kind, which is very frequent in Poetry, witness *Jupiter* and his Offspring *Sarpedon*, and many others.

Am-

Amphibious FROGS can greater Wonders shew.

85

If now thou lift a Journey new t' assay,

Countries remote and Manners strange to know,

Past without Peril is the wat'ry Way :

Plac'd on my Back, Thou may'st securely ride,

While I with skilful Strokes dispart the yielding Tide.

90

X.

He spoke ; his Shoulders low the Monarch bends,

PSICHARPAX, clasping close his slimy Neck,

The profer'd Seat light-vaulting soon ascends,

And rides triumphant o'er the Subject Lake.

While yet the Banks, receding by degrees,

95

Not quite conceal'd in rising Waters lay,

The Swimmer's Guise uncouth well-pleas'd he sees,

Whose Art and Strength united win his Way.

High o'er the swelling Waves his Limbs were spread,

Floated his Bosom prone, upheav'd his dewy Head.

100

XI.

Soon as his native Land appear'd no more,

The trembling Mouse shook with unwonted Fears :

It booted nought his Rashness to deplore,

Or shed with ill-tim'd Grief repentant Tears :

With

With strictest Gripe he clings, with shrilling Plaints 105
 Lamenting loud, the distant Shores he fills ;
 His Fear-sick Heart with Throbs unusual pants,
 Approaching Death his Soul with Horror thrills.
 To Gods supreme he fends his suppliant Pray'r,
 Whose unavailing Sounds are 'sperst in idle Air. 110

XII.

As erst EUROP A, on *Phœnicia's* Strand,
 Was mounted sportive on Saturnian JOVE ;
 When swift th' enamour'd Bull forsook the Land,
 Bearing to distant *Crete* his Freight of Love :
 She wail'd her Country lost, nor hop'd Return, 115
 For instant Death the rising Surges threat ;
 With trembling Hand she grasp'd his bending Horn,
 High from the Waves she shrank her quiv'ring Feet ;

Ver. 110. *Whose unavailing*] Prayers of good Men are commonly successful in Epick ; but *Pscharpax* had been guilty of great Indiscretion, to hazard his Life for mere Curiosity. — It is observable, there is not one Simile in the Poem to this Place, which is above a seventh Part of the whole. Dr. Clarke, who seems as good a Critick as a Divine, points out the same Beauty in the first *Iliad*. 'Tis true, Mr. Addison declares he should hardly have thought the worse of it, if it had as many as the first *Aeneid* : However, it could not then have been so simple ; nay, perhaps it might have been more so still, had the Poet left out two Words, wherein he compares *Phœbus* to the Night, and *Thetis* to a Mist.

Ver. 111. *As erst*] Some say Homer has given the Gods such Manners, as turn them into mere Swine : *Bosſu*. Here *Jupiter* is changed into a Brute indeed, but into one of a nobler Species, tho' in Manners, it must be owned, inclined to Lasciviousness.

Shrieking

Shrieking unheard ; nor Object meets her Eyes,
Save broad and boundless Seas, and wide expanded Skies. 120

XIII.

So far'd the Prince whom o'er th' extended Lake
Lightfoot PELIDES on his Shoulders bear,
When lo ! tremendous Sight ! a crested Snake,
Whose blood-shot Eyes glar'd terrible from far.
Erect, with Scales of Gold his Bosom glow'd, 125
While far behind his waving Wreaths extend,
The Frog, unmindful of his Godlike Load,
Deserts dismay'd his newly-chosen Friend,
His destin'd Guest ; to shun th' unequal Foe,
Dives sudden to the Deep, and swims secure below. 130

XIV.

Lost in a Wild of Waves the MOUSE divine,
Deserted, helpless, comfortless, forlorn,

Ver. 122. *Light-foot Pelides*] It is not strange to give Epithets to Persons upon Occasions which have no Relation to them : *Boileau*. As may appear even from *Virgil* himself sometimes ;

Quem Pius Aeneas dictis affatur amaris.

Ver. 127. *God-like*. ver. 131. *Divine*] This Phrase is not used to signify Perfection, but some particular Qualification or Advantage. *Patroclus* is called equal to a God, when he is lighting a Fire.—*Eustathius*.

R 1

Now

Now headlong sinks, emerges now supine,
 And spurns the solid Wave, a while up-born.
 Vain strugling, his enfeebled Strength impairs, 135
 Striving t' avoid inevitable Fate :
 But as his Force grows less, his moisten'd Hairs
 His Limbs o'erburthen with redoubled Weight.
 Yet e'er the flitting Life her Hold forsook,
 Oft rising, sinking oft, these winged Words he spoke. 140

XV.

Shalt Thou PHYSIGNATHUS, PSICHARPAX slay,
 Whom Thou in equal Field durst never face ;
 Thy more than Match in ev'ry Martial Play,
 In Grapling stronger, fleeter for the Race ?
 My Death, PELIDES may repent too late, 145
 If injur'd THEMIS hear my dying Cries ;
 In Arms my Subjects may revenge my Fate,
 For Thunder-loving JOVE has righteous Eyes :
 Then Thou — Th' Abyſſ his sinking Trunk receives,
 His haughty Soul out-breath'd her Corſe reluctant leaves. 150

Ver. 146. *Themis* the Goddess of Justice.

Ver. 149. *Then thou —]* It was the Opinion of the Antients, that Heroes, just upon the Point of Death, had the Gift of Prophecy.

XVI. Nigh

XVI.

Nigh the Lake's Marge a Mouse there haply stood
 LEICHOPINAX, held by PSICHARPAX dear,
 The Prince's Cries re-echoing from the Flood,
 With well-known Sounds pierc'd his attentive Ear.
 Abundant Tears he shed, and mad with Grief 155
 Howl'd dire, but silenc'd with redounding Sighs,
 In hopes of Vengeance plac'd his sole Relief ;
 Quick to TROXARTES King of MICE he flies,
 Th' unwelcome News impatient to relate,
 The FROG's unkingly Crime, and young PSICHARPAX's Fate.

XVII.

Rage fir'd the King, tho' now the Ev'ning Sun
 Hasted declining to his Western Home,
 Yet swift as Thought the sweet-voic'd Heralds run,
 The Peers to summon to TROXARTES' Dome.
 Soon as the rosy-finger'd Morn appear'd 165
 To Gods immortal, and to mortal Man ;
 Up from his Couch divine TROXARTES rear'd,
 (His Nobles met) the great Consult began :
 Paternal Care lour'd in his clouded Look,
 While to th' Assembly thus th' up-rising Monarch spoke. 170

Ver. 152. *Leickopinax*] A Licker of Dishes.

XVIII.

Ye MICE belov'd, Lords, Nobles, Barons, Peers,

Slain is the Heir of our Imperial Throne ;

War unprovok'd, the Publick justly fears,

Tho' yet the War is fall'n on Me alone :

Three Sons, of nuptial Joys the Pledges dear,

175

From me their luckless Father have been rent

By Stars adverse : My first and eldest Care,

In Flow'r of Years, on youthful Play intent,

Whilst he his Cave incautious did forego,

By stern GRIMALKIN fell, our never-sated Foe.

180

XIX.

The next had liv'd, had not inhuman Man

With novel Art hatch'd an accurst Device ;

The treach'rous Door afforded Entrance plain,

Avoidless Ruin to believing MICE,

By Men a Mouse-trap nam'd : This Engine dire,

185

My second Hope from Life and Empire tore ;

Heedless he touch'd a latent magick Wire,

Down fell self-clos'd th' irrevocable Door :

Imprison'd sure, when least suspecting Guile,

Dying he found too late th' inhospitable Wile.

190

XX.

PSICHARPAX, well-lov'd Prince, did yet remain,

To Me, and to his fondling Mother dear,

Whom late PELIDES King of FROGS has slain,

Nor Funeral Wailings can attend his Bier.

War, War at once, let all our Realms declare,

195

If Wrongs provoke, or Thirst of Vengeance warms ;

Instant our Swords and Lances we prepare,

Our Limbs adorning bright in temper'd Arms.

He spoke ; the MICE obey their King's Commands,

Rage swell'd their glowing Breasts, and arm'd their mighty

[Hands.]

XXI.

From azure Heav'n alights destroying MART,

Who Wars and Blood his savage pleasure made,

T' equip the MICE ; and calls the needful Art

Of VULCAN, Lemnian Limper, to his Aid :

Black-

Ver. 193. *Nor Funeral Wailings*] The Loss of Burial was esteemed a very great Affliction, we have not any Records left concerning the Manner how Mice buried their Dead : An Enquiry into that Piece of Antiquity would be highly satisfactory to the Curious.

Ver. 201. *Mart*,] By an Archaismus from *Mars* : see *Spencer*. He was the God of War, by whom *Arethous* had his Armour given him : allegorically he signifies Brutal Force.

Ver. 204. *Vulcan*,] The God of Fire, who made the Armour of *Glaucus*, *Achilles*, &c. It is the Happiness of a Poet to raise the obscurest Circumstances into the strongest Point of Light : — *Eustathius*. *Mars* must be owned as proper a Person to desire this Favour of *Vulcan*, in behalf of those who had never

Blacksmith divine ! vast Strokes on Anvils beat,

205

His Task incessant huge PYRAMON plies ;

Whole *Lemnos* glows, 'till now the Work compleat,

Thick Groves of polish'd Needles bright arise :

Needles, that warlike Lances repreſent,

Needles, the brazen Gift of MARS armipotent.

210

XXII.

Led by the God through Midnight's blackest Gloom,

The Warrior MICE a bold Excursion make ;

The Stalks of Beans, now past their flow'ry Bloom,

Gnawn sheer for Greaves th' audacious Spoilers take ;

Squadrons well-booted ! Lo, a nobler Prey

215

The Trunk of ELIMOUSER spread the Land :

Home they with toil the spacious Hide convey,

Which TYCHIUS, Prince of Leather-dressers, tann'd :

A Mouse far-fam'd ; this for their Shields they bore,

As erſt NEMEAN Spoils renown'd ALCIDES wore.

220

never offended him, as *Venus* was in *Virgil* to desire it for her illegitimate Son. A Woman in these Days would not be very likely to prevail with her Spouse, by putting him in mind that she had made him a Cuckold.

Ver. 211. *Led*] An Epick Poet should order the Machines so, that his Action should stand in no need of them. How many Gods does *Virgil* makes use of to raise a Storm, which happened at the rising *Orion*? Tis well observed, *Dii nisi data occasione nocere non posseunt*; — *Bosſu*. Thus the Mice might have gnaw'd a few Bean-stalks without any Assistance from two Divinities, but then the Action had not been so fit for the *Epoeca*.

XXIII. Strong

XXIII.

Strong Nutshels Casks of Proof their Temples guard,
 Nodded their Crests of ELIMOUSER's Hair.
 And now the valiant MICE for Fight prepar'd,
 Thick-thronging, rush by thousands to the War.
 So from an hollow'd Rock, at Spring's Return, 225
 The Bees their swarming Nations endless pour,
 Which here by Winds disperst aloft are borne,
 There fall in Clusters on the vernal Flow'r.
 A dreadful Gleam their polish'd Needles yield,
 And auburn Nutshel Helms imbrown the verdant Field. 230

XXIV.

Of hostile Armies rais'd and Dangers near,
 FAME to the FROGS the direful Tidings bore ;
 PHYSIGNATHUS, appall'd with guilty Fear,
 Summon'd his watry Legions to the Shore,
 To learn the dreaded Truth ; th' imperial Tent 235
 Is rais'd on Land, the slimy Nobles meet,
 Council august ! when by TROXARTES sent
 Enter'd the Camp EMBASICHYTRUS great.
 Grac'd with a Herald's Crown, a gallant MOUSE,
 More than his Sire renown'd, his Sire TYROGLYPHUS. 240

XXV. Intent

Ver. 238. *Embasichytrus*] A Creeper into Pots.

Ver. 240. *Tyroglyphus*.] A Cheese-scooper. The antient Poets seem to have
 been

XXV.

Intent and silent stood the Lake-born Bands.

Ye FROGS amphibious, dauntless he began,
Divine TROXARTES King of MICE demands
Impartial Vengeance for his murder'd Son :

Whom late seduc'd by some deceitful Train

From Land, where subject MICE might help or hear,
Light-foot PELIDES King of FROGS has slain,
Nor Funeral Wailings can attend his Bier :
Or yield to Death deserv'd your guilty Guide,
Or proffer'd War accept ; accept, and be defy'd.

245

250

XXVI.

This spoke, retir'd EMBAASICHYTRUS bold,

The Watry Nation trembled at his Threat :

When strait t' inflame anew their Courage cold,

Lightfoot PELIDES started from his Seat :

been endued by *Apollo* with the Property of knowing all Things past, present, and to come, which a careful Reader may perceive by their Writings. This was probably the very Mouse which was caught in a Trap by *Taffy*; and I wonder he was not named by the Author of *Muscipula*; who has also overlooked another Testimony of the Antiquity of the *Welsb* in *Virgil*, who mentions *Evans* in his *Aeneid*, *Necnon Evantem Phrygium*.

Ver. 248. *Nor Funeral Wailings*] Repetitions are best when left to the Reader's Pleasure to make whenever he sees occasion, by which he may deserve as much Reputation as the Author himself could have merited by those Flowers : If a long Book must needs be had, 'tis but going over any Part again and again, and the Work is done.

No !

No! by this Scepter's sacred Wood I swear, 255
 Hereditary Pledge of Royal Pow'r,
 Which dying PELEUS gave to Me his Heir,
 Which erst our great Progenitors had bore,
 Through Centuries of Years deliver'd down
 From HYDROCAETES old, first Founder of our Throne. 260

XXVII.

Slain by himself, the Princely Mouse expir'd,
 Nor fell untimely by Your Monarch's Crime ;
 But near the Lake, while envious he admir'd
 How youthful Tadpoles wanton'd in their Prime,
 Steer'd by their Strength of Tail, like them he sought 265
 To swim, which Nature has to MICE deny'd ;
 Presumptious Reptile ! soon th' audacious Thought
 Dear-rueing, overwhelm'd in Waves he dy'd.
 Nor War, nor Vengeance to his Ghost is due,
 Like Fate should all expect, who dare to rival You. 270

Ver. 255. *No! by this*] The Scepter was the solemn Oath of Kings; *Virgil* and *Valerius Flaccus* imitate *Homer* in making it so. It poetically acquaints us with the high Descent and hereditary Right of the Hero.

Ver. 260. *Hydrocaetes*] One who lies in the Waters.

Ver. 261. *Slain by himself*] It cannot be denied that *Phygnathus* swears to a Lie; but it must be considered, says *Bosii*, The great Art of Kings is the Mystery of Dissimulation. This is the Character which the Greek Poet gives *Ulysses*, and it is represented as a true and solid Virtue, and commended by *Minerva* herself.

XXVIII.

Like Fate let shall the treach'rous Lineage end,
 If prudent FROGS my timely Counsel take,
 Rang'd on the Bank their Onset to attend,
 Where the steep Brow hangs pendent o'er the Lake ;
 His adverse MOUSE each by the Helmet feize, 275
 And sudden grappling cast him headlong down ;
 Safe will we leap the wonted Precipice
 At once, and diving deep their Army drown,
 Oppress'd with weighty Mail, to swim unskill'd :
 So shall we win with ease an uncontested Field. 280

XXIX.

Laden with Spoils, victorious will we raise
 A glorious Trophy for a Nation slain.
 He spoke ; the shouting FROGS their Monarch praise,
 Pitch'd on the Bank, determin'd to remain ;
 Forth from the Waves the num'rous Squadrons move, 285
 Eager their liquid Fortress to leave.
 Such was the Will of Counsel-giving JOVE,
 And sage MINERVA, practis'd to deceive :

Ver. 288. *practis'd to deceive.*] Minerva persuaded the Trojans to break the League ; for which Breach afterwards Hector fell by Poetical Justice, whom she cheated and told Lies to in the Shape of *Deiphobus*, to betray him into the Hands of *Achilles* ; but Prudence consists, we are told, in Dissimulation.

While

While wav'ring MARS promoting bloody Jar,
Again from Heav'n descends, and arms them for the War. 290

XXX.

With MARS, the Trident-bearer NEPTUNE went,
The Ocean's Sov'reign, and allotted Lord,
And friendly Aid to FROGS amphibious lent,
For FROGS the watry Deities ador'd.
He bids the Seas produce their secret Store, 295
And lay their Treasures on the neigh'ring Strand :
The Seas obsequious on the Banks out pour
Unnumber'd Cockle-shells as thick as Sand,
Distinct with Golden Specks of palest Red,
Rich various-colour'd Helms, to grace and guard the Head.

XXXI.

Breast-plates of Beets, of Mallows Greaves they chose,
Becoming Arms for martial FROGS to wear ;

Ver. 289. *While wav'ring Mars]* It is the Business of this God ever to fortify the weaker Side to keep up the Broil ; he is called wavering, because Victory is always changing Parties.

Ver. 292. *allotted Lord,*] Jupiter the eldest Brother had the East, Pluto the West, and Neptune the Sea.

Ver. 297. *The Seas obsequious]* See the Note upon the arming the Mice, l. 211. to which may be added this fine Remark of the last cited Author : " To express Physical Truths poetically, we must not say, Salt preserves dead Bodies, or Flies fill them with Maggots ; but that Achilles, fearing the hot Season might taint the Carcase of his Friend, gets his Mother Thetis, Goddess of the Sea, which is Salt, to perfume it with Ambrosia.

Thick Leaves of Cabbage light their Shields compose,
 Whose spongy Texture deads the thrilling Spear :
 Their Lances stiff were sharply pointed Reeds 305
 Erect, which far their Ev'ning Shadow cast.
 Now Sable-mantled Night advanc'd her Steeds,
 The Deities back to Olympus haste ;
 Soft downy Slumber all the Gods o'erspread,
 And Jove Supreme reclin'd, unsleeping on his Bed. 310

XXXII.

At length the Saffron-vested Morning shin'd,
 To Gods and Men diffusing orient Light ;
 Saturnian Jove weigh'd in his prudent Mind
 The various Fortunes of the future Fight :
 Events important ! from his awful Throne, 315
 His Purpose wise, the Thund'rer thus reveal'd :
 Fly, HERMES, heav'nly Herald, MAIA's Son,
 And parti-colour'd IRIS, airy-heel'd ;
 Th' immortal Race to Council bid repair,
 Summon'd from Heav'n and Hell, and Earth, and Sea, and Air.

Ver. 310. *and Jove]* It would be a Search worthy of some learned Critick, to find why Jupiter went to Bed, when he knew he should not sleep.

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The Subject Gods came at the Royal Call,
 All that Ambrosia eat, and Nectar quaff'd ;
 Stern Murd'rer MARS, that shakes the guarded Wall,
 DIANA fair rejoicing in her Shaft,
 Earth-shaking NEPTUNE strong by Seas obey'd, 325
 Far-shooting PHÆBUS golden-hair'd unshorn,
 PALLAS ethereal Spinster, blue-ey'd Maid,
 And VENUS Laughter-loving, Ocean-born,
 VULCAN, fire-ruling Pow'r in Lemnos own'd,
 Empress of Heav'n white-arm'd, great JUNO golden-thron'd.

XXXIV.

There too the Goddesses of Founts and Trees,
 And yellow CERES crown'd with Corn was seen,
 The NEREIDS all, Spawn of the fruitful Seas,
 And beauteous THETIS, Silver-footed Queen,

Ver. 321. *The Subject Gods*] Poets divided the Divine Attributes as it were into so many Persons, because the Infirmitiy of a human Mind cannot sufficiently conceive, and explain so much Power and Action in a Simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God : And perhaps they were jealous of the Advantages they reaped from such excellent and refined Learning, and which they thought the vulgar Part of Mankind was not worthy of. *Boffu.*

Ver. 321. *there too*] Ver. 333. *the Nereids*] Neptune and the rest of the watry Deities are present at the Council of the Gods ; because Waters supply the Air with Vapours, and by that means pass into the Æther. See *Eustathius* on the Subject, who will also give you the Reasons of most of the Epithets here apply'd to the Gods.

Fair-

Fair-hair'd LATONA, and ALCIDES strong,

335

HEBE, whom Bloom celestial never fades,

BACCHUS, the twice-born Victor ever young,

Inexorable PLUTO, King of Shades,

Sad PROSERPINE his melancholly Love,

And all the base-born Seed of Cloud-compelling JOVE. 340

XXXV.

Above the cold OLYMPUS' snowy Height,

And leafy IDA's ever-verdant Hill,

Was built th' Imperial Palace, starry bright,

Whose vaulty Dome the Gods assembled fill :

The Seats of Heav'n, at JOVE's commanding Nod, 345

Marshall'd themselves, miraculous to view !

Each golden Throne wrought by the Blacksmith God,

Spontaneous took its Rank in Order due ;

Ver. 338. *Pluto,*] He was not introduc'd into Homer's Assembly ; but as that seems a Hardship upon one who is honoured with the Title of *Jupiter*, as well as his elder Brother, he is here admitted into the Council.

Ver. 340. *and all the base-born*] Homer always expresses a great Kindness for Bastards, of which we need desire no stronger Proof than his filling Heaven with them : On the other side he makes Marriage and Discord inseparable, and *Jupiter* and *Juno* are for ever scolding. Here not the Moral but the Allegory is to be observed.

Ver. 345. *the Seats*] *Vulcan's* Workmanship being animated, does not deviate at all from Probability ; because a God can do more difficult Things than these, and all Matter will obey him. Besides *Aristotle* assures us, the Wonderful is the distinguishing Character of Epick, and proceeds therein even to the Unreasonable : a Remark as just and well-grounded as any in his whole *Art of Poetry*.

And

And Silver Trevets for the meaner Throng,
Instinct with subtle Life, self-moving leap'd along. 350

XXXVI.

Ye Pow'rs immortal, Male and Female, hear,
The Royal Father said, and thither bend
Your sharpen'd Sight, where yonder Arms appear,
Say whether Nation shall the Gods befriend :
Speak you that purpose as Auxiliars bold, 355
For FROGS or MICE to leave th' ethereal Coasts,
Array'd and ardent for the Fight behold
The great, the warlike, the heroick Hosts ;
So rang'd the Cloud-begotten CENTAURS stood,
So frown'd on *Phelgra's* Plain, the Giant Earth-born Brood.

XXXVII.

And Thou, dear Daughter of my lab'ring Brain,
Athenian PALLAS, wilt thou rest secure,
And view the direful Shock, the Wounds and Pain,
Which mortal FROGS from mortal MICE endure ?
Or else to pious MICE afford thine Aid, 365
Who constant as thine annual Feast returns,
Have due attendance at thy Temple paid,
Where, whilst the consecrated Victim burns,

With

With mystick Dance, in Honour of the Day,
Circling thine Altar's Verge, religiously they play?

370

XXXVIII.

With answ'ring Words the Blue-ey'd Maid replies :
To tread mine awful Courts the MICE presume ;
To share, unbid, my festal Sacrifice,
Allur'd with grateful Scent of holy Fume ;
And oft from sacred Lamps the needful Oil
The sacrilegious Ravagers purloin,
And nibbling oft my flow'ry Garlands spoil ;
Nor fears the puny Race my Pow'r Divine,
Nor Helm, nor Goat-skin Shield, nor Lance they dread,
But ev'n with Ordure vile prophane my Statue's Head.

375

380

XXXIX.

Tho' Wisdom's Pow'r could slight Disgrace alone,
With Loss embitter'd, 'tis severer far ;
My Veil which flam'd with Gold, with Purple shone,
With impious Gnawings barb'rously they mar.
Griev'd for the Work Divine, so rudely tore,
I courted venal Damsels by Reward,

385

Ver. 369. *with mystick Dance,*] The reputable Dancing among the Antients was said by some to be invented by *Minerva*.

Ver. 371. *Blue-ey'd*] The Greek might be translated *Owl-ey'd*; but that would not be so agreeable to the modern Gotick Taste, as it was to the antient Simplicity.

The

The num'rous Breaches instant to restore,
 The num'rous Breaches artful they repair'd,
 And now with Clamours loud demand their Hire,
 Nor find I Gold to pay, just Reason for mine Ire. 390

XL.

Nor yet can FROGS amphibious Succour claim,
 Unwise, impertinent, loquacious Kind !
 When parch'd with Thirst from Battle erft I came,
 To drink the Brook my Lips I low inclin'd ;
 Untimely paddling in the Bev'rage clear, 395
 With gritty Mud they stain'd the promis'd Draught.
 Nor less their grating Voice disturb'd mine Ear,
 When spent with length of Toil for Rest I sought ;
 They chas'd sweet Slumbers from my weary Sight,
 And harshly croaking loud, prolong'd the tedious Night. 400

XLI.

Mean time, like Pains my throbbing Temples wound,
 As JOVE sustain'd from Me his Daughter born,
 Mother and Sire in one ; nor Rest I found,
 'Till crowing Cocks proclaim'd the welcome Morn.

[Ver. 391. *Nor yet can*] Observe the Character of Prudence, who acquits neither Side, and refuses to engage on either with any Disadvantage to herself.

T t

For

For neither Army let Immortals fight,

405

Or needless tempt the Dangers of the Day ;

Since Scenes of Death our heav'nly Minds delight,

Reclin'd securely we at distance stay.

I stay, desert that please their blest Abode,

To meet such Foes in Arms is Daring for a God !

410

XLII.

She ended Speech, and all the list'ning Crowd

In hollow Whispers murmur'd an Assent ;

Whom Jove addressing stern in Threatnings loud,

Shook with a Nod the brazen Firmament ;

Whate'er rash God attempts Dissention now,

415

And dares with Me their Sov'reign to contend,

Let Styx infernal bind the solemn Vow,

Him headlong o'er Heaven's Battlements I'll send ;

Ev'n Juno's self shall from her Throne be driv'n,

Sister and Wife of Jove, Great Sultaness of Heav'n.

420

Ver. 407. *since Scenes]* The Harmony of Things springs from Discord ; wherefore Jupiter was diverted at the Disagreement of the Gods themselves : So other Immortals may be supposed pleased with the Battle of Frogs and Mice.

Ver. 410. *Daring for a God]* This is to be understood allegorically. The honest old Archbishop of *Theffalonica* ingenuously acquaints us in his Comment upon the first Iliad, that Allegory was invented in order to solve the Absurdities which would otherwise appear in the antient Writers. And I must once for all inform my Reader, if he finds any Passage he cannot well account for, he must take it for granted, There is an Allegory in it.

XLIII. Tho'

XLIII.

Tho' more than Goddess lov'd or Woman she,
 Than CERES beauteous Queen, with golden Hair,
 Than BACCHUS' Parent, Theban SEMELE,
 Than DANAE, ACRISIUS' Daughter fair,
 Of whom great PERSEUS sprung; tho' favour'd more 425
 Than those whose double Births increas'd my Line;
 She that, of PHÆNIX' Blood descended, bore
 MINOS the Just, and RADAMANTH divine:
 She that, on Lands and Seas long-wand'ring seen,
 To Heav'n a PHÆBUS gave, to Woods a Huntress Queen. 430

XLIV.

JUNO, more dear than ever Dame was dear,
 If now with MICE or FROGS she dares to treat,
 Sore will I scourge, suspended high in Air,
 And rack'd with pond'rous Anvils at her Feet.

Ver. 421. *Tho' more than*] *U*ze in the Iliad makes his Speech to *Juno*. A Man's Love to the Sex in general, may be no ill Recommendation to a particular Woman, even to a virtuous Matron; tho' I fancy it could never make him more in favour with his own Wife, whatever Influence it might have on the Wife of another, unless Nature was a very different Thing in Homer's time from what it is in our degenerate Age.

Ver. 434. *pond'rous Anvils*] The Physical Meaning seems very apparent. *Juno* the Air has two Elements, Earth and Water, at her Feet, call'd Anvils, because in them only Arts are exercised. The Moral intimates, that good Housewives should stay at home; — *Dacier*. There is another Moral equally plain, overlooked by the learned French-woman, *viz.* That Husbands upon extraordinary Occasions, may bestow upon their Wives corporal Correction. If the Fair Sex now think this brutal, 'tis merely out of false Delicacy.

When Hands resistless on my Queen I lay,

435

Inferior Gods, your due Submission learn.

Trembling the silent Deities obey.

Strait warlike Trumpets breathe out Courage stern,

Hornets, who sounding bid the Battles join,

While Jove from cloudless Heav'n high thund'ring gave the Sign.

XLV.

The Frog HYP SIBOAS the first advanc'd,

His Jav'lin at LEICHENOR strong to throw;

The right-aim'd Spear his Shield and Bosom lanc'd,

Through-pierc'd he fell to Earth, and groveling low,

Soil'd in the Dust his Hairs. PELEION brave

445

By Mouse TROGLODYTES the next was struck,

Nor Cabbage Target could the Hero save,

Fix'd in his Breast the pointed Weapon shook:

Dark Clouds of Death his swimming Eyes o'erspread,

Forth from her wounded hold his Soul in Terror fled.

450

Ver. 439. *Hornets*] Flies might have done well enough for Trumpeters. *Minerva* in the 17th Iliad inspires *Menelaus* with the Courage of a Fly, which Comparison has nothing of Meanness in it; however a Hornet is more heroical.

Ver. 441. *Hypsiboas*] A loud Bawler.

Ver. 442. *Leichenor*] A Name from Licking.

Ver. 445. *Peleion*] A Name of the same Signification with *Pelides*; the Son of *Peleus*, i. e. Mud.

Ver. 446. *Troglodytes*] One who runs into Holes.

XLVI. AR-

XLVI.

ARTOPHAGUS at POLYPHONUS sent,

Nor miss'd the Mark design'd, a massy Spear;

The brazen Point the sev'nfold Buckler rent,

And past the verdant Beet, nor staying there,

Transfix'd his swelling Chest. It chanc'd, a Stone

Lay near at hand, black, rugged, heavy, great,

This by LYMNOCARIS with Fury thrown,

Crush'd fierce TROGLODYTES beneath its Weight.

Pierc'd by SEUTLAUS' Lance in fatal Hour,

EMBASICHYTRUS vast fell like a ruin'd Tow'r.

XLVII.

Nor joy'd SEUTLAUS long, ISENOR griev'd

Vow'd to revenge EMBASICHYTRUS slain;

But hasty Wrath his erring Hand deceiv'd,

The Spear wide swerving struck the distant Plain:

He snatch'd a Land-mark of enormous size,

The Burthen of the Field wherein it lay;

For twelve the tallest strongest modern Mice

To lift or roll it might in vain assay:

As

Ver. 451. *Artophagus*] One who feeds on Bread.—ibid. *Polyphonus*] A great Babbler.—Ver. 457. *Lynnocaris*] One who loves the Lake.—Ver. 459. *Seutlaus*] Called from the Beets.—Ver. 461. *Isenor*] One equal to a Man; for a Mouse may as easily be supposed equal to a Man, as a Man equal to a God.

Ver. 467. *for twelve the tallest*] The Opinion of a Degeneracy of human Size
and

As from an Engine shot, the Mill-stone flies
Full on SEUTLÆUS' Neck, and Darknes veils his Eyes. 470

XLVIII.

The Warrior PTERNOTROCTES level'd right

His glitt'ring Javelin 'gainst LIMNISIUS' Head,
Which pierc'd his liftèd Shield and Helmet bright,
And immost Brain; the Soul in terror fled.

CRAMBOPHAGUS, with sudden Fear dismay'd, 475

Leap'd the steep Bank to gain his native Lake;
But PTERNOTROCTES' winged Weapon stay'd
His Flight, deep ent'ring his inglorious Back:
Stretch'd on the Brink his lifeles Corse remain'd,
While Rays of purple Blood, the silver Water stain'd. 480

XLIX.

PTERNOGLYPHUS by CALAMINTHIUS seen,

His Spear advancing, struck the FROG with Dread,
Who shameles cast behind his Target green,
And div'd beneath the Waves with Coward Speed.

and Strength in the Process of Ages, has been very general. *Virgil* makes a farther Allowance. In this Way of Thinking it will appear that Frogs and Mice were not such despicable Animals heretofore as they are at present, either as to their bodily or intellectual Accomplishments.

Ver. 471. *Pternotroctes*] A Bacon-eater. — Ver. 472. *Limnissus*] Called from the Lake. — Ver. 475. *Crambophagus*] A Cabbage-eater. — Ver. 481. *Pternoglyphus*] A Bacon-scooper. — Ibid. *Calaminthius*] From the Herb.

Not

Not so HYDROCHARIS, who wrathful threw 485

At Prince PTERNOPHAGUS a rugged Stone ;
 Right at the destin'd Mark the Mill-stone flew ;
 Pierc'd to the Scull, and crack'd the solid Bone,
 Nor Nutshell Helm avail'd : wide was the Wound ;
 Brains thro' the Nostrils flow'd, and Blood distain'd the Ground.

Near Hand, to cruel Fate alas too nigh,

A harmless Frog BORBOROCATES stood,
 Who late escap'd his careful Parent's Eye,
 New from his Tadpole State, and left the Flood
 For Glory : fairest of the Nation deem'd, 495

With ev'ry Gift of CYTHEREA grac'd :
 This nought the stern LEICHOPINAX esteem'd ;

Whose strongly-darted Lance his Form defac'd,
 Dead, through the Liver struck, he tumbled down,
 While Streams of Crimson Red new-dy'd his Olive Brown. 500

LI.

PRASSOPHAGUS dragg'd with unseemly Spite
 CNISSODIOCTES' Carcase o'er the Field ;

Ver. 485. *Hydrocharis*] who loves the Water.

Ver. 486. *Pternophagus*] a Bacon-eater.

Ver. 492. *Borborocates*] who lies in the Mud.

Ver. 501. *Prassopagrus*] an Eater of Garlick.

Ver. 502. *Cnissodioctes*] one who follows the Steam of Kitchens.

The

The Mouse PSICHARPA^x, wrathful at the Sight,
To screen his Friend, oppos'd his ample Shield.

PRASSOPHAGUS retiring, vainly thought
To shun, by quick Retreat, his speedy Foe,
Him through from Side to Side PSICHARPA^x smote,
With utmost Fury rising to the Blow :
Prone down he fell ; to PLUTO's nether Skies,
Where Heroes Shades remain, his Soul unwilling flies. 510

LII.

PELOBATES drew by the Helmet's Thong
The Warrior ARTOTROGUS through the Dust,
And choak'd amid the Waves : nor triumph'd long ;
For strong PSICHARPA^x through his Liver thrust
His Javelin's deadly Point. PELUSIUS view'd
The Wound amaz'd, but gath'ring Courage new,
Crafty a handful large of oily Mud
At fierce PSICHARPA^x Murrian right he threw,
Which all bemir'd with Slime his manly Beard,
Nigh clos'd his open Eyes, and stifled Nose besmear'd. 520

Ver. 511. Pelobates] who walks in the DIRT.

Ver. 512. Artotrogus] see Artophagus and Troxartes.

Ver. 525. Pelusius] from Mud.

LIII. The

LIII.

The Mouse half blind and strangled, mad with Shame,
 A Stone amidst his Foes at random hurl'd,
 Which, haply had he seen with Skill to aim,
 Had sent some Warrior FROG to PLUTO's World ;
 The massy Stone PELUSIUS' Knee-pan broke, 525
 Which fail'd, unable to support its Weight.

PELIDES King of FROGS a second Stroke
 Forbad, quick to prevent his Brother's Fate,
 He pierc'd PSICHARPAX' Bowels, entring in
 Deep far behind his Back the pointed Reed was seen. 530

LIV.

Forth from their bleeding Bed his Entrails flow'd,
 And fell amid the Dust around his Feet :
 With Torture leaning on his Spear he stood,
 'Till crowding Friends secur'd his slow Retreat.
 A Lance at loud-voic'd BRANCHIAZON thrown, 535
 Transfix'd his Groin, his Thigh the Javelin's Head
 Half-sever'd from his Trunk ; the Hand unknown,
 And whose the Glory of so brave a Deed.
 Hardly he limp'd from Fight, his Nerves disjoin'd,
 And trail'd a wounded Length of dangling Leg behind. 540

Ver. 535. *Branchiazon*] Croaking.

U u

LV. When

LV.

When lo ! divine TROXARTES King of MICE
 Marches with sevenfold Target up to fight ;
 Instant the King of Frogs PELIDES flies
 With utmost Swiftness from his injur'd sight.
 With equal Steps the MOUSE pursued the Chase : 545
 Swift as LATONA's Seed their Arrows shoot.
 Still stood the wond'ring Hosts to view the Race ;
 For either Chief was known so light of Foot,
 The FROG was oft by Wayes unyielding borne, 550
 The MOUSE by slender Ears of ripe unbending CORN.

LVI.

SITOPHAGUS but late had trembling fled
 The FROG's terrific Voice and mighty Arm,
 Casting his Shield behind, his dastard Head
 Shrowding in Reeds ; no longer fearing Harm,
 He now the watry Monarch flying found, 555
 And struck his winged Heel with sudden Dart.

Ver. 543. *Pelides*] This Name alludes not only to Pelos Mud, but to Achilles also, the Son of Thetis, so called. It is no Disgrace for a Hero to fly, especially having Guilt upon his Spirits.

Ver. 549. *the Frog was oft*] The Greek Poet illustrates the Swiftness of Ericthonius's Mares, by describing them as running over the standing Corn and Surface of Waters, without making any Impression : And the Latin one says the same of Camilla ; which is a certain Sign of Homer's Excellency. Now a Frog is as likely to be borne upon the Waters, as a Heroine ; and a Mouse is not altogether so heavy as a Mare. Ver. 551. *Sitopagus*] an Eater of Wheat.

But

But good PRASSEUS soon reveng'd the Wound,
Transfix'd the MOUSE, and tore his hairy Heart.
PELIDES fell; e'er yet the fatal Stroke
Incens'd TROXARTES struck, the bleeding Hero spoke. 560

LVII.

O King, if Gifts may move, of Jewels rare
My Ransom take, a rich and precious Hoard,
Which dying PELEUS gave to me his Heir;
Which erst my great Progenitors had stor'd,
Spoils of the Waters; Heaps of yellow Ore 565
My willing Subjects for their Prince shall give?
Reject not then with Scorn the profer'd Store.
Enchain me, let me serve, but let me live.
Better alive sad Slav'ry to sustain,
Than dead o'er all the Ghosts of Chiefs and Kings to reign. 570

LVIII.

By Thee PSICHRAX fell, the Mouse reply'd;
If Death so terrible appear, die Thou.
With cruel Spear he lanc'd his naked Side,
Warm Streams of vital Blood his Arms o'erflow:
Vet. 557. *Prasseus*] called from Garlick.
Ver. 569. *Better alive*] It is no wonder the Heroes are so unwilling to die, when the Poet provides no better Entertainment for them in the next World, than the worst they could meet with in this.

His panting Bosom heaves with dying Sighs, 575

Hard lab'ring to retain departing Breath :

At length he yields ; black Darknes veils his Eyes,

Seal'd in eternal Sleep of Iron Death.

Nor strive the FROGS to screen their Leader slain,

From greedy Victor's Spoil, or Fun'ral Rites to gain. 580

LIX.

Amidst the Pres, young MERIDARPAX fought,

ARTEPIBULUS' Son, a MOUSE divine !

Who, breathing Wrath and righteous Vengeance, fought

T' extirpate quite the FROGS perfidious Line.

On whom the Gods their various Gifts bestow'd ; 585

Warlike as MARS who shakes the guarded Wall,

As NEPTUNE's wide his Chest and Shoulders broad,

As JOVE majestick, as ALCIDES tall.

By Troops the Warrior FROGS he flew with ease,

LIMNIUS, HYDROCHARIS, PELEUS, CRAUGASIDES. 590

Ver. 581. Meridarpax] one who plunders his Share.

Ver. 582. Artepibulus] one who has Designs upon Bread.

Ver. 586. Warlike as Mars] When Plutarch blam'd the comparing one Man to several Deities, that Censure was not passed upon Homer as a Poet, but by Plutarch as a Priest : And no modern fine Gentleman sure can think the worse of any thing for its being disapproved by a Priest in his Sacerdotal Capacity. Should it be said in his Defence, that he was a Heathen, Mr. Dryden cuts off that Plea — *Priests of all Religions are the same* — It must be owned they are corrupted to the utmost, if they be fallen in their Morals to so low a Degree, that the first Stone may justly be thrown at them by Poets.

Ver. 590. Limnius] of the same Import with Limnifus, called from the Lake.

LX. While

LX.

Whilst dealing Death thus MERIDARPAX fares,

A secret Path his chosen Squadrons take,

And seize the num'rous Passes unawares

Betwixt the croaking Host and neighbour Lake.

Now Slaughter reigns : whole Show'rs of Weapons flow 595

On MERIDARPAX' Leathern Shield in vain ;

The Folds repel the Points. And surely now

His Hand impartial had the Nation slain,

Had not high JOVE beheld the FROGS distrest,

And thus with gracious Lips his Offspring Gods address. 600

LXI.

Hear, ev'ry Pow'r of Heaven, Air, Sea, and Hell ;

Hear, ev'ry God, and ev'ry Goddess hear ;

How strange to Sight ! how wonderful to tell !

What Troops have fall'n by MERIDARPAX' Spear,

What Numbers numberless ! afflicted sore !

605

Say what of Arms or Counsel you prepare ;

What Force can vye with MERIDARPAX' Pow'r ?

What Slight effectual drive him from the War ?

If not from Heav'n the FROGS Assistance find,

His fierce wide-wasting Arm will quite destroy the Kind. 610

Ver. 590. *Craugafides]* from Croaking.

LXII. Pon-

LXII.

Pond'ring the Deities in Silence sat,
 Hard was the Task the desp'rare Field to win ;
 Nor Prophet Phœbus open'd the Debate,
 Nor sage MINERVA ventur'd to begin.
 At length impatient MARS disclos'd his Mind,
 Spoiler of Cities, stain'd with human Gore,
 Scarcely so loud three thousand Warriors join'd,
 Or shout when fighting, or when wounded roar :
 Thus from his brazen Chest the Murd'rer spoke,
 Whilst rattling with his Voice th' extended Welkin shook.

LXIII.

Beware, for Gods by mortal Arms may smart,
 And Wounds, and Pain, and Shame, have oft endur'd.
 JUNO and PLUTO felt ALCIDES' Dart,
 Whom PÆON's healing Medicines hardly cur'd.

Ver. 612. *hard was the Task*] Neptune, in II. 13, supposes the Assistance of Jupiter himself might be useless to the Trojans; and no wonder therefore it might be ineffectual to have the Succour of any inferior Divinities.

Ver. 613. *nor Prophet Phœbus*] Apollo being nothing but Destiny, ought not to side with either Part before Jupiter declares himself.

Ver. 614. *nor sage Minerva*] It is agreeable also to the Character of Wisdom to hear others speak first.

Ver. 618. *scarcely so loud*] This Hyperbole, strong as it is, yet is not extravagant: The Voice is not Human, but that of a Deity; and the Comparison being taken from an Army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of War. So Polypheus, a mere Mortal, shook the whole Isle of Sicily with his Cries.

O T U S

OTUS and EPHIALTES dar'd confine, 625
 Ev'n Me, for thirteen Moons in Prison bound ;
 'Till HERMES stole me thence, fly Thief divine.
 Nor JOVE had milder Fate from PALLAS found,
 Had not a Giant timely Succour giv'n,
 By Men AEGAEON call'd, but BRIAREUS in Heav'n. 630

LXIV.

What single God can stand th' unequal Shock ;
 From Dangers past, Immortals, learn to fear.
 MINERVA's self would sink beneath the Stroke,
 And tinge with Ichor MERIDARPAX' Spear.
 Heav'n's Magazines must arm us for the Charge : 635
 All Arms are needful to repel the Foe ;
 ALCIDES' Club, MINERVA's Lance and Targe,
 My Sword, and PHOEBE's and APOLLO's Bow.

Ver 628. nor Jove] *Theta*s brought up this Succour to *Jupiter*; that is, the Watry Element taking its natural Place, put an end to that Combat of the Elements, which is signified by the Wars of the Gods.

Ver. 632. from Dangers] *Tully* and *Longinus* say *Homer* makes Mortals of his Gods, not of the inferior ones only. *Pythagoras* and *Plato* tax him with Impiety on this account, in whose Times the Gods were reckon'd altogether as corporeal as in our Poet's Age. *Boffu* owns the learned Men of Antiquity, either out of Pride, Envy, or Error, have gone upon wrong Grounds in a Matter of the highest Importance, and deceiv'd almost all Mankind with deformed and dangerous Figures, instead of necessary and solid Truths.

Ver. 634. and tinge with Ichor] Corporeal Deities being subject to Pains, is not inconsistent with true Theology; nay, *Boffu* assures us, even the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus* contains a very moral Lesson: Tho' how to reconcile this with what I have just quoted out of him, I cannot comprehend, without the Help of some new Allegory.

Saturnian

Saturnian Jove must lead us to the Field,
Arm'd with his vengeful Bolt, and Titan-quelling Shield. 640

LXV.

That Goat-skin Shield wherewith of old he fought,
When proud ENCELA DUS his Throne assail'd ;
When Giants leagu'd their promis'd Empire sought,
And first-born TITANs had almost prevail'd :
Such Lightnings keen, as erst TYPHÆUS vast 645
Sorely dismay'd, and wounded forc'd retire,
When Flames so thick the mighty Thund'rer cast,
That scarcely from the Wreck of horrid Fire
Olympus summited with Snow was sav'd,
Scarce the superior Heav'n, Abode of Gods, brass-pav'd. 650

LXVI.

Him PALLAS answ'ring, spake. Let all remain

Here in their heav'ly Seats reclin'd secure ;
Without partaking, view the Wounds and Pain
Which mortal FROGS from mortal MICE endure.

But if our Sov reign's all-commanding Will 655
Is fix'd to save them from triumphant MICE,

Ver. 644. First-born Titans] If Homer held Birth-right to be Divine, 'tis plain it was on Earth only. The *Titans* were Rebels because they were conquered; but had they gained the Victory, they would have at least as much Right to the Sovereignty of Heaven as ever *Jupiter* was possessed of. The Poet was no Friend to Passive-Obedience; and the Patrons of Resistance may prove their Point most irrefragably out of his Poem.

Launch

Launch he his Thunder from yon neighbour Hill,
 Or call to dreadful Fight some High Allies,
 Whose Strength may turn the Fortune of the Day,
 If Jove's high-thund'ring Arm should fail to part the Fray.

LXVII.

She ended Speech, and cloud-compelling Jove
 His three-fork'd Thunder takes to part the Fight,
 With Goat-skin Shield descending from above,
 Swift, silent, black, and terrible as Night.
 In sudden Darkness either Host he shrouds, 665
 Harsh Thunders rowl, and blueish Lightnings blaze,
 Yet not for loudest Peals or thickest Clouds
 His Course impetuous MERIDAR PAX stays:
 Nor ceas'd the Din of War, tho' all around
 Heav'n trembled from above, groan'd underneath the Ground.

LXVIII.

As from a Victim Bull the sever'd Meat

To broil by Waiters on the Coals is lain,

Ver. 665. *In sudden Darkness*] When the Author has a mind to save any Hero in Distress, he brings in some God to steal him away in a Cloud: A Conduct imitated by almost all his Commentators; who, when their favourite Writer is in any Danger, constantly raise a Dust, that the Poet may escape in the Obscurity.

Ver. 671. *As from a Victim*] To judge rightly of Comparisons, we are not to examine if the Subjects from whence they are derived, be great or little, noble or familiar, but if the Image produc'd be clear and lively.

Their Eyes devour the Food : They fasting yet
Impatient, turn the Steak, and turn again.

So now with disappointed JOVE it far'd, 675
From Thought to Thought, from Place to Place he flies.
His Bolt he trusts not, nor Æthereal Guard,
For Barrier to the FROGS, his high Allies
He calls : Sight more prodigious ne'er was shown
On Earth, that bears all Fruits, or Sea producing none. 680

LXIX.

Dreadful Allies ! What once their Gripe possest,
So fast they grasp'd with cruel-rending Claws,
It easier seem'd a Bone by Force to wrest
From Hell-born CERBERUS' devouring Jaws,
Each Champion's Mouth, or what for Mouth appears, 685
Yawns dismal, discontinuous, darksome, wide,
Wond'rously fenc'd with sharply-grinding Sheers,
Whose Edges meeting temper'd Mail divide,

Ver. 677. *His Bolt*] Homer's Allegory is not to be accounted for without a deep Insight into the Egyptian and Hieroglyphical Learning : Tho' his best Translator affirms he probably used old Traditions as Embellishments of Poetry only, neither taking care to explain them to the Reader, nor perhaps diving into their mystick Meanings himself. Yet the best Critick upon him says, these Tales, unless taken allegorically, are entirely Atheistical, and contrary to Decency. A celebrated Author blames Spencer for making his Moral too obvious, a Fault which the most malignant Carper can never charge Homer with : a far greater Genius is requisite to understand his Fables, than open Morality has need of. It requires much stronger Teeth to crack the Shell, than to eat the Kernel.

With

With seeming double Heads the Monsters threat,
Like AMPHISBENA's dire in Africk's Noon-day Heat. 690

LXX.

Hands had they none, yet what supplied the Place,
Unnumber'd Arms; scarce BRIAREUS had more:
Which Mother Nature clad in jetty Cape,
For tender Skin with Armour plated o'er.
Fixt in their Breasts their round black Eye-balls stood,
Their Chest with Rows of Bone were strongly barr'd;
Their Backs like malleable Anvils shew'd,
Extended broad, smooth, solid, shining, hard;
Sure-proof, nor firmer Hardness could they take,
Tho' nine times dip'd in Styx, inviolable Lake. 700

LXXI.

Fit Instruments of JOVE's avenging Ire,
Allies for Gods, tho' made of earthly Mould,
Not triple-form'd CHIMÆRA half so dire,
Whom brave BELLEROPHON subdued of old.
Oblique, untoward, aukward did they crawl 705
Infidous, whither tending, hard to say:

Ver. 702. *Allies*] At least as capable of assisting him against the Mice, as Briareus to protect him against the Gods.

Ver. 703. *Triple-form'd*] Chimæra was feigned to have the Head of a Lion, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon, because a Mountain so called had Lions at the top, Goats in the middle, and Serpents at the bottom. Tho' some of the Antients thought it no Fiction.

Num'rous their Legs and Thighs, distorted all
 Their Shells well-jointed to their Wills gave way.
 Such Hinges fine not VULCAN's self could blame,
 Nay, VULCAN's self from these his Armour learnt to frame. 710

LXXII.

Forth from the Waves their horrid March they take,
 By Man call'd CRABS: o'erpower'd the MICE are kill'd,
 Who guard the Passes issuing from the Lake,
 And JOVE's Imperial Purpose is fulfill'd.
 No mortal Strength their crusted Limbs could harm, 715
 Or penetrate Dame NATURE's Panoply;
 The MICE in vain around the Monsters swarm,
 Sawn clean asunder by their Sheers they die,
 Which snap'd their brittle Spears, and crash'd their Mails,
 And crop'd their forward Heads, and lop'd their dragging Tails.

LXXIII.

Not monstrous Foes, the King of MICE exclaim'd,
 But Gods averse I fear, and hostile JOVE;
 Tho' Gods immortal might retire unblam'd,
 Should Foes like these their heav'nly Valour prove.
 To whom with winged Answer soon rejoin'd 725
 Young MERIDARPAX, Gods submit to Fate;

Ver. 721. *Not monstrous.*] It becomes not a Hero to fear any thing but the Gods; the old Mouse first advises a Retreat, and then the young one complies, as Diomedes did with the Counsel of Nestor.

Aright

Aright, O King, according to my Mind
 Advis'd, retreat We. These retiring, straight
 Their trembling Host fled headlong wing'd with Fear,
 Last MERIDARPAX stalk'd, and fullen clos'd the Rear. 730

LXXIV.

As when a sluggish Ass in Corn is found,
 Whose Back has num'rous Staves already broke,
 He now with Troops of Boys encompass'd round,
 Impenetrably dull receives the Stroke.

Teaz'd, but not hurt, he stands their utmost Spite, 735

Nor Blows nor Shouts can urge him to return :
 Weak are their Cries, and childish is their Might,
 Serene he pastures on the bladed Corn.

At length, and scarce at length, he deigns to yield,
 Driv'n fated with Repast slow-footing from the Field. 740

LXXV.

The MUSES knowing all Things, lift not show
 The Wailings for the Dead and Fun'r'al Rites,
 To blameless ÆTHIOPIANS must they go,
 To feast with Jove for twelve succeeding Nights,

There-

Ver. 731. *A sluggish Ass]* An Ass was not always such a Fool of a Beast as he is now ; for other Animals as well as Men degenerate : However, if it might be thought too low a Comparison for a Man, I hope it is not too mean for a Mouse.

Ver. 743. *To blameless Æthiopians]* The Gods are represented as Feasting in *Æthiopia* before the Scenes of War are open'd in the *Iliad*, and return thither at

Therefore abrupt thus end they — Let suffice

745

The Gods august Assembly to relate,

Heroick FROGS and Demigods of MICE,

TROXARTES' Vengeance, and PELIDES' Fate.

Hofts routed, Lakes of Gore, and Hills of Slain,

An ILIAD, Work Divine! *rais'd from a Day's Campaign.* 750

at the Close. The *Aethiopians* are said to be Inventors of Pomps, Sacrifices, and other Honours paid to the Gods. *Macrobius* tells us, *Jupiter* means the Sun, and the Number Twelve denotes the Twelve Signs.

Ver. 750. *An Iliad*] *Homer's Iliad* does not take up fifty Days; so that it was but a strange Complement to a great General, to say he had furnished Matter for an *Iliad* in one Campaign or half Year.

Ibid. *Work Divine!*] Madam *Dacier* seems to have almost as much Regard for *Homer* as the Bible, as tho' she were willing they should stand or fall together; and with Wit equal to her Piety, she proves the Poet blameless by Texts of Scripture. Nothing could go beyond this, except the Fancy of our Countryman, who held *Homer* and *Solomon* to be the same Person.

I think it proper at my taking leave of my Reader, to acquaint him, there is a general Moral runs through this whole Work; which I will not suppose him so ignorant as not to discern. 'Tis of a quite different Nature from the above-mentioned Allegories; to which sort of Beauties may be applied, with the Alteration of *new* into *old*, that celebrated Couplet,

*This new Way of Wit does so surprize,
Men lose their Wits in wond'ring where it lies.*



N E C K

N E C K or N O T H I N G:

A

Consolatory Letter from Mr. Dunton to Mr. C--ll,
on his being toss'd in a Blanket, &c.

In the Y E A R 1716.

Id cogito quod res est, quando eum quæstum occuperis,
Accipiunda & missanda injuria adolescentium est. TER.
Truth is truest Poesy. COWLEY.

L O ! I, that erst the Glory spread
Of Worthies, who for MONMOUTH bled,
In Letters black, and Letters red ;
To Thee, dear MUN, Condolance write,
A Suff'rer from the Jacobite :
For just as they were Martyrs, so
A Glorious Confessor art Thou :
Else should this matchless Pen of mine
Vouchsafe Thee not a single Line ;
Nor wave its Politicks for this,
Its dark and deep Discoveries ;
Nor for a Moment should forbear
To charge the Faction in the Rear.

Could

Could none of thy Poetick Band
Of Mercenary Wits at hand
Foretell, or ward the coming Blow,
From Garret high, or Cellar low ?
Or else at least in Verse bemoan
Their Lord, in double Sense cast down ?
Or waſt Thou warn'd, and couldſt believe
That Habit fitted to deceive,
That corner'd Cap, and hanging Sleeve ?
What Protestant of sober Wits
Would truſt Folks drefſt like Jesuits ?
And couldſt Thou, MUN, be ſuch a ſot
As not to ſmell a Powder-Plot ?
And looking nine Ways couldſt not ſpy
What might be feen with half an Eye.

What Planet rul'd that luckleſs Day,
When Thou, by Traitors call'd away,
Thy hafthy hapleſs Course diſt ſteer
To fatal Flogging WESTMINSTER ?
For Hat and Gloves You call'd in hafte,
And down to Execution paſt.
Small need of Hat and Gloves, I trow ;
Thou might'ſt have left thy Breeches too !

Perhaps

Perhaps thy Soul, to Gain inclin'd,
Did gratis Copies think to find ;
Or else, mistaken Hopes I expected
To have at least the Press corrected.
Correction They designing were
More difficult, but better far ;
Tho' whatsoe'er the Knaves intended,
Thou'rt but corrected, not amended.
No ! let it ne'er by Man be said,
The Pirate's frighted from his Trade ;
Tho' vengeful Birch should flea his Thighs,
Tho' toss'd from Blankets he should rise,
Or stand fast nail'd to Pillories. }
To see thee smart for Copy-stealing,
My Bowels yearn with Fellow-feeling.
Have I alone oblig'd the Press
With fifteen hundred Treatises,
Printers and Stationers undone,
A Plagiary in ev'ry one ?
Yet always luckily have sped,
Nor suffer'd in my Tail or Head.
My Shoulders oft have ak'd, 'tis true,
Misfortune frequent with us Two !

Law claims from Thieves and Pamphleteers,
Stripes on the Back, and Pain of Ears ;
And Cudgels too a Pow'r derive
Around our Sides Executive :
A Pow'r, tho' not by Statute lent,
Yet justify'd by Precedent.
But Law or Custom does not give
Such Tyrannous Prerogative,
To turn thy Brains, and then extend
Their Fury to the nether End.
Inhuman Punishment, inflicted
By Stripling Tories, Rogues addicted
To arbitrary Constitution ;
'Twas ROME ! 'twas downright Persecution !
I sweat to think of thy Condition
Before that barb'rous Inquisition.
Lo ! wide-extended by the Crowd,
The Blanket, dreadful as a Shroud,
Yawns terrible, for Thee, poor MUN,
To stretch, but not to sleep upon.
Glad woulst Thou give thy Copies now,
And all thy golden Hopes forego ;

Some

Some Favour from their Hands to win,
And 'scape but once with a whole Skin ;
Yet vain, alas ! is thy Repentance,
For *Neck or Nothing* is thy Sentence.
How dost Thou lessen to the Sight,
With more than a Poetick Flight ?
I ken Thee dancing high in Air,
With Limbs alert, and quiv'ring there :
So, whizz'd from Stick, I've seen to rise
A Frog, sent sprawling to the Skies,
By naughty Boys, on Sport intent,
Caught straggling from its Element.
This Scene some Graver shall invite,
To stamp thy Form in Black and White ;
Haply in future Times to grace
Some ever-open Frontispiece.
With mouldy Veteran Authors stale,
Sustain'd by Packthread and a Rail ;
Where CROUCH, sweet Story-teller, keeps,
And BUNYAN, happy Dreamer, sleeps :
Near him perchance aerial Thou,
Aloft shalt thy Proportion show ;

For ever carv'd on Wooden Plate,
 Shalt hang i' th' Air like MAHOMET.
 Whate'er thine Effigy might do,
 Thy Person could not hover so.
 Happy at WESTMINSTER for Thee,
 Could'st thou have hung by Geometry :
 But ah ! the higher Mortals soar,
 So Fate ordains, they fall the lower ;
 With swifter Rapidness down-hasting,
 For nothing violent is lasting,
 With greater Force thy Forehead came,
 Than Engine, or than batt'ring Ram ;
 Nor Blanket's interposing Wool
 Could save the Pavement, or the Scull.

This sure might seem enough for once, Oh !
 This tossing up, and tumbling down so ;
 And well thy Stomach might incline
 To spue without Emetick Wine :
 Their Rage goes farther, and applies
 More fundamental Injuries.

Like Truant, doom'd the Lash to feel,
 Thou'rt dragg'd, full sore against thy Will,

To

To School to suffer more and worse,
No wonder if you hang an Arse ;
As thy Posteriors could foresee
Their near-approaching Destiny.
The School, the direful Place of Fate,
Opes her inhospitable Gate,
Which ne'er had yet such Rigour seen,
No ! not from Bussy's Discipline.
And first of all, the cruel Rabble
Conduct Thee, trembling, to a Table ;
Thy wriggling Corps across they spread,
Two guard the Heels, and two the Head :
The rest around, a threatening Band,
With each his *Fasces* in his Hand,
Dreadful as *Roman Lictors* stand:
So oft a four-legg'd Cur I've known,
By hind Legs and by fore kept down
To be dissected, while Physician
Stands o'er with Weapon of Incision.
The Scene they order to disclose ;
“ Strip, pull his Breeches o'er his Hose ;
“ Nay, farther, make the Coast yet clearer,
“ Tho' near the Shirt, the Skin is nearer.

So said, so done, they soon uncase
 Thy only penetrable Face,
 The Breech, the Seat of Bashfulness :
 As hence we gather, by its Caring
 So very rarely for appearing ;
 Not oft its pretty self revealing,
 Devoid of Sight, tho' not of Feeling :
 And now upon thy Rump they score thee,
 And pink thy fleshy Cushions for thee.

Come hold him fair, we'll make him know
 What 'tis to deal with Scholars — Oh !
 Quoth EDMUND. — Now, without Disguise,
 Confess, quo' they, thy Rogueries.
 What makes you keep in Garret high
 Poor Bards ty'd up to Poetry ? —
 I'm forc'd to load them with a Clog,
 To make them study.— Here's a Rogue
 Affronts the School ; we'll make Thee rue it :
 — Indeed I never meant to do it !
 No ? didst Thou not th' *Oration* print
 Imperfect, with false Latin in't ?
 O Pardon ! — No, Sir, have a care,
 False Latin's never pardon'd here !

Indeed

Indeed I'll ne'er do so again,
Pray handle me like Gentlemen.—
Yes, that we will, Sir, never fear it,
Your Betters have been forc'd to bear it.
Thus shaking the Tyrannick Rod,
Insulting thy Backside they stood,
And with a Lash, as is their Fashion,
Finish'd each smart Expostulation.

Tho' all that can by Man be said,
Can ne'er beat Sense into thy Head,
Yet sure this Method cannot fail,
Quick to convey it to thy Tail.
As when a Purge, that's upwards ta'en,
Scours not the stubborn Bowels clean ;
More surely operating Clyster,
At t' other End they administer.

I WESTMINSTER so much should hate,
Had I been jerk'd like Thee thereat,
I'm sure I should not care at all
To come so near it as the Hall.
Hast Thou not oft enough in Court
Appeard, and often smarted for't ?

And

And dost thou not, with many a Brand,
 Recorded for a Pirate stand ?
 Glad that a Fine could pay th' Arrears,
 And clear the Mortgage of thy Ears ?
 Then what Relief dost hope to draw,
 From that which still condemns Thee, Law ?
 And if from Law no Help there be,
 I'm sure there's none from Equity :
 Lay Hand on Heart, and timely think,
 The more Thou stir'st, the more Thou'l stink :
 And tho' it sorely gauls Thee yet,
 Well as Thou can'st, sit down with it :
 And since to rage will do no Good,
 Pull in thy Horns, and kiss the Rod ;
 And while Thou can'st, retreat, for fear
 They fall once more upon Thy Rear.

Tho' 'tis vexatious, MUN, I grant,
 To hear the passing Truants taunt,
 And ask Thee at thy Shop in Jeer,
Which is the Way to WESTMINSTER?
 Oh ! how th' unlucky Urchins laugh'd,
 To think they'd maul'd Thee fore and aft :

'Tis

'Tis such a sensible Affront,
Why POPE will write an Epick on't !
BERNARD will chuckle at thy Moan,
And all the Booksellers in Town,
From TONSON down to BODDINGTON : }
Fleet-Street and Temple-Bar around,
The Strand and Holborn, this shall sound ;
For ever This shall grate thine Ear,
Which is the Way to WESTMINSTER ?

ODE upon CHRIST's Crucifixion.

From the GREEK.

E Nough of PAGAN idle Toys ;
E Change the Strings, and raise the Voice,
To sacred Notes the Lyre apply'd,
Hail the KING ! the Crucify'd !
Of Wonders Thou eternal Store !
O what first shall I explore ?
Fain would I scan, fain would I tell
Mysteries unspeakable,

Z z

By

By Man or Spirits blest on high,
How the living GOD could die !
I'll tell of Love to Creatures' Sight
Fathomless and infinite.
His well-lov'd Son the Father chose
Bleeding Ransom for his Foes !
I'll sing in lofty Strains aloud
Triumphs of the bury'd GOD.
Hell and the Grave are Captives led,
Death is conquer'd by the Dead !
But hark ! from CALVARY rebounds
Mixture of affrighting Sounds,
Loud echoing dreadful from afar,
Of the Slain and of the Slayer,
That wounds mine Ear ! Haste, quickly fly
To the Mountain's Top mine Eye :
Him 'midst the Three expiring view ;
How unlike the other Two !
His gentle Head he meekly bends,
Wide his sacred Arms extends ;
The cruel Nails, his Weight that bear,
Tear him, fast'ning while they tear.

This

This suffer'd, wretched Man, for Thee,
Without suff'ring can'st Thou see ?
Thick rise thy Groans, thy Vesture tear,
Beat the Breast, and rend the Hair ;
The tend'rest yearning Pangs be thine :
All in Purple see him shine,
Not purchas'd from the TYRIAN Shore,
Dy'd, alas ! with dropping Gore ;
Part by his bleeding Temples shed
From the Thorns which pierc'd his Head,
Part from the long-drawn Furrows flow'd,
Which the twisted Scourge has plough'd.
High let thy Streams of Sorrow rise,
Ope the Fountains of thine Eyes,
Pour, pour on Earth a gushing Flood :
Since, so lib'ral of his Blood,
His vital Drops for Thee He spares,
Can'st thou, Mortal, grudge thy Tears ?



An EPI TAPH.

I.

A CLERGYMAN his Labour ends,
 And weary sleeps at Rest below ;
 Who, tho' his Fortune found not Friends,
 In Person hardly knew a Foe.

II.

Minding no Busines but his own,
 For Party never loud to strive ;
 His Flock not only mourn him gone,
 But even lov'd him when alive.

III.

A Conscience clean his Forehead cheer'd,
 Unfour'd by Poverty was he ;
 And always prais'd, tho' not prefer'd,
 By ev'ry Prelate in the See.

IV.

But Good Men view with small regard
 The Treatment here on Earth they find ;
 Secure in Heav'n to meet Reward
 From the Great Bishop of Mankind.

A PINDARICK ODE,
TO THE
Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.

ON

The Marriage of the Lady *Margaret Harley*
with His Grace the Duke of *Portland*.

I.

HYMNS, Ye Regents of the Lyre,
Pouring plenteously along,
Nuptial Friendship's hallow'd Fire
Claims the Torrent of my Song.
Hither wing Ye from your Sky
Spotless Faith and Piety.

II.

Say, if your Heav'n its Morn displays
Less beauteous here below,
Than when the Sun first spread its Rays
Five Thousand Years ago?
Let those who hate the cheerful Light
To darksome Graves descend,

And

And all who sacred Marriage slight,

And Lawless Lust defend,

Instant from Mankind remove;

None should live that never love.

III.

Pernicious Fable told

Unfixes Nature's Bounds;

Love reigns the same in all we're told,

If Man or Beast it wounds.

The Latian Bard adorns the Shame

Of mad ~~Basphume~~'s hateful Name,

And gilds what he should hide;

In Fields of Sorrow sets to view

The monstrous False, and faithful True,

And ranges Wives that Husbands flew

With Wives who for them dy'd.

I.

Truth superior drives away

Thinly wove Poetick Lies,

Bids well-grounded Passion stay,

Deathless Constancy supplies:

Truth makes Wedlock happy prove,

Truth is Duty and is Love.

II. When

II.

When Love exerts its genuine Pow'r,
Deduc'd from Virtue's Spring;
When Parents Blessing, richest Dow'r,
Prevents a future Sting ;
When mutual Trust and mutual Vows
Put all Reserve to Flight,
The Bliss our mortal State allows
Attains its utmost Height :
Bliss the Virtuous and the Chaste
Only give and only taste.

III.

When ANNE grac'd the Throne,
To BRITAIN justly dear,
She found that Nuptial Love alone
Could Toils of Greatness cheer :
Faithful Consort's friendly Breast
Could lull Imperial Cares to Rest,
And spotless Pleasure yield :
Pleasure She might have sought in vain
From Martial Glories of her Reign,
From CALPE or RAMILLIA's Plain,
Or BLENHEIM's well-fought Field.

I. Chance

I.

Chance, the Atheist and the Fool
 Call absurdly to their Aid ;
 Wisdom always acts by Rule,
 Who by Chance is happy made ?
 Youth and Wisdom join'd presage
 Love triumphant over Age.

II.

Blest in their Love, may PORTLAND's Eyes
 Ne'er weep their Offspring gone ;
 Much less may just and bitter Sighs
 Bewail a living Son.
 No ! let them view with dear delight
 Their Blossoms' op'ning Prime,
 Matur'd to Virtue's perfect Height
 By Culture and by Time :
 Well rewarded for their Cares,
 Fully answer'd in their Pray'rs.

III.

Each Virtue of their Line
 Reviv'd again, be known ;
 Nor let th' immortal Lustre shine
 In Memory alone :

Let Heirs from their distinguish'd Blood
Prosp'rous and healthy, wife and good,
Through ev'ry Age arise ;
'Till Seasons leave the circling Years,
'Till Heav'n dissolve its radiant Spheres,
'Till HARLEY's Honour disappears,
And ANNA's Glory dies.

From a Hint in the Minor Poets.

I.

NO ! not for Those of Women born,
Not so unlike the Die is cast ;
For, after all our Vaunt and Scorn,
How very small the Odds at last !

II.

Him, rais'd to Fortune's utmost Top,
With Him beneath her Feet compare ;
And One has nothing more to hope,
And One has nothing more to fear.

A a a

T O

An ODE to

JAMES OGLETHORPE, Esq.

Written soon after the DEATH of

The Lady OGLETHORPE, his Mother.

I.

NO! not through envious Time's continued Course
Not ev'ry Age degenerates from the past ;
Whether for Toils of War and rugged Force,
Or Arts, whose fair Memorials ever last.

II.

Tho' twice the Strength in DIOMEDE appear,
That Heroes Nerves when HOMER liv'd could show ;
Tho' TURNUS hurl'd a Rock, half-dead with Fear,
Which Twelve selected ROMANS could not throw.

III.

Tho' blind MÆONIDES unmatch'd displays
His Fire, and PINDAR scarce 'till COWLEY known ;
Tho' Antients Pyramids and Temples raiſe,
And Græcians wake to Life the breathing Stone.

IV. When

IV.

When wild OCTAVIUS, in AUGUSTUS lost,
Bles'd his ITALIANS with a Golden Reign,
What Worthies rise, their Country's happy Boast,
The Dignity of Nature to maintain !

V.

The Soul's whole Vigour CÆSAR's Smiles forth call,
And glorious Genii round his Empire sprung ;
VITRUVIUS nobly plan'd the pillar'd Wall,
And with immortal Grandeur MARO fung.

VI.

Again HESPERIA rises to Renown,
And TYBER's Sons again bright Honour share,
When LEO bounteous wore the Triple Crown,
A better Sov'reign than a Prelate far.

VII.

Then RAPHAEL's all-creating Art appear'd,
Rival to Nature, and shall live as long :
Then from her Trance old POESY uprear'd,
Inspir'd her VIDA with a Christian Song.

VIII.

Nor wants illustrious Names my Country dear,
Where pious ANNE and learn'd ELIZA reign'd.

Lo! TUDORS and PLANTAGENETS appear,
And CHARLES the Martyr consecrates the Land.

IX.

In STUART's Age what Merit claims the Lyre,
While HALCYON Years with cloudless Splendor run?
See! JONES's Piles immortalize the Sire;
Hark! Siren DRYDEN warbles to the Son.

X.

What Heroines attend BRITANNIA's Throne,
Thy Pencil's Pride, VANDYKE, or LELY thine?
Nor OGLETHORPE with meanest Lustre shone,
But asks the loftiest and the strongest Line.

XI.

Augustan Court, when OGLETHORPE was there,
Scene of the brightest Wits, and brightest Eyes!
Among the fairest not disown'd for Fair,
Among the wisest ever own'd as Wise.

XII.

Her constant Soul, unwarp'd by sunny Rays,
Convey'd no Poison to her Prince's Ear;
But Truths, while Faction stamps, and Cringers gaze,
She only dar'd to speak, and He to hear.

XIII. 'Mong

XIII.

'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found,
'Mong many daily wav'ring, still the same :
Prudent to chuse, and wise to keep her Ground,
Nor brib'd, nor sooth'd, nor frightened from her Aim..

XIV.

Heaven's Rod afflictive prov'd her Virtue's Pow'r,
In Storms as well as Calms too quickly try'd ;
Sleepless She guards her Sov'reign's dying Hour,
Nor starts a Moment from his honour'd Side.

XV.

CHARLES to no Saint his dying Soul commends,
Nor owns Conversion to the Papal Sway ;
No Romish Priest, no HUDDLESTON attends,
With useles Unction, his expiring Clay.

XVI.

'Twas this unfault'ring, unappall'd She spoke,
When Ideot Jesuits spur'd with headlong Rein.
But when weak Rulers press their Iron Yoke,
Sure Way to lose is meriting to gain.

XVII.

Thrown from her Place, from Royal Favour thrown,
A Fall more grievous to a gen'rous Mind,

This

This Truth, tho' grating, She persists to own,
And mocks the Violence of th' adverse Wind.

XVIII.

When o'er her Master's Head the Clouds grew black,
And prosp'rous WILLIAM reach'd his happy Post,
When Summer Flies by Swarms their Lord forsake,
She joins uncourtly to the falling Court.

XIX.

Can publick Good on private Guilt rely ?
Can worst Ingratitude from Conscience spring ?
Then well-paid Veterans from their Chief may fly,
And pension'd Fav'rites may desert their King.

XX.

Not wise NASSAU her stubborn Duty charm'd,
Not all His mighty Spirit Her's controll'd ;
She scorns his Anger, tho' with Legions arm'd,
Rejects his Bounty, and derides his Gold.

XXI.

Fit Confort for her Spouse ! whose Faith unfeign'd
While MONMOUTH sleeps, his Sword undaunted draws,
When BOTHWELL-Bridge rebellious SCOTS maintain'd,
With Clerks and Captains worthy of their Cause.

XXII. Admir'd

XXII.

Admir'd and courted by the stronger Side,
To Danger proof, his spotless Honour blaz'd ;
Condemn'd by Fools, by Sycophants decry'd,
Rever'd by WILLIAM, and by MARY prais'd.

XXIII.

And Thou, their Heir, with undiminish'd Fame
Transmit Hereditary Glory down ;
Let Publick Good thy utmost Ardour claim,
Careless of Coxcombs Fleer and Villains Frown.

XXIV.

Drag out foul Tyrants to th' astonish'd Light,
Where human Devils chain'd their Captives hold ;
For legal Liberties unwearyed fight,
Nor leave a Gyve unbroken, tho' of Gold.

XXV.

In distant Climes a safe Asylum give,
Where friendless Want, not Criminals, may run ;
Where Faith Divine and Virtue may revive,
And flourish kindly in another Sun.

XXVI.

Whether from barb'rous Tortures, Mercy stil'd,
And Jesuits Cruelties, they take their way ;

Or fly, by lawless Civil Pow'r exil'd,
Or starve by Statesmen's Ministerial Sway.

XXVII.

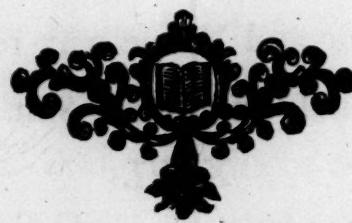
Unchanging Truth thy Parents both demand,
And Courage nothing mortal can controul :
Like them in Life, like them too fearless stand
In the last Conflict of the parting Soul.

XXVIII.

The duteous Son what piercing Sorrows wound,
When dying Pangs a Mother's Breast affail !
In Senates, as in Camps, intrepid found,
Then the Heart trembles, and the Spirits fail !

XXIX.

Fast by her Side behold him anxious laid,
To see the dearest Life on Earth expire ;
Of filial Love the last hard Office paid. —
Thou, POPE, through Sympathy assume the Lyre.

*On*

On HUMILITY.

I.

TI S not because I sprung from nought,
I bow with Lowliness of Thought ;
All but the TRINITY Most High
Was nothing once as well as I.

II.

'Tis not because I dwell in Clay,
Subject to Sicknes and Decay ;
This Flesh if rightly I controul,
'Tis no Pollution to my Soul.

III.

'Tis not because this outward Skin
Contains unseemly Stench within ;
Conceal'd 'tis well, as if all o'er
I breath'd Perfume at ev'ry Pore.

IV.

'Tis not because this Carcase dead
Will Worms and Putrefaction breed ;
'Tis well, as if from thence should come
The Violet's and the Rose's Bloom.

V.

No, I shall ne'er deject my Heart
 By thinking on my mortal Part ;
 Tho' mean, tho' base, tho' vile it be,
 'Twill put on Immortality.

VI.

'Tis not because dependant here,
 I poorly fill a narrow Sphere :
 To cast our destin'd Lot aside,
 Is not Humility, but Pride.

VII.

'Tis not because in Life below
 I little act, and little know ;
 In Knowledge and in Pow'r there's none
 Unlimited, but God alone.

VIII.

What ! in Myself then can I find
 No Cause for Lowness of Mind ?
 Ah, Yes ! for Sin what Thought can bear !
 'Tis there I sink ! 'tis wholly there !

On

On the DEATH of
A FRIEND, *a Dissenter from the Ch. of England.*

A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

O THOU, releas'd from Fears and Perils now,
From Pain and Tumult of the Life below,
This little Tribute to thy Dust I pay ;
Few Tears, but friendly, suit a Christian Lay,
From Him, who ne'er design'd a Friend as yet,
Alive or dead, to flatter or forget.
But fairest Truth will now no Blushes raise,
She runs no Danger from the highest Praife.

Open and free, honest in Word and Thought,
She shun'd no Questions, nor Disguises sought ;
No oily Flattery on her Language hung,
The Heart flow'd genuine from the artless Tongue ;
For Truth in unambiguous Speech delights,
And hates the ever-cautious Hypocrites :
Wretches of ev'ry Glimpse of Day afraid,
Souls under Cloaks, and Minds in Masquerade.
True Lord and God her Saviour she believ'd,
Nor Shews of Charity her Faith deceiv'd ;

Supreme with God, Eternal and alone,
The Son coæval on his Father's Throne,
Spoke at his Will this universal All,
Call'd us from nought, and rais'd us from our Fall :
She knew Belief and Practise well agreed,
Nor to observe Commandments lost her Creed.
For Branches never bear without a Root ;
Who tears the Vine up to secure the Fruit ?

Tho' Vice with Unconcern She could not see,
Yet unaffected show'd her Piety ;
Not cast in furious Pharisaic Mould
The Puritannick SHIBBOLET^H of old ;
That seem'd all Mirth as Sin to disavow,
No formal Frowning funk her even Brow,
As if each Look display'd its Owner's Fate,
And all that smil'd were seal'd for Reprobate ;
As awkward Sow'rness were a Sign of Grace,
And sure Election blest an ugly Face :
As if Hell-fire were always plac'd in view,
Ordain'd for all Men, but the gloomy Few.

Her Zeal began at Heav'n, but did not end ;
True to her Spouse, her Kindred, and her Friend ;

Faithful

Faithful and tender in Relation's Ties,
Cordial to help, and prudent to advise.
Her Worth Domestick let her Confort tell,
So long who 'joy'd it, and who prov'd so well.
No fly Reserve or loud Debate was there,
Nor fullen Negligence of Household Care ;
No niggard Murmurs, or profuse Expence,
But chearful Thrift, and easy Diligence :
No sep'reate Purse her private Sum did hold,
By secret pil'ring from the Market-Gold :
No Bounty flow'd unknowing to her Spouse,
The *Meeting* never robb'd the Counting-House :
Always to Want without Injustice kind,
Doubling each Alms-Deed when the Husband join'd ;
No fordid Lucre anxious to procure,
By grinding Bargains with the helpless Poor :
A Gain few Traders wish, She strove to reap,
From buying dearly, and from selling cheap ;
Gain, where unfailing Interest shall be giv'n,
Since no DIRECTORS sink the Fund of Heav'n.
To cheer the Wretch she wav'd all Female Pride,
And oft her own Convenience laid aside ;

Nor

Nor Silks nor Ornaments alone would spare,
To feed the Hungry, and to clothe the Bare.

Her Zeal for Church and Country might appear,
Sometimes mistaken, never insincere :

Our growing Crimes with Terror late she saw,
Lest publick Guilt should publick Judgment draw ;
Lest God so long provok'd in 'vengeful Hour,
Should grant us to the Hands of wicked Pow'r,
Our Laws, our Liberties, our Faith to sell,
By universal Bribes ensuring Hell.

She fears not now the Tempest whistling loud,
Nor Thunder gath'ring in the low-hung Cloud,
But rests secure from Dangers and from Dread,
Where Unbelief dare never lift its Head ;
Where none the Sacred Gospel dare disown,
Nor Fav'rite CLARKE the SON of GOD dethrone ;
Where none esteem the paltry Dirt of Gold,
And Truth no longer can be bought or sold.

Oh ! had the SAVIOUR me so highly grac'd,
Me, tho' unworthy, at his Altars plac'd,
T' have loos'd the Charms that long her Soul did hold,
And gain'd the candid Wand'rer to his Fold !

201

With

With Triumph had I seen her then expire,
Secure of some Degrees in Glory higher.
Now the True Church in Purity She owns,
Nor starts at Bishop-Angels on their Thrones ;
The one Communion void of Fault descries,
The Film for ever vanish'd from her Eyes :
Now after Death at least a Convert made,
Too good for those with whom on Earth she stray'd.
Her Teacher's self, as touch'd with inward Shame,
Avoids the mention of Her slighted Fame ;
To Her no Incense, no Applause is giv'n,
Too much a Saint on Earth to reign in Heav'n :
BRADSHAW and IRETON had their Heav'n possest,
Enthron'd in BAXTER's *Everlasting Rest.*
Amazing Saintship ! This perhaps You knew,
And wisely, Teacher, from the Subject flew :
Your Place befits not Characters so fair ;
Her Faith, her Zeal, her Piety, forbear ;
Her best Memorial is Your Silence There.

The

The B A S K E T: A TALE.

THERE flourish'd in a Market-Town,
To Riches born, and Riches grown,

A Pair, who free from flagrant Strife,
Had reach'd the middle Age of Life.

The Man was sprung of gentle Kind,
Not ill his Person or his Mind;

Expert at Fishing and at Fowling,

At Hunting, Racing, and at Bowling;
Nor would he to his Betters yield,

More in the House than in the Field,

In Country Dances he had Skill,

And play'd at Whisk, tho' not Quadrille:

He knew what 'Squire might wish to know, Sir,
But then, hard Fate! he was a Grocer,

And, spite of all his Wife could say,

Would sometimes work, as well as play.

His Wife was not unworthy Praise,
As Women went in former Days;

Her Beauty, Envy must confess,

Exact her Breeding, and her Dress;

In her own Family so good,

The Master manag'd as he would:

When

When Jars their Union discompose,
 Her Passion often inward glows ;
 Her Tongue in Anger would she hold,
 And rarely condescend to scold.
 Her Voice not shrill, but rather sweet,
 Her Conduct virtuous and discreet :
 In short, all Slander she defy'd,
 One only Failing Malice spy'd,
 One only Fault,-- but that was Pride !
 Her Lord's superior in degree,
 As something better born than He :
 None equal to herself she view'd,
 Throughout the spacious Neighbourhood.
 Th' Attorney's Wife, the World allows,
 Brought a large Fortune to her Spouse ;
 But then 'twas less, as she avers,
 By full Five Hundred Pounds than Her's.
 Her Hands for Sugars were too nice,
 She fainted at the Stink of Spice ;
 And fain her Husband would persuade
 To leave off such a dirty Trade.
 For Country Lasses, by the by,
 Can sometime bear their Heads as high

C c c

As

As loftiest Matrons, who reside

In stately Mansions of *Cheapside* ;

Can be as proud of Dow'r and Birth

As e'er a Princess upon Earth.

None with our Grocer could compare

For Trade, each Market was a Fair ;

From whence may gentle Readers know,

This Thing was acted long ago.

One Day his Bus'ness ran so high,

His Shop so throng'd with Company,

So quick his Customers Demands,

He needed more than all his Hands :

Down comes his Wife with careless Air,

But not to help him, never fear ;

Far be from Her a Thought so mean !

She came to see, and to be seen ;

Nor e'er intended to do Good,

But stand i'th' way of them that would.

That Instant in a Servant comes

Post-haste, for Spices and for Plums,

Who Home had many a Mile to go ;

The Grocer peevish gan to grow,

To see his Dearest loiter so.

Howe'er

Howe'er he mild accoits her, — Pray,
Or give your Help, or go your way.
In vain he touch'd her on that Ear,
She did not, or she would not hear.
You see the Footman cannot stay,
Pray lend your Hand the Things to weigh ;
Why otherwise did You come down ?
She answer'd only with a Frown ;
But such a Frown as seem'd t' express
Her Dow'r, her Beauty, and her Dres.
Well ! since you would not weigh the Ware,
Pray put it in the Basket there.
She turn'd her Back without Rejoinder,
And left her Spouse to fume behind her.
Hold, hold ! the Things are now put in it,
I hope you'll do so much as pin it.
When a fourth time her Husband spoke,
The Dame her fullen Silence broke,
With very short but full Reply ;
I pin your Baskets ! No, not I !
Enrag'd he snatch'd the Footman's Stick,
And laid it on her Shoulders quick.

Amaz'd, as never struck before,
And feeling much, and fearing more,
To hinder what might farther come on't,
She pin'd the Basket in a moment.

The Man troop'd off in merry Mood,
And laugh'd and tee-hee'd as he rode ;
Pleas'd with the delicate Conceit
To see so fine a Lady beat :
He wish'd the Deed at Home were done,
And could not help Comparison ;
For his own Mistres was as fine
As Her that suffer'd Discipline ;
As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
But not so continent of Speech.

At Dinner-time the waggish Knave !
By Turns was fleering, and was grave ;
Now bites his Lips, and quickly after
Bursts out unwilling into Laughter.
Quoth Madam, with Majestick Look,
(Who Servants Freedom could not brook,
Nor Laughter in her Presence bear)
What ails the sawcy Fellow there ?

Does not the Fool his Distance know ?
What makes the Coxcomb giggle so ?
But angry Words and Looks were vain,
Again he giggles, and again.
Nay, says his Master, T o m , at least,
If you must laugh so, tell the J est ;
That, if 'tis worth our joining, we
In Mirth may bear you Company.
T o m up and told the Story roundly,
How a fair Dame was cudgell'd soundly.
Scarce Madam heard the whole Narration,
Before she fell in monstrous Passion :
Was ever any thing so base ?
At Noon-day ! in the Market-place !
A Woman so well-bred as She !
Her fortune ! and her Family !
The Husband fain, with sober Sense,
Would curb her Tide of Eloquence :
But your true Vixen will, for no Man,
Forbear defending of a Woman,
And, let the Cause be bad or good,
Fights Tooth and Nail for Sisterhood.

Her

Her Visits are among the Best !
No Lady e'er was better drest !
And was it proper, pray, that she
Should touch his nasty Grocery ?
Not pin the Basket ! Beat her for it !
I did not think she would have bore it !
How could she help it, pray, my Dear ?
What, do You too the Rascal clear ?
A paltry Rogue ! a Woman strike !
I think you Men are all alike.

Tom now grew merrier, not sadder,
Which made his Mistress ten Times madder ;
Who started up in Fury strait,
And vow'd to break the Rascal's Pate.
Her Husband rises to assuage
Th' o'erbearing Tempest of her Rage,
But happen'd not her Hand to mind,
And caught the Rap for Tom design'd ;
Who, not approving of the Jest,
Return'd it soon with Interest.
Tom saw, in Cases of that Nature,
Twas dangerous to be Mediator ;

So

So ran down Stairs, as was but fitting,
And left his Mistress to her Beating.

Below-stairs was a Kitchen-Maid,
To whom our Tom had Courtship paid ;
Tho' strong of Limbs, of Courage stout,
She argued oftner than she fought ;
As cool as Heart could well desire
For one so conversant in Fire.
Says Moll, Above-stairs what's the Matter ?
I never heard so loud a Clatter.
For fear of spoiling his Amour, He
Was backward to relate the Story,
Suspecting much, tho' Sweethearts, whether
By the Ears they might not fall together.
I should be sorry, Moll, to see
A Diff'rence rise 'twixt you and me ;
'Tis but a Trifle, let it go ;
What signifies for You to know ?
Nay, then I must — so out it came,
And put her Womanhood in Flame :
She her Resentment could not stifle,
A Trifle said you, Tom? a Trifle!

I think.

I think my Mistress in the Right,
 With Women none but Cowards fight :
 A Gentlewoman so to maul !
 A brutish Fellow after all.
 Quoth Tom, a sore Affront was done him,
 By turning her Backside upon him.
 Moll thought she safely might be smart,
 With Priviledge of a Sweet-heart ;
 Do You excuse him ? very fine !
 I'd make him kiss it, were it mine !
 Tom might have let the Matter die,
 By this time, in Civility ;
 For if both Sides disdain to bend,
 How should a Quarrel have an End ?
 But Things, alas ! too far were gone,
 And one Word drew another on,
 Apace their Passion higher rose,
 From Words they quickly fell to Blows ;
 Honour concern'd, they both would try for't,
 And both are daring, tho' they die for't.
 The Strokes so lustily were laid,
 The Lover and his dear Cook-maid,

Spite

Spite of the mutual Love they boasted,
Were both confoundedly rib-roasted ;
They box'd like any Man and Wife :
So quick the Progress is of Strife,
It matters not how small the Grain,
If but continual be the Train ;
Sufficient the first Spark is found,
Fire sudden skims along the Ground,
And flashes Lightning all around.

The Fact thus plainly laid before ye,
What is the Purport of the Story ?
A double Moral may become it,
And justly each may follow from it :
From hence may Fools the Danger learn
Of meddling where they've no Concern ;
And Males and Females may beware
Not to adopt another's Jar :
And those, who will, with half an Eye
The main Instruction may descry ;
If you're too weak to win the Field,
'Tis best without a Combat yield :
Whene'er your Husbands please to ask it,
Run ! fly ! ye Wives, and pin the Basket.

On some blasphemous Discourses on our Saviour's Miracles.

HAIL, Christian Prelates, for your Master's Name
 Expos'd by Fool-born Jeſt to grinning Shame !
 Hail, Fathers ! to be envy'd, not deplor'd,
 Who share the Treatment destin'd to your Lord,
 What time his mortal Race on Earth began,
 When first the Son of God was Son of Man !

Behold from Night the Great Accuser rise,
 Retouching old, and coining modern Lies ;
 No Slander unefſay'd, no Path untrod,
 To blast the Glories of incarnate GOD !
 “ An open Enemy to MOSES' Laws ;
 “ A secret Patron of SAMARIA'S Cause ;
 “ Who dar'd at LEVI'S Race his Curses ſend,
 “ The Sot's Companion, and the Sinner's Friend ;
 “ Who purpoſ'd SION'S Temple to o'erthrow,
 “ Traitor to CAESAR, and to GOD a Foe ;
 “ Who Wonders wrought by Force of Magick Spell,
 “ Posſeſt with Dæmons, and in League with Hell.”
 Remains there aught, ye Pow'rs of Darkneſs, yet ?
 Yes ; make your antient Blasphemies compleat :
 “ The Sacred Leaves no Prophecies contain,
 “ No Miracles, to prove MESSIAH'S Reign.”

To

To this each sacred Leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our Reason, but our Eyes.
'Tis urg'd, his mightiest Wonders never shew'd
" Our Saviour Nature's L ORD, and real G OD."
Whose Word commanded Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Bade gloomy Dæmons to their Hell repair,
Spoke all Diseases into Health and Bloom,
And call'd the mould'ring Carcase from the Tomb,
O'er Tyrant Death exerted Godlike Sway,
And op'd the Portals of Eternal Day.

Here nobler Mysteries a Sage descries,
" The Letter false or trivial in his Eyes.
Suppose in ev'ry Act were understood
Some future, mystick, and sublimer Good ;
Yet who the Letter into Air refines,
Destroys at once the Substance and the Signs,
Will find the Truth is with the Figure flown,
Because by Nothing, Nothing is foreshown ;
Else Lunaticks might deep Divines commence,
And downright Nonsense be the Type of Sense.
What wilder Dream did ever Madman seize,
Than --- " Symbols all are mere Non-Entities" ?

This SION Hill fast by the Roots will tear,
And scatter SINAI's Mountain into Air :
No DAVID ever reign'd on JUDAH's Throne,
For DAVID shadow'd his diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious Light's material Ray,
That Heaven is liken'd to a cloudless Day :
Embodyed Souls require some outward Sign,
To represent and image Things Divine.
All Objects must we therefore subtilize ?
And raze the Face of Nature from our Eyes ?
Dispute is over, the Creation gone,
In Noon-day Splendour we behold no Sun.
Thus, fast as Pow'r Almighty can create,
May Frenzy with a Nod annihilate.
No Marks of foul Imposture then were known,
The Cures were publick, to a Nation shown :
And who, the Facts expos'd to ev'ry Eye,
If false could credit, or if true deny ?
While Thousands liv'd, by Miracle restor'd,
Heal'd by a Touch, a Shadow, or a Word !
Denial then had shocking prov'd and vain ;
But now the Serpent tries another Train,

To

To Turns and Doubts and Circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless May-be's multiplies.
Now ev'ry idle Question dark appears,
Obscure by Shade of Seventeen-hundred Years,
Which then each Ignorant and Child must know,
And ev'ry Friend resolve, and ev'ry Foe.
No Trace of possible Deceit was there :
Would those, who spilt his Blood, his Honour spare ?
When Prejudice and Int'rest urg'd his Fate,
And Superstition edg'd their keenest Hate,
When ev'ry Footstep was beset with Spies,
And restless Envy watch'd with all her Eyes ;
When Jewish Priests with HEROD's Courtiers join'd,
And Pow'r, and Craft, and Earth, and Hell combin'd.
Speak, CAIAPHAS, thy Prophecy be shown,
He dy'd for ISRAEL's Sake, and not his own !
PILATE arise ! his Righteous Cause maintain,
And clear the injur'd Innocent again.
Truth fixt, Eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling Course to turn it to a Lie.
Must ev'ry Age the once-heard Cause recall,
Replacing JESUS in the Judgment-Hall,

Cite living Witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from Dust the long-sepulchred Dead ?
That Fools undue Conviction may receive,
And those, who Reason slight, may Sense believe,
Those, who the Test of former Ages scorn,
(For Men were Ideots all 'till they were born)
Whose Strength of Argument in This we view,
'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not True.

Ye Worthies, in the Book of Life enroll'd,
Who nobly fill'd the Bishops Thrones of old ;
Ye Priests, on second Thrones, who, true to God,
By Tortures and by Death your Priestcraft show'd ;
Ye Flocks, disdaining from the Fold to stray,
Still following where your Pastors led the Way,
Whose Works thro' length of Years transmitted come
Escap'd from GOTHIK Waste, and Papal ROME,
Justly renown'd ! behold, how Malice tries
To blast your Fame, and vex your Paradise !
Let Hereticks each human Slip declare,
And ridicule the Test they cannot bear :
To these what modish Ignorance succeed !
And Fops, your Writings blame, who cannot read.

These

These open Enmities to Glory tend ;
The Wound strikes deeper from a seeming Friend.
Let Deists Refugees your Fame oppose,
And DUTCH Professors list themselves your Foes :
But ah ! let none asperse with vile Applause,
And quote with Praises in the Devil's Cause ;
In gleaning Scraps bade Diligence employ,
The Tenour of your Doctrines to destroy ;
Make you your much-lov'd Lord and God deride,
For whom you Saints have liv'd, and Martyrs dy'd,
Yet so pursued by Love-dissimbling Hate,
You fill the Measure of your Master's Fate.
Glory to JESU ! the Blasphemer cries ;
But glaring Malice mocks the thin Disguise.
ISCARIOT thus false Adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seiz'd, saluted and betray'd.
May JESUS' Blood discharge ev'n this Offence,
When wash'd with Tears of timely Penitence !
E'er yet Experience sad Assent create,
Convince in Earnest, but convince too late !
E'er yet, descended from dissolving Skies,
To plead his Cause Himself shall GOD arise.

Then

Then Scorn must cease, and Laughter must be o'er,
And witty Fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentick old Records declare,
(If past with future Judgment we compare)
Possest with frantick and dæmoniac Spleen,
Apostate JULIAN scoff'd the NAZARENE ;
His keenest Wit th' Imperial Jester tries,
Sure to his Breast the 'vengeful Arrow flies ;
He, while his Wound with vital Crimson streams,
Proud in Despair, Confesses and Blasphemes ;
Impious, but Unbelieving now no more,
He owns the GALILEAN Conqueror.

The F O O L.

IF You mind but the Moral my Tale does unfold,
Tho' the Story be antient, 'twill never be old.
With the Wife and the Good, Jest will do you no hurt,
But the Fool or the Knave makes you pay for your Sport.

In the merry brave Days of glorious Queen Bess,
When your Men of much Sense fear'd not those that had less ;
'Twas the Custom of Courtiers to keep a poor Fellow,
Who should joke by Commission in Red, Green, and Yellow ;

Who

Who for one thing or other did most People fit,
Some were pleas'd with the Garb, and some laugh'd at the Wit.

A Noble puff'd up, with his Pockets well stor'd,
Not as WALSINGHAM wife, but as fine as a Lord,
Made a Visit, bedaub'd with Embroidery all,
Where a Fool was unluckily fate in the Hall.
Not the Rainbow, when brightest, more gorgeous could show,
Nor a Belle on a Birth-Night, nor Bridegroom a Beau.
Welcome Brother, cries *Motley*, I see by the Hue
Of your Clothes what you are ; Pray, Sir, whose Fool are You ?

To this answer'd my Lord in a pestilent Fume,
See him punish'd before I stir out of the Room ;
I wonder you'll keep these pied Rascals, I hate 'em,
'Tis mere *Scandalum* this, I can tell you, *Magnatum*.
So the Master his Orders was fain to dispatch,
The poor Knave should be whip'd at the Buttery-Hatch.
Execution was done, and he back was convey'd
On his Knees to beg Pardon for what he had said.
So with shrugging his Shoulders, and Tears in his Eyes,
Strait down on his Marrow-bones falling, he cries,
I'll ne'er call You Fool more ; but Lord CECIL, I trow,
Would have scarce had me whip'd for the calling Him so !

E e e

To

*To a FRIEND, on his being chosen Member of
PARLIAMENT.*

A Ccept, my Friend, this Scrawl without Offence,
 Nor call it ('tis but once) Impertinence ;
 Which comes, according as you use your State,
 Or to condole, or to congratulate.
 Nothing but Truth without Disguise is here,
 My Words as open, as my Thoughts sincere.
 I speak not now as from the Sacred Gown,
 Not in my Master's Name, but in my own ;
 Nor claim I Pow'r from Nature's fancy'd State
 To rule my Rulers, and controll the Great ;
 Nor dream that in my Brain there Knowledge lies
 To make the hoary Senator more wise :
 But You are young, and may receive from me
 Maxims, I'm sure, of Good ; I think, of Policy.
 A rising Sun your Morning Landskip gilds,
 And glorious Hope the magick Prospect yields :
 As yet you'll scarce believe that Shows so fair
 Can end in desart Rocks and empty Air ;
 Yet there they'll end —

Unless

Unless You quit the Path by Crowds purſu'd,
Dare to be Juſt, and to be Great be Good ;
Be True ! nor ſeek the Mazes of Deceit,
The ſubtle Windings of the abject Great :
This Rule in Words and A&ts and Looks purſue,
This firſt, this laſt, this middlemoſt, Be True !
If Friends or Factions for your Reasons call,
Or ſpeak the real Truth, or not at all :
This only Choice can honest Virtue have,
Betwixt the blabbing Fool and lying Knave.
All ſeeming ſpecious Likelihoonds forego,
Which might have been the Cafe, but were not ſo.
Who dares to vent in Earth's and Heaven's Eye
A formal grave premeditated Lie,
Is ſure a Rascal, tho' a Lord may claim
An uſeful Priviledge to ſecure his Fame.
That yet to double Meanings You may bow,
No Moralist but Jesuits will allow :
No Gold, no Pow'r, no Machiavilian Skill,
Can change the ſtubborn Bounds of Good and Ill ;
They mock the ſtrongeft Arms againſt them bent,
And ſcorn to be repeal'd by Parliament.

Beware of Jeſt, it leaves a deadly Sting ;
Your Fame, your Country, is a ſerious Thing.
Men oft with Patience will the Stroke endure,
Who ne'er forgive the Wantonness of Pow'r ;
When Peace or War perhaps before them lies,
To sneer and joke our Patriots will arife.
So PINKETHMAN in Grief can Laughter raiſe,
By Dint of his impenetrable Face ;
And yet, like partial Judges as we are,
We hiss the poor Buffoon, but clap the Senator.

Nor truſt too little nor too much your Head,
Nor prone to follow, nor resolv'd to lead :
Consider Things from Circumstances clear,
Without the Part which You yourſelf may bear :
Or think how fine your darling Schemes would show,
If manag'd by a Rival, or a Foe :
Left by Self-Love your Judgment be betray'd,
Or ſlide, by wild Ambition giddy made,
Or fall, by factious State or bloodier Envy fway'd.
If once this Maxim to your Aid you call,
“ Sincere Intention can atone for all,”
Virtue farewell ! 'twill Wrong convert to Right,
And wash the darkeſt *Ethiopian* White :

No

No more your Eyes will with Abhorrence view
Sicilian Even-Song, or Paris' Barthol'mew.

But know, how great foe'er your Actions aim,
A Nation's Welfare, or a Monarch's Fame,
If e'er your Course from steady Virtue leans,
The End can never justify the Means.

No Bribes, no Tricks, no Violence is allow'd,
No private Knavery for the Publick Good.
As Demonstration sure is what I tell,
Tho' H——y may dispute, or MACHIAVEL.

In short, desert the Path by Crowds pursu'd,
Dare to be Just, and to be Great be Good.
For once believe a Politician's Voice,
Hear dying WOLSEY when he mourns his Choice,
A Great Vain Man !

Or view your much-lov'd SOMMERS soon decay'd,
Surviver of himself, a human Shade :
Or let your pitying Eye on MARLBROUGH fall ;
What boots the GERMAN sav'd, or routed GAUL ?
Weigh well that boasted, that immortal Man,
And then be proud of Greatness if You can !

Long stood I wav'ring, lest my Words might seem
An unexperienc'd Visionary's Dream ;

At

At length resolv'd, for what have I to fear ?
 A Frown I dread not, and despise a Sneer :
 Thus my Concern if not my Wit I'll show,
 And if it can be useful, — Be it so.

**H E Z E K I A H's Thanksgiving for his Recovery
from Sickness : Isaiah 38.**

A P I N D A R I C K O D E.

I.

I Said, when vig'rous Health was flown,
 And GOD the Sentence gave,
 My Life descends to Darkness down,
 The Portals of the Grave :
 Stopp'd th' unfinish'd Course appears,
 Lost my Residue of Years.

II.

Ne'er shall again my living Eye
 See the Majesty on high ;
 In his Courts, as heretofore,
 Behold the Face of GOD no more ;
 View his glorious Cloud divine
 O'er the Ark and Cherubs shine.

III. To

III.

To Earth's Inhabitants adieu,
And Converse of the Sons of Men :
Here close my troubled Days and few,
Nor Mark remains that I have been.
The Shepherd Swain, as shifts the Wind,
Removes his Tent, no Footsteps Trace we find,
The transitory Shade has left no Print behind.

I.

E'er half the Age of Man complete,
I find an early Doom,
Cut like a Web, imperfect yet,
In Anger from the Loom :
Pining Sickness ends my Days,
God commands, and Death obeys.

II.

In Shade of Night and Death I lye,
Counting Minutes as they fly,
Ling'ring fly with slow Delay,
As doubtful to renew the Day.
Nature glad the Morn shall see
Rise, but never rise to Me.

III. Before

III.

Before the Stars their Sway resign,
 My Life enfeebled must depart ;
 For, Oh ! this instant Wrath Divine
 In funder rends my bleeding Heart :
 My Spirit leaves the mangled Clay,
 My Bones all broke the 'Venger's Might display :
 So the fierce Lion tears his unresisting Prey.

I.

Yet unexpected Dawn arose,
 And shed a cheerless Light ;
 Which still my boding Fears suppose
 Would set in deadly Night,
 E'er returning Ev'ning Shade
 Timely Rest to Man convey'd.

II.

The Crane deserted and alone,
 Pours a melancholy Moan ;
 Flitting low in wintry Skies,
 The solitary Swallow flies ;
 Murm'ring through the lonely Grove,
 Sadly cooes the widow'd Dove.

III. Mine

III.

Mine Eyes with looking upward fail,
With vain Expectance of Relief ;
Thy Pow'r, O L ORD, can yet avail,
Can heal the most obdurate Grief.
Prostrate to Dust my Soul is bent,
Nor Death nor Hell thy Purpose can prevent,
All Impotence am I, but Thou Omnipotent.



I.

Alas ! 'tis He demands my Tears,
'Tis He directs the Blow ;
Whence grov'ling droop my tedious Years
In Hopelessness of Woe ?
He, whose World-creating Call
Spoke forth Nothing into All.

II.

O L ORD, Thy pow'rful Words bestow
Life on mortal Man below ;
Spirit, from Corruption free,
Exists dependantly on Thee :
Thy Commands, that all controll,
Speak Recov'ry to my Soul.

F f f

III. For

III.

For Peace my Bitternes was great,
Yet Love Thou deignest to display ;
My Life deliv'ring from the Pit,
That turns our Earth to common Clay :
Thy Mercy hears my plaintive Cries,
My past Misdeeds no more in Judgment rise,
And all my num'rous Sins are vanish'd from Thine Eyes.

I.

No Tongue thy Glory, L ORD, displays
In Death's eternal Gloom ;
But dark Oblivion all must raze
Inhabiting the Tomb :
There no Place for Song remains,
Speechless Silence ever reigns.

II.

Thy Truth have living Saints receiv'd,
There unheard and unbeliev'd ;
Thither Hope can ne'er descend,
For Life and Hope together end.
After Death no Heirs we have,
All are childless in the Grave.

III. The

P. O E M S.

41

III.

The Living shall thy Mercy sing,
The Living chant their joyous Lays ;
The Father with the Son shall bring
The joint Thank-Offering of their Praise ;
As I to-day : This let my Son,
And each succeeding Heir of DAVID's Crown,
Transmit with scepter'd Rule hereditary down.

I.

The GOD of DAVID, Nature's Lord,
Attentive heard my Pray'r ;
JEHOVAH, gracious by his Word,
Did raise me from Despair :
Now my Terrors all are o'er,
Death is dreadful now no more.

II.

Therefore, my Soul, aloud proclaim
Praise to th' Everlasting Name ;
Tell in sacred Hymns my Joy,
And ev'ry Instrument employ ;
Lead the vocal Quire to sing,
Wake to Harmony the String.

III. Within

III.

Within his Temple's hallow'd Gate,
 My God incessant I'll adore,
 Those happy Courts divine, which late
 I thought alive to see no more.
 As Incense there my Voice I'll raise,
 In grateful Anthems spend my added Days,
 And yield my lengthen'd Life a Sacrifice of Praise.



F I N I S.

6 SE 55

Errors which burt the Sense or Verse, the Reader is desired to correct as follows.

PAGE 12. Line 11, for found read blow — p. 15, l. 15, before r. adore — p. 49, l. 3. early
 r. timely — p. 53, l. 6, or r. by. l. 14, but many r. but made many — p. 56, l. 16, take
 r. give — p. 63, l. 6, Springs r. springs — p. 70, l. 8, They r. He — p. 100, l. 15, for a
 los at r. at a los for — p. 116, l. 12, Repay r. Pay — p. 134, l. 22, unenvy'd r. an envy'd —
 p. 137, l. 3, share r. bear — p. 148, l. 2, need r. Meed — p. 161, l. 12, would r. could — p.
 163, l. 8. in r. is — p. 317, Note 201, from r. for — p. 258, l. 3, Tofts r. Tofts — p. 268,
 l. 10. nor r. not — p. 281, l. 11. tho' r. who — p. 284, l. 12, e'er r. 'till — p. 300, l. 13.
 obstructs, blasphemous r. obstructed — p. 306. Note 15, Eupopea r. Epopea — p. 314, l. 2. the solid r.
 th' unsolid — p. 326, l. 2, whom r. whose — p. 367, l. 15, faithful r. A faithful — p. 393,
 l. 21. Ignorance r. Ignorants — p. 400, l. 17, of glorious r. of the glorious.

